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# THE CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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## ART. I.—THE BOOK GENESIS A TRUE HISTORY.

1. *The Book Genesis a True History.* By the Rev. F. WATSON, B.D. (London, 1892.)
2. *The Composition of the Book of Genesis, with English Text and Analysis* By EDGAR INNES FRIPP, B.A. (London, 1892.)
3. *The Documents of the Hexateuch translated and arranged in Chronological Order, with Introduction and Notes.* By W. E. ADDIS, M.A. Vol. I. (London, 1892.)
4. *Genesis printed in Colors, showing the Original Sources from which it is said to have been compiled. With an Introduction.* By EDWIN CONE BISSELL. (Hartford, Conn., 1892.)
5. *Did Moses write the Pentateuch after all?* By F. E. SPENCER, M.A. (London, 1892.)
6. *Die Genesis.* Von Dr. AUGUST DILLMANN. Sechste Auflage. (Leipzig, 1892.)
7. *Einleitung in das Alte Testament.* Von Dr. C. H. CORNILL. (Freiburg i. B., 1892.)
8. *The Early Narratives of Genesis: a Brief Introduction to the Study of Genesis i.-xi.* By HERBERT EDWARD RYLE, B.D. (London and New York, 1892.)

WE have on more than one recent occasion invited the attention of our readers to the bearing of modern criticism upon the Scriptures of the Old Testament. We return to the subject because it continues to hold the field, as may be seen from the works which are enumerated at the head of this article. They are only a selection of those which have appeared on one special portion of the Old Testament during the past year, but they are of a representative character, and

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a consideration of them will, we believe, afford us the means of indicating the currents of thought and the channels into which those currents should in our opinion be guided.

Professor Ryle's work, which we have placed last in our list, deals with a more limited portion of the subject than any of the others, and deals with it from a different point of view. It will, therefore, be convenient to consider it apart, before entering upon the more general critical questions which will naturally occupy the chief portion of this article.

The volume consists of eight papers, reproduced with slight alterations from the *Expository Times*, and based on professorial lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1890-1. The subjects of the papers are: 'The Creation,' 'The Assyro-Babylonian Cosmogony and the Days of Creation,' 'The Story of Paradise' (two papers), 'The Story of Cain and Abel,' 'The Antediluvian Patriarchs,' 'The Story of the Flood,' 'The Origin of Nations.' The object with which they were written is stated by the author to be 'to discuss the contents of the opening chapters of Genesis, in a simple and untechnical style, with special reference to the modifications of view which the frank recognition of the claims of science and criticism seem to demand' (Preface, p. x.); but it is *a priori* clear that there can be little room for discussion of these subjects in the light of our advanced knowledge of 'Natural Philosophy, Assyriology, and Biblical Criticism' within the limits of 138 small, and not closely printed, pages; and it is, we think, *a posteriori* evident that the author's preliminary investigations have not been sufficiently deep or continued, and that his manner of thought and expression is not sufficiently severe or restrained to enable him to perform satisfactorily that most difficult of all tasks in authorship—the writing of a very small book on a very large subject. Examples of striking success in this difficult task are not wanting in the domain of science or in that of criticism; witness Professor Huxley's small primer on *Animal Physiology*, or Professor Kirkpatrick's editions of 'Samuel' and 'The Psalms' in the Cambridge *Bible for Schools*. But these works bear the stamp of a more complete mastery of their respective subjects and a more thorough care in production. They are not fresh from the utterance of the lecture-room or from the pages of a magazine. Professor Ryle seems to us, on the other hand, not to have escaped the danger—to which, indeed, not a few of our modern theological writers are exposing themselves—of hurried composition under the pressure of editorial urgency.

The large number of theological monthlies and quarterlies

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which are competing for the public favour may be doing a good work in instructing a partially educated people, and in providing pulpit matter for a partially educated ministry; but popular exposition is in danger of misleading both the teacher and the learner unless it is informed by full knowledge and restrained by accurate thought. The mental attitude of the journalist, ever on the watch for the latest news, and jealously anxious that the first tidings should appear in his own pages, is inconsistent with the prolonged study and repeated investigation which are necessary to all work of permanent value. When we think of some of the additions to our theological literature which have had their origin in lectures delivered before our universities, we confess to a feeling of anxiety lest the standard should be lowered; and we are by no means reassured by the not infrequent announcement that a course of lectures is to appear forthwith or even *pari passu* with their delivery in a newspaper or a magazine. A comparison of the following extracts will illustrate our meaning, and point out perhaps the root of the fundamental error which vitiates Professor Ryle's work:

'The present volume consists of eight papers based on a course of Lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1890-91. They are reproduced with a few slight alterations from the *Expository Times*, to which Magazine they were contributed at the request of its kind and energetic Editor. . . . The reception which the papers have met with in various quarters has encouraged me to consent to their appearance in a separate volume. I have thought it better to ask the reader kindly to make due allowance for the form in which they originally appeared, than to attempt the task of recasting them in a different mould.'<sup>1</sup>

'The following chapters give the substance of Lectures which I gave from time to time (to small classes of students) during the twenty years of my work at Cambridge. The thoughts which they contain have been constantly tested in private discussion, and I have found in them guidance and support in looking at the spectacle of the world—of man and of nature—full as it is of sufferings and sorrows and failures. No one can feel more keenly than I do how fragmentary and imperfect is the expression of facts and truths which I have pondered long. At least I have endeavoured to weigh my words, and to try them again and again by the test of fresh experience.'<sup>2</sup>

Now we feel sure that if it had not been for the 'kind and energetic editor,' Professor Ryle also would have 'endeavoured to weigh his words and to try them again and again by the

<sup>1</sup> Professor Ryle, Preface, pp. ix and x.

<sup>2</sup> Bishop Westcott, *The Gospel of Life*, Preface, pp. xviii and xix.

test of fresh experience.' The result would have been that many adjectives would have been deleted, that the strength of many assertions would have been modified, and that a certain air of what our older writers call 'cock-sure'—and we know no word which so fully expresses our feeling—would not appear. Some expressions of theological truths would also, we think, have been reconsidered. To take an example, the words—

'We employ in our search the two Divine forces of knowledge, the perfect Revelation of things spiritual in the person of Jesus Christ, and the progressive Revelation of things material, through the gifts of the Holy Spirit, to the intellect of mankind' (p. 8).

would probably have been brought into fuller accord with the words of our Lord :

'But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.' 'Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth : for he shall not speak of himself ; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak' (St. John xiv. 26, and xvi. 13).

As a result of this revision we should lose the feeling of some want of reverence in tone which now and then grates upon the reader. This is, we are confident, very far from the writer's habitual tone of mind, and he closes his work with more than one earnest deprecation of such a want :—

'My endeavour has been to discuss the contents of Gen. i.-xi. in the light of modern science and of modern criticism. If I have failed to do so with the reverence due to Holy Scripture, I most humbly express regret for a fault I have striven especially to avoid' (p. 135).

'It is my prayerful hope that at least the tone and spirit in which these chapters have been conceived, if not the actual line of thought which has been pursued, may be welcome to some who have wished to see the claims of science and criticism combined with the reverent interpretation of "The Early Narratives of Genesis"' (p. 138).

We should probably have also a statement of reasons for not a few assertions which we are now asked to accept because they are 'generally recognized,' and the result would be a work of real value. With Professor Ryle's purpose we are in entire harmony ; with his conclusions we are disposed to agree. We are not quite so certain of some of them as he is, and we confess that we are not quite so certain after reading his book as we were before. We must not, however, part from it without acknowledging the evidences of study and

candour which it constantly furnishes, nor without expressing the hope that in subsequent and improved editions it may help to accomplish the author's purpose. We have already met him on other, and as it seems to us higher, ground. We shall hope to meet him again in the thoughts of his maturer years.

The work of Mr. Edgar Innes Fripp, B.A. (Lond.) on *The Composition of the Book of Genesis, with English Text and Analysis* would perhaps hardly call for our criticism if it had not attracted some attention in quarters where we should hardly expect to find it noticed. It is, like Professor Ryle's work, quite a small treatise dealing with a vast subject, and dealing with it in a less satisfactory method and with less satisfactory results. This also is in part modern magazine work. 'Part of the original matter in these pages has already appeared in recent articles in Dr. Bernhard Stade's *Zeitschrift für Alt-Testamentliche Wissenschaft*.' The author further tells us that 'it is the result of the scanty leisure of several years of busy ministerial work, and therefore perhaps deserves the mercy of the critics,' and that he has been 'assisted by the generosity of the Hibbert Trustees and the kind suggestions of Canon Cheyne.'<sup>1</sup> After a few words of preface comes a series of seven maps, of a rude simplicity which suggests the nursery, but, as far as we can judge, of no possible utility.

An Introduction contains a brief but clear statement of the results of some recent critical theories. They are stated in the boldest form, without reservation and without suggestion that any other view has been or can be held. The English and technically uninstructed reader, for whom the book is presumably intended, is informed in the opening words of the Introduction that 'to convey a clear idea of the composition of the Book of Genesis . . . it will be desirable to enumerate briefly the different constituent elements of the great historico-legislative work of which it forms the opening,' and in a few brief paragraphs he is told with all the certainty of modern critical dogmatism about—

(1) '*The Iahvistic History Book*, or, for short, I (or J)' which is placed as a 'recently compiled history-book' in 'the reign of Jeroboam II. (c. 786-746 B.C.), or probably a little earlier.'

(2) '*The Elohistic History Book*, or, for short, E,' which is said to be 'about a quarter of a century or more later.'

<sup>1</sup> Preface.

(3) '*The Prophetic History Book*, or, for short, I E (or J E),' in which 'these two parallel histories were amalgamated with many editorial omissions, additions, and modifications, into one somewhat clumsy narrative by a Judæan of the early Deuteronomic school,' is placed 'rather more than a century later (650-630 B.C.).'

(4) 'Deuteronomy, or, for short, D,' comes 'shortly afterwards, in the year 621 B.C.'

(5) The *Deuteronomic Edition* . . . for short, I E D (or J E D), comes from Babylonia about 550 B.C. It consists of I E, 'modified from the Deuteronomic point of view,' and with D woven into it; nor is this all, for D itself had meanwhile undergone modification and had appeared in enlarged forms (D<sup>1</sup> D<sup>2</sup>).

(6) The '*Book of Holiness* (Lev. xii.-xxvi.) or, for short, P<sup>1</sup>, which is dated 'toward the end of the exile, 550-536 B.C.,' comes from 'the school of Ezekiel' and is a 'more ceremonial version than D of the Covenant Book in I E.' It derives its symbol (P<sup>1</sup>) from the fact that it is 'the beginning of the *Priestly* as distinguished from the Prophetic and Deuteronomic legislations.'

(7) '*The Priestly History Book*, or, for short, P<sup>2</sup>, which is a Babylonian re-writing 'by a late follower of Ezekiel, about 500-475 B.C.' of I E D. It is 'from a priestly and levitical point of view,' and 'an intensely theological work.'

(8) Then comes an enlargement of this P<sup>2</sup>, 'not only by many minor additions (P<sup>3</sup>), but probably also by the amalgamation with it of the *Book of Holiness*.' This is dated 'either before Ezra and Nehemiah left Babylonia, 458 B.C., or in the interval between their arrival in Jerusalem and introduction of their new legislation, 444 B.C.'

(9) 'Finally, toward the end of the 5th century B.C., this enlargement of it is itself enlarged (P<sup>4</sup>), and the thus enlarged *Priestly History Book* is woven into the *Deuteronomic Edition of the Prophetic History Book* (I E D). This whole would be naturally known by the symbols I E D P, but the final Redactor is supposed to have added 'a number of independent stories, possibly from his own, probably from some other and recent pen,' and the whole is therefore termed I E D P R, which is, 'except for some smaller and mostly textual changes, our present Hexateuch . . ., with its continuation in Judges, Samuel, and Kings.'

After this general assertion about the contents and composition of the Hexateuch, Mr. Fripp proceeds to deal with his more immediate subject—the Book of Genesis—and the reader

will probably be not sorry to find that he need not burden his mind with all the above details. He has to do with the beginnings of the *Priestly History* and the *Prophetic History*, i.e. of P<sup>2</sup> and I E, for D does not yet appear; but to these must be added some editorial and independent matter by the Redactor. He is accordingly furnished with the result of a minute analysis into the constituent elements, P<sup>2</sup> and I E (in this order, but why he is not told—it is not the order of the assumed dates, or of importance of material, or that observed in the body of this work), and is told also what sections are the work of the compiler of I E, or of an editor of I before amalgamation with E, and what portions are to be assigned to the Redactor who wove P<sup>2</sup> (P<sup>3</sup> P<sup>4</sup>) into I E (D), with the reserve that there are still 'unattached stories,' and that 'numerous glosses' remain to be noticed later on.

The author then examines the relation of P<sup>2</sup> and I E to each other, and gives reasons for believing that there is a literary dependence, and that it is of the P<sup>2</sup> upon I E, and not *vice versa*. P<sup>2</sup> is 'a product of the Exile.' It is otherwise with I E. 'The reverence for favourite shrines at Shechem, Bethel, and Beersheba, precludes a *later* date than the denunciation of these sanctuaries by Amos, Hosea, and Micah.'

How far back the material may reach is to be determined by individual passages. 'The Creation and Flood stories point to early contact with Chaldæa,' but their present form can hardly be earlier than 'the extension of the Israelite boundary through the victories of David and the commerce of Solomon.' Lamech's song and Noah's curse are 'primitive Hebrew poems'; but only the latter gives any indications of date, which suggest 'a period before the Philistine wars of Saul.' We are further told that 'similar indications of date are furnished by the patriarchal legends of (1) Abram and Lot, (2) Sarai and Hagar, (3) Jacob and Esau, (4) Jacob and Laban, and (5) Joseph and his brethren'; and these supposed indications are given; as are also reasons for thinking it clear that the compiler of I E was a Judæan, and that the redactor of I E D P was akin to the school of Ezra and Nehemiah.

The Introduction is brought to a conclusion by a plea for the forms 'Chavvah,' 'Kain,' 'Hebel,' 'Chanok,' 'Noah,' 'Cham,' 'Kenaan,' 'Iishmael,' 'Iizchak,' 'Israel,' &c., which 'may strike an ordinary reader'—and they certainly strike us—'as somewhat pedantic,' on the ground that to preserve the ordinary forms would 'not only be incorrect, but show a lack of historical sympathy'; and by an expression of the writer's indebtedness to Weylhausen, Bleek, Kuenen, and Dillmann. It is

doubtless an unintentional omission, but one that is nevertheless to be regretted, that the reader is not informed that Bleek differs widely from his editor Wellhausen, and that Dillmann, the acknowledged prince of commentators on the Pentateuch, is wholly opposed upon essential points to Mr. Fripp. In what the indebtedness to Bleek and Dillmann consists it would perhaps be difficult to say. The work seems to us to be little more than a condensed reproduction for the ordinary reader of the conclusions of Kuenen and Wellhausen, without the safeguards which these authors provided; and we therefore think that for the ordinary reader it will prove a misleading and often unintelligible guide. The translation, which is based upon the Authorised, but owes much also to the Revised Version, will scarcely be thought an improvement upon either Version. The materials of the supposed sources are printed separately in a convenient form for the critical student; and the example set by Kautzsch and Socin<sup>1</sup> of printing these in different types is followed. The size of the book makes it necessary, however, that the types chosen should be small, and the distinction is not always so clear as it is intended to be; but many students will be glad to have these documents in a form suitable for the handbag or the pocket, and will thank Mr. Fripp for the service which he has conferred upon them. Many of the notes also show acuteness, and study of the original; but the whole is in our eyes marred by a critical rashness and a want of reverence which in these days too often characterize the 'new-comer on the field of criticism.' The man who follows Kuenen so blindly as to tell us, even after the recently ascertained evidence of the Tel-el-Amarna Tablets,<sup>2</sup> that Genesis xiv. is a 'Priestly Story,' that it is 'obviously intended to glorify Jerusalem,' that 'the archaic style is artificial and overdone,' that it 'must be pronounced a Midrash,' will scarcely commend his judgment to sober-minded people; and the man who can speak of the two accounts of creation in the following terms—

'Instead of the calm and calculating Elohim of i.-ii. 4 a, able to realize his thought in a word—"Let there be light! and there was light," in ii. 4 b-iv.—we have a very limited Jahveh, hard at work with the clay, and blowing into the nostrils of his creature, ii. 6 f.;

<sup>1</sup> Boehmer had already used different founts of type for the Hebrew text, 1860, which was followed by a translation in 1862.—Cf. Lenormant, *La Genèse*, 1883.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the interesting volume by Mr. Basil T. A. Evetts, late of the Assyrian Department in the British Museum, *New Light on the Bible and the Holy Land*, 1892, pp. 163-228. He speaks of these Tablets as 'the most remarkable archæological discovery of the last few years.'



planting a garden, 8 ; testing the animals one after another to find a suitable companion for the man, 19 f. ; and hitting at last on the idea of a woman made of the man's rib, 21 f. ; walking in the garden himself to enjoy the evening cool, iii. 8 ; talking face to face with his creatures, and inflicting the crawling posture on the snake, travail on the woman, and toil on the man, 14-19 ; making the man and his wife clothes of skins, 21 ; jealous, 22 ; wrathful, 14, 24 ; and capricious, iv. 4 f.

shows himself to be so entirely out of sympathy with the religious feeling alike of the Hebrew Scriptures and of the English people as to be incompetent to interpret the one to the other.

The contribution of Mr. W. E. Addis, who now writes from Melbourne, Australia, but is not unknown to English readers in other fields of literature, is of greater importance, and is intended to embrace the whole of the documents of the Hexateuch. At present only the First Part is before us, and this is designated 'The Oldest Book of Hebrew History.' The writer is of opinion that

'a wide gulf of time, and the changes time brings, separates the Jahvist from the Deuteronomist, the Deuteronomist from the "Priestly Writer," but that there is no such clear line between the Jahvist and the Elohist. These two considered as a Unity [*i.e.* J E], are closely allied, and there is no difficulty in distinguishing them from other documents.'

The writer thinks it can be shown also that they were combined in one book before they were united with other books of the Hexateuch, and it is this book which he endeavours to reproduce as 'The Oldest (*i.e.* relatively to the rest of the Hexateuch) Book of Hebrew History.' He makes no attempt, except in special cases where the evidence seems clear, to distinguish J from E, and as the other documents are reserved for a separate volume, his pages are free from confusion of type, the ordinary type representing, as far as Genesis is concerned, the Jahvist, italics representing when necessary the Elohist, and the additions of the compiler appearing in brackets. The translation was made by the editor, and then adapted to the Revised Version. It is accompanied by somewhat meagre notes ; but these show, what we find indeed throughout the work, that the writer has a firm grasp of his subject, and that he has based his convictions upon a full investigation of the chief authorities on either side. If we do not think that the documentary hypothesis is fully established, we think that its probability is placed higher by this simple



presentation of it than it has been placed in other works of greater pretension.

The substance of 'The Oldest Book of Hebrew History' is preceded by an Introduction (pp. xiii-xciv), which gives the English reader an intelligible and trustworthy account of the history and results of the criticism of the subject. It is professedly based to a considerable extent upon 'Mr. Wicksteed's excellent translation of Kuenen's masterly work ;' but the author had commenced his studies long before Kuenen's work appeared, and has continued them since. We think that some of the results at which he arrives are not proved, and are not indeed provable ; but in presence of the congratulations with which the followers of Wellhausen gild each other's work, and the condemnation which is not unsparingly applied by way of compensation to any writer who is outside the charmed circle, it is refreshing to hear from within it such moderate words as these :

'Sometimes I have had to tread on dangerous ground, and I have not concealed my agreement with the school of Graf and his eminent disciples on the whole. At the same time, if I have failed to give the arguments on the other side the weight which is their due, that has arisen from want of power, not from lack of will. I am unable to follow Dillmann's conclusions, but I have read and re-read his great Commentary on the Hexateuch, and always with increasing admiration for its profound and varied learning and its astonishing accuracy' (Preface, p. vi).

And it is refreshing, in the midst of the wild assertions of sciolists about P, P<sup>1</sup>, P<sup>2</sup>, P<sup>3</sup>, P<sup>4</sup>, P<sup>5</sup>, and P<sup>c</sup>, &c. &c.,<sup>1</sup> to read the sober words of one who himself believes in the late date of the 'Priestly' document, but is able to estimate the real weight of the authorities on the other side.

'The date of the "Priestly" document is, as has been said, the chief point in debate. According to Wellhausen, Kayser, Kuenen, Stade, Smend, Robertson Smith, Budde, and many others, it was gradually composed in and after the Exile, and incorporated with the rest of the Hexateuch about the time of Ezra, *i.e.* about 444 B.C., though even after that date important additions were made. About the brilliant reasoning, the acuteness and learning, with which this view has been maintained, there can be no manner of question. The

<sup>1</sup> The mathematical reader may be glad to know that 'for a considerable period  $\frac{(J+E)+D}{R^{J^c} R^d} = JED$  circulated as a well-rounded "prophetic" compilation ;' and that now 'Hexateuch =  $\frac{(J+E)+D+(P^1+P^2+P^3)}{R^{J^c} R^d R}$ , where the "denominators" indicate "compilers and editors."—Bacon's *Genesis of Genesis*, pp. 65, 66.

school of Graf embraces probably most of the younger scholars, though it also numbers veterans such as Kuenen and Reuss among its leaders, and it seems to be continually gaining ground. Still, it must be remembered that scholars of great name—Dillmann (the best commentator on the Hexateuch), Nöldeke (perhaps the very greatest of Semitic scholars now living), Brendenkamp, Baudissin, Kittel, &c., still hold to the conservative view, and place the substance of the "Priestly" history and code long before Deuteronomy, and therefore, of course, long before the Exile. We may take Dillmann as perhaps best fitted to represent this view. He places the "Priestly Writer" about 800 B.C., but supposes that he uses still older materials' (Introduction, p. xl).

Mr. Addis commences his survey of the criticism at the right point by asking 'what the Hexateuch says of itself,' and reminds us that in the Pentateuch it is only two or three chapters in Exodus, one chapter in Numbers, and the legislative portion of Deuteronomy for which Mosaic authorship is claimed, while the book of Joshua is anonymous. For Genesis, with which we are immediately concerned, there is of course no assertion of authorship. When, however, the five books are collected into one whole and called 'the Law,' it was natural that the passage in Deuteronomy should be (by mistake in our author's opinion) applied to the whole, and that the Mosaic authorship should become 'for many centuries the accepted and almost unquestioned opinion among Jews and Samaritans, Christians and Mohammedans.' Some signs of doubt and difficulty occur in the early and middle ages, and these increased at the time of the Reformation; but the real father of Old Testament criticism was the Oratorian, Simon,<sup>1</sup> who recognized two accounts of the Creation and of the Flood, and reasoned from difference of style to difference of authors.

A French physician<sup>2</sup> opened in the middle of the eighteenth century a new stage in the criticism. He observed a difference in the use of the Divine names, and made out two documents, one characterized by the name *Yahweh* or *Yahweh Elohim*, the other by *Elohim*. Eichhorn developed this theory in the editions of his *Introduction*, which extended from 1779 to 1823, and contributions followed from De Wette, who pointed out in particular the peculiar style of Deuteronomy; and Bleek, who showed that the Book of Joshua is to be considered as a continuation of the Pentateuch.

Another stage is marked by the appearance of Ewald's

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. Critique du Vieux Testament*, 1680, bk. i. ch. v.-vii.

<sup>2</sup> Astruc, *Conjectures sur les Mémoires originaux dont il paroît que Moïse s'est servi pour composer le livre de la Genèse*. Brussels, 1753.

discovery,<sup>1</sup> that the documents which Astruc had found in Genesis are to be traced with the same characteristics through the whole Hexateuch. The affirmation of different origins established one part of the truth; but this *Fragment Theory* could not be maintained when the unity of the Hexateuch was once perceived. The document which is characterized by the use of *Elohim* down to Exodus vi. 2 is seen to be what Tuch called the *Grundschrift*, the *Fundamental Writing*, the framework of the whole.

But if the *Elohistic* document occupied this primary position, what place was to be assigned to the *Jahvist*? The answer given by Stähelin in 1830, and adopted by Tuch, Bleek, and others, was that the *Jahvist* had written a supplement to the work of the original *Elohistic*. This *Ergänzungshypothese*, or *Supplement Theory*, long held the field, and is in a modified form still held by no less important an authority than Schrader, the editor of the eighth edition of De Wette's *Einleitung* (1869).

A fresh element was brought into the discussion by the acuteness of Hupfeld in 1853,<sup>2</sup> though he had to some extent been anticipated in the forgotten work of Ilgen, which was published half a century before.<sup>3</sup> He saw that the *Jahvist* document which his predecessors had distinguished contained within itself an *Elohistic* element, and that there are really three independent documents—the *First Elohistic*, the *Jahvist*, and the *Second Elohistic*—the *Second Elohistic* being much more closely allied to the *Jahvist* than either is to the *First Elohistic*, but all three being distinct documents, and their amalgamation being the work of an editor. Later scholars, and especially Nöldeke, have continued Hupfeld's work, and extended it to the whole of the Hexateuch.

It was soon evident that the term *Elohistic* would be confusing if applied to documents which differ so widely as the *First Elohistic* does from the second, and at an earlier stage than that with which we are now dealing (we have retained the term so far to avoid confusion). Mr. Addis has adopted the term *Priestly Writer*,<sup>4</sup> following the lead of Kuenen and Wellhausen, but substituting *Writer* for *Code*, and indicating

<sup>1</sup> In the *Studien und Kritiken*, 1831, and afterwards developed in his *History of Israel*.

<sup>2</sup> *Quellen der Genesis*.

<sup>3</sup> *Urkunden des Ersten Buchs von Moses*, 1798.

<sup>4</sup> The peculiar characteristic of this document is that it vindicates the exclusive rights of the priests who claimed descent from Aaron, and that it makes much of the High Priest, an official who is not mentioned in the rest of the Hexateuch (p. xxvi).

the characteristic feature. He now gives the following summary statement about the documents :

'These documents are usually represented, for the sake of brevity, by letters of the alphabet. Kuenen, whose symbols have become widely recognized, uses J for the Jahvist, E for the Elohist, J E for Jahvist and Elohist combined into one book, D for the Deuteronomist, P for the "Priestly Writer."<sup>1</sup> Using these symbols here, we may state the points of argument [*sic*, but? 'agreement'] and difference thus. There is general agreement as to the contents of J E, D, P. There is much difference of opinion on the contents of J and E considered separately ; the problem becomes more difficult when we pass beyond Genesis to the later books of the Hexateuch, and to a great extent the problem may prove insoluble. There are, moreover, various theories as to the various strata in the documents, those strata being generally marked as D<sup>1</sup>, D<sup>2</sup>, J<sup>1</sup>, J<sup>2</sup>, etc. Finally there is difference of opinion on the way in which J was united with E, Dillmann being opposed to the common view that J and E were united together before they were united with the rest of the Hexateuch ; and there is much wider difference of opinion on the way in which J E came to form one with D, and J E D with P. Of course the number of editors or redactors assigned must vary with theories on the mode in which the component documents were united. The letter R is generally used to denote an editor or redactor, and so we have R<sup>1</sup> for the editor who is supposed to have united J and E, R<sup>2</sup> for the editor who united the whole Hexateuch, etc. etc.' (pp. xxxiii-iv).

Mr. Addis proceeds naturally from the documents themselves to their date. Touching briefly on the work of Geddes, who as early as 1792 felt that the Pentateuch as a whole 'could not be written before the time of David nor after that of Hezekiah,' but held that it was 'compiled from documents

<sup>1</sup> The reader should compare Mr. Frapp's enumeration (which is really Kuenen's) given on pp. 5, 6. It may save him some confusion if we state in summary the chief symbols used :

1. The *First Elohist* is called by Tuch and others 'the original document' (*Grundschrift*) ; by Ewald, 'the book of origins' (*Buch der Ursprünge*) ; by Schrader, 'the annalist' (*annalistischer Erzähler*) ; by Schultz and Dillmann A to indicate priority ; by Wellhausen, 'Priestly Code' (*Priestercode*), PC. Wellhausen also uses Q (quatuor), because he thinks of the document, not with strict accuracy, as containing four covenants. But Q does not = PC = P, but rather Kuenen's P<sup>2</sup>. Cf. Kuenen's *Hexateuch*, ed. Wicksteed, p. 65.

2. The *Second Elohist*, called by Ewald 'the third narrator ;' by Schrader 'the theocratic narrator ;' by Dillmann 'the narrator from Northern Israel,' or B ; by Schultz, C ; by Wellhausen, etc., E.

3. The *Jahvist* : called by Tuch, etc., 'the Supplementer' (*Ergänzer*) ; by Ewald, 'the fourth narrator ;' by Schrader, 'the prophetic narrator ;' by Dillmann, C ; by Schultz, B ; by Wellhausen, J.

4. Lev. xvii.-xxvi., Delitzsch, Klostermann, and others use the term H G (*Heiligkeit-Gesetz*), in English L H (*Law of Holiness*). Dillmann calls it the Sinaitic Law, S. It is Kuenen's P<sup>1</sup>.

which in part were really Mosaic ;' and De Wette (1806), whose chief contribution was the supposed proof that Deuteronomy could not be much older than the discovery in the reign of Josiah, he reminds us that down to 1866 it was usually assumed that the Deuteronomist was the latest, the *Priestly Writer* the oldest of the authors, and candidly admits 'all this was little better than guesswork, the only fixed quantity being the date of Deuteronomy' (p. xxxvii). But in 1866 Graf published the 113 pages in his *Die geschichtlichen Bücher des A. T.*, which was to change the whole course of our thoughts. He had, indeed, been to some extent anticipated by Vatke, Bohlen, and George, and owed the direction of his own thoughts to the lectures of Reuss. The central point of his argument is that the *Priestly Legislation* must be later than the Exile in B.C. 586, because whereas Deuteronomy and all Hebrew literature identify Priests and Levites, the *Priestly Writer* following Ezekiel sharply distinguishes between the two. The argument was based upon the contents of the document, not upon the style, and affected the legislation, not the narration. Graf held, indeed, that the *Priestly Legislation* came last, but that the *Priestly Narrative* was not as a whole affected, and was still to be considered earliest. Riehm showed what is indeed evident, that the two cannot be separated, and invited Graf to draw back. Before his death in 1869 he admitted the force of the argument but not the conclusion. He went not backward but forward, and placed the whole after the Exile. This is the theory which was adopted by Kuenen and Wellhausen, and is now maintained by their school.

The remainder of the 'Introduction' is given to a statement of the reasons which have induced Mr. Addis to believe that the Hexateuch is composed of several documents, and that the *Deuteronomical Code* was first written about the eighteenth year of Josiah ; that the *Oldest Book of Hebrew History* is to be placed between 850 and 750 B.C. ; that the *Priestly Writer* is of the time of Ezra ; and that the *Final Redaction*, or *Redactions*, are later still. The writer adds in these pages little to our knowledge, but he presents the views of his school clearly and fairly ; and his own conclusion puts more frankly than some of his predecessors do what the issues really are :

'We cannot out of such material construct the early history of Israel. We may feel even that Israel's sojourn in Goshen, the deliverance by Moses, the temporary union of the Hebrews, and the beginning of a higher religion under his influence, are facts which

cannot be shaken. We can lay the finger here and there on precious fragments which enable us to form some idea of the way in which the Hebrews conquered Canaan. That is about all. Even the noble narrative of the *Jahvist* is not sober history. Yet, in another and a very real sense, the Hexateuch becomes in the hands of scholars a history of unique interest. It is not indeed the history of Abraham and Jacob, of Moses and Joshua. It is the history—a history which cannot deceive any more than the history deciphered by geologists on the rocks can deceive—of religious ideas. And to Christians the history of that religion which prepared the way for Christ has, and must have, supreme value' (p. xciv).

*Genesis Printed in Colors* comes to us across the Atlantic at the same time that the manuscript of the *Documents of the Hexateuch* comes to us from the Antipodes. The body of the work is an ingenious reproduction in colours of the distinctions which Kautzsch and Socin had indicated by types. Seven colours, and an additional distinction gained by underlining, are required, and most persons will probably find that the eye is more readily impressed by variety of colour than by variety of type, especially when the types are small. There is, however, one great disadvantage in that the colours are not all constant by artificial light.

But the characteristic portion of the work is the short Introduction in which Professor Bissell, who does not appear for the first time in these discussions, vigorously attacks the scheme, which he thus places in the English reader's hands in order that he may judge for himself. He would leave his reader to form his own conclusions without prejudice. He must judge for himself intelligently and cordially, though it is not difficult to see to what judgment he is really guided. He is asked to inquire whether it is antecedently probable that so many documents of this kind would have arisen among the Israelites at the times named; to examine the compilation and the documents which compose it; to determine whether the alleged diversity of material would not have deterred a compiler of that day; to test the usual answer that these documents had attained quasi-canonical position. He is to note that he has to do with colossal conjectures, some of them beyond possibility of verification, and should test the method of the compiler at every point, for he wants only scientific results. He will inquire, among other things,

'Who is the Redactor? Is he, or is he not, the creature of the theory which makes use of him? Can it by any possibility be maintained without him: without *him*, the blunderer, the confessedly inconsistent and uncritical compiler, a *littérateur* without capacity,



and often at least without honesty, who yet set for himself the task of preparing a sacred history of the world's beginning, and of God's ways with men?' (p. xiv).

He is reminded that 'the scheme has made its *début* among us as a product of the "ripest German scholarship," and has been generally accepted, if at all, on the basis of what is commonly known as the "consensus of later criticism;"' that Professor Robertson has said of it,

'There is a continual assumption of something which the reader has been no party in establishing—a building upon foundations which are underground. Whether the assumptions are supported by arguments to which he would yield, whether the foundations are securely laid, he does not know. He must therefore either surrender himself to his critical guides or get perplexed over the mass of intricate details' (pp. iv, v).

He is then guided in the investigation of the chief difficulties. Reasons are suggested for the use of *Jehovah* and *Elohim*. The theory of distinct documents is not necessary, nor does it meet the facts. Why is *Elohim* found in the *Jehovah* document? Why is the Redactor invoked to change *Elohim* to *Jehovah*, or *vice versa*, seven times directly, and thirteen times indirectly? Why is textual emendation so constantly necessary? Why a second *Elohist*? Why, while it takes the place of P, is it so like J that not a few of our critics cannot draw the line between them?

He is cautioned as to the weakness of the linguistic argument. Sources are wanted, 'and presto! the sources appear.' The foregone conclusion is assumed as a premise and used as part of the argument. He is furnished with principles (which are worthy of careful study) which should underlie the linguistic test, and their use is illustrated.

He is helped also to meet the argument arising from the supposed difference in stand-point of the sources, but he must examine for himself. 'Do the facts really warrant the conclusion reached?'

The chief argument remains: *i.e.* the varying accounts of one and the same series of events. This 'appears to be a more tangible and appreciable reason.' It is illustrated by capp. i. and ii., iv. and v., vi.-ix., and the accounts of the Patriarchs. He should ask, How can it be that all these discrepancies, if they exist, have been covered up until now? Before rejecting the 'tradition,' he should take care that he has something not less false in its place. 'The almost indescribable confusion of thought and appalling waste of material necessitated by the current analysis suggests on its face the



likelihood of an incorrect method. It is in fact a *reductio ad absurdum*. He is then pleasantly told, by way of illustration, 'of a farmer in one of our Western States who a year since started a man out on the range with a flock of sheep. Recently he received the following from him: "If you want me to remain here any longer, yer'll have to get another flock of sheep; them's all gone."'

The reader should inquire further whether the analysis is made for the purpose of getting material for presupposed documents, or because the documents appear and demand recognition. This and other principles are then illustrated in some detail in the accounts of the Creation and the Flood. But candid examination of details is the one imperative duty:

'And if it shall appear,' adds the writer, 'as to us seems probable, that not only were original sources used in the composition of Genesis, but that their limits with some degree of probability may be pointed out, the result will be neither singular nor unwelcome. In the meantime, let the freest and fullest criticism of the Scriptures, high and low, be encouraged as far as it is serious, inductive not only in name but in fact, and thoroughly fair.'

Now, with this last sentiment we need not say that we are in hearty accord; nor, indeed, do we see how any objection to it can be raised. The ordinary reader will do well to possess himself of this work and to follow this advice. But the 'Introduction' serves as yet another example of the almost impossibility of being thoroughly fair to an opponent in a case where one has strong convictions. And our advice to the reader whom Professor Bissell has in view would be to study his work side by side with that of Mr. Addis to which we have just made reference. We name this book and have chosen it for our criticism because it is the latest from what may be called the opposite standpoint; but the purpose would be equally, perhaps better, served by a smaller work, which comes also from America—the *Genesis of Genesis*<sup>1</sup>—and contains, in addition to other valuable matter, Dillmann's Analysis. It furnishes also the convenience of printing Genesis in different types and afterwards printing the documents separately. It combines therefore to a certain extent the method set by Kautzsch and Socin and that of Mr. Addis.

<sup>1</sup> *The Genesis of Genesis: a Study of the Documentary Sources of the First Book of Moses in accordance with the Results of Critical Science, illustrating the Presence of Bibles within the Bible.* By Benjamin Wisner Bacon; with an Introduction by George F. Moore, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, 1892.

And side by side with these works he may study to his great advantage a more recent English work which we have placed on our list, because it seems to us to deserve serious consideration; and we regret that the limits of our space will not allow us to deal with it at any length. The title *Did Moses Write the Pentateuch after all?* is one that is not likely to attract favourable attention, and the writer not unfrequently does himself injustice by his phraseology; but he has a firm grasp of his subject; he has sufficient knowledge of the original Hebrew; he has read the works of the later critics and thought of them in the light of common sense as well as of logic, and has added to the subject a contribution which, however little we agree with some of the conclusions, is in our opinion of real value, and, if he will allow us to say so, will be more valuable in future editions if some points are expanded and many passages are pruned.

The first part of Mr. Spencer's work deals with the history, and its earliest pages with the attitude of scientific inquiry, in which he deprecates the leaning of the British school upon a German authority which is at its source tainted by two prejudices: (1) *à priori* refusal of the miraculous; (2) the presumption that the master-key of historical as of physical science is development; and he protests against the '*ipse dixit* of the critical school.' A good discussion of 'literary tradition' follows. But 'tradition,' while it asserts that Moses was the master-spirit of the Hebrew legislation, does not assert that he was the writer of the Pentateuch. The question is mainly one for critical and historical inquiry. This leads to a statement of the latest critical hypothesis, its need of scientific verification, which is not supplied, and an outline of the impossible task given to unknown supposed writers or sources. Then follow a series of extended notes on (a) Wellhausen's judgment as a guide to scientific history; (b) the critical *ipse dixit*; (c) the unreality of the supposed documents; (d) the historical colour and accuracy of the Pentateuch.

The second part deals with the legislation, which it examines in detail on the principles that the characteristic of legislation is to be (a) based upon the customs and constitutions of the past; (b) guided by the inspiration and genius of the lawgiver to a new departure; (c) with a view to the order and stability of future ages. He comes at the close of a lengthy investigation to the following conclusion:

'It should seem, therefore, that we have scientific ground for the inference and conclusion that the Pentateuch as we now possess it, with some relatively insignificant exceptions, was drawn up in all parts

under the immediate superintendence and imposing guidance of Moses by the aid of unknown collaborators. The poems and discourses ascribed to him are judged to be immediately his, both from evidences of style and from reasonable trust in the veracity of tradition in so great a case. And these with the rest of Deuteronomy were collected and set forth as they now stand by Joshua and those who helped him. In fine, Moses, to use a modern expression, is responsible for the Pentateuch as a whole, but not responsible unaided. The Pentateuch must also have passed through several editions, of which one can scarcely with probability be refused to the age of Solomon, and of which the last can with some degree of confidence be attributed to Ezra and the men of his day' (p. 167).

This section is followed also by a series of extended notes : (a) on the supposed invalidity of literary traditions in Hebrew history; (b) the authorship of Deuteronomy; (c) Spencer's *De Legibus Hebræorum*; (d) the phraseology of H.

The third section is devoted to 'An Attempt to meet some Difficulties by certain Historical Aphorisms,' and to gauge the 'method' by the Aristotelian motto which is prefixed, τὸ γὰρ ἀκριβὲς οὐχ ὁμοίως ἐν ἅπασιν τοῖς λόγοις ἐπιζητητέον: 'The method of exact inquiry is conditioned by its subject.' The following may be taken as a specimen of the author's estimate of Wellhausen. We place the passages in parallel columns for convenience of comparison:—

'We are not left in any doubt as to the manner and attitude of mind in which the argument is applied. Wellhausen in an interesting autobiographical passage tells us how he went about his "investigations." The reader is asked attentively to observe what follows: "It may not be out of place here to refer to my personal experience. In my early student days I was attracted by the stories of Saul and David, Ahab and Elijah: the discourses of Amos and Isaiah laid strong hold on me, and I read myself well into the prophetic and historical" (i.e. later) "books of the Old Testament. Thanks to such aids as were accessible to me, I even considered that I understood them tolerably, but at the same time I was troubled with a bad conscience, as if I were beginning

'The reader is earnestly invited to carefully notice that what follows is exactly the Wellhausenian method, only applied to other matter. He is begged to mark the result. A certain gentleman named "Edwin Johnson, M.A.," has recently (in 1890) had a book published, *The Rise of Christendom*. In it he proves by "brilliant" criticism that just as in Wellhausen's critical researches "Judaism" is the corporation from which the Pentateuch for the most part takes its rise, so, to use his own words, the following conclusion is arrived at: "Christianism is the system of a corporation; it is the theory of the primitive monks; no other primitive Christians are to be ascertained." Mr. Johnson, too, favours us with an interesting autobiographical account of the way in which this

with the roof instead of the foundation, for I had no thorough acquaintance with the law, of which I was accustomed to be told that it was the basis and postulate of the whole literature. At last I took courage and made my way through Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and even through Knobel's commentary to these books. But it was in vain that I looked for the light which was to be shed from this source on the historical" (*i.e.* later) "and prophetic books. On the contrary, my enjoyment of the latter was marred by the law; it did not bring them any nearer to me, but intruded itself uneasily like a ghost, that makes a noise indeed but is not visible, and really effects nothing. Even when there were points of contact between it and them, differences also made themselves felt, and I found it impossible to give a candid decision in favour of the priority of the law. Dimly I began to perceive that throughout there was between them all the difference that separates two wholly distinct worlds. At last, in the course of a casual visit in Göttingen in the summer of 1867, I learned through Ritschl that Karl Heinrich Graf placed the law later than the prophets, and almost without knowing his reasons for the hypothesis I was prepared to accept it. I readily acknowledged to myself the possibility of understanding Hebrew antiquity without the book of the Torah."

'We observe here that a false historical method led to a purely æsthetic and theoretical conception, which led in turn to an im-

conviction dawned upon him, and of the method of his critical researches: "In 1886 I occupied myself in finding an answer to a question propounded by the Tayler Theological Society of Haarlem. The student was required by the conditions of the question to close the New Testament and to ascertain the origin of Christianity from the Christian and from the Græco-Roman writers of the second century. I found that the Imperial writers, so to call them for convenience' sake, knew nothing of the New Testament, nothing of those strong dramatic representations which have been present with us from childhood, as derived from hearing or reading the Church lessons. Christianity was a system of mystical ideas derived from a capricious exegesis of Old Testament writings." Mr. Johnson then proceeded to carry his studies into Eusebius, the first Church historian, A.D. 315. "My previous results," he says, "were confirmed by the study of Eusebius. I saw the canonical books were still unknown, except in a bare scheme,<sup>1</sup> to this writer, who pretends to be contemporaneous with Constantine, and that he had no historical sources whatever." . . . "In further researches I found that the whole of the earliest Church literature proceeded from the cloisters of the two primitive orders of St. Basil and St. Benedict. They and they alone were the inventors of the designation Christiani, and of the whole system of ideas connected with it. Their literature was persistently antedated into times

<sup>1</sup> The reader is earnestly requested to draw the exact parallel of the results supposed to be scientific in the Wellhausenian school of Old Testament criticism.'

mediate reception of a theory without any examination of the arguments for it. This is the genesis of the great Wellhausenian hypothesis. To support this by "brilliant" arguments was henceforth a foregone conclusion' (pp. 249-50).

when it could not have been written. The whole problem was now to ascertain when this monastic confederacy began their literary enterprise. . . . The catacomb Christian antiquities were the invention of the fifteenth century. . . . It may be added that the geography of the New Testament is the incorrect geography of the time of the third crusade, while Syria was yet a dreamland in the conception of the West."

'The method of Mr. Edwin Johnson, applied to a subject better understood and more scientifically explored, is exactly in every respect the method of Wellhausen and Kuenen applied to a subject less understood, less explored, more ancient, more difficult, and at present apparently, for a large number of persons, more in the dark. But is a method which is plainly fallacious in the one case to be trusted in the other?' (pp. 255-257).

Mr. Spencer's work is brought to a close by another series of notes on (a) Ezekiel and P, (b) the Samaritan Pentateuch, (c) Professor F. A. Wolf and Homer.

The two German works which are named at the head of this article could not have been omitted from any list of the latest important works on our subject. Cornill's *Einleitung* has passed into a second edition within a few months, and may be taken to be a brief expression of the latest views of the newer critical school. The portion on the Pentateuch (pp. 16-91) is a clear, perhaps upon the whole the best, short account of the Pentateuch Analysis; though it by no means supersedes Westphal's *Les Sources du Pentateuque*, i. (1888), upon which it is largely based. He considers that the work of the last century and a half has practically settled the literary problem; that the composition from four independent sources is established; that the divisions are essentially accepted; and that the relation and dates are the only points

still undecided (p. 27). The original view which made P the earliest is now almost universally abandoned. But a number of writers—among whom he names Delitzsch, Dillmann, Kittel,<sup>1</sup> and Baudissin<sup>2</sup>—are anxious to maintain at least a pre-exilic date (p. 62). Dillmann's *Commentary* has now reached its sixth edition, and the veteran tells us, in a short preface, dated September 1892, that during the period which has elapsed since the last (1886) he has had the opportunity to revise the whole in the full light of recent discoveries and recent literature. His space is limited, and he has had to make way for additions by excisions. He has not been able to criticize individual English and American works, but thinks that this omission will be approved by those who know the difference between *criticism* and *hypercriticism*. His general position remains unchanged, and his *Commentary* is now more than ever unequalled, and approached only by the last edition of Delitzsch (1887), whose frank acceptance of the general principles of his lifelong opponent is recognized, though he does not commit himself to details, which are after all, in Dillmann's opinion, of chief importance. This edition of Delitzsch, we may note, for any who are not conversant with the subject, is called, and is, a *New Commentary*, and departs widely from the earlier editions. It is accessible in English, and may now fairly be taken to represent on the main critical question the *via media* in which Dillmann has been and remains the leader. The English edition (1888) has indeed the advantage of further revision by the author, and represents his final views.

The contribution to the subject which gives the title to this article has been made at an opportune moment by Mr. F. Watson, who has a well-merited reputation as a Cambridge scholar and teacher, and would be welcomed by those who are best acquainted with his work to a higher sphere of service to the University and the Church. It is rightly described on the title-page, *The Book Genesis shown by comparison with the other Books of the Old Testament and early ancient records to be a true history, and the first book of the Hebrew Revelation*. Its object—and surely at this time it is a very important object—is to prove that even if the main con-

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der Hebräer*, i. 87-119 (1888).

<sup>2</sup> *Geschichte des Alttestamentlichen Priesterthums*, 1889. Neither of these works, and still less König, *Offenbarungsbegriff des Alt. Test.* 1882, comes within our limits of books of the last few months, but they are of much importance as firmly holding that newer critical views are consistent with the older orthodoxy.



clusions of the so-called higher criticism are accepted, the historic truth and consequently the value as revelation of the Book Genesis remains untouched. The author takes his starting-point from the statement of Delitzsch: 'Believing investigation of Scripture will not subdue this nuisance of critical analysis, until it wrests the weapon from the adversary's hand, and actually shows that analysis can be exercised without thereby trampling under foot respect for Holy Scripture.' 'Of such process, however,' Delitzsch goes on to say, 'scarcely a beginning has been made,' and Mr. Watson expresses the 'hope that this book may be a humble beginning, at once believing, reverent, and truthful' (p. 9).

We may at once say that we are in entire agreement with the author's estimate of his work. We are not sure that the simple form in which the work is presented will not damage it in a generation which too often estimates a book by the profession and profusion of learning which it shows, and that the author's sobermindedness which lands him in a *via media* will not repel many of the combatants in this strife who seem able to rest only in the extremes of one-sided statements. But we have read this little book more than once, and without committing ourselves to approval of every statement or of every deduction which it contains, we feel it to be due to the author to express our thankful appreciation of a piece of work which seems to us to be perfectly honest as well as reverent, and to be based throughout upon full knowledge and careful thought. Mr. Watson speaks of his book as a 'humble beginning' of the process which Delitzsch desiderates. We shall be glad if this means that a continuance of the same work may be expected from the same hands. The student would welcome and value the materials which it is clear that Mr. Watson has at his command; and the path which he has commenced is still practically untrampled.

Our task is, however, to estimate the present, not to anticipate the future. In a short introductory chapter we are told clearly what the question at issue really is, and what our duty is in the face of it: '... when Faith and Reason seem to combine in reverent investigation, and to uphold one another in the results attained, none can afford to pass the arguments and conclusions by. Fidelity to the truth places us under obligations which we cannot ignore. . . .' He further expresses this in the language of Delitzsch, whose latest position he practically assumes: 'The love of truth, submission to the force of truth, the surrender of traditional views

<sup>1</sup> *New Commentary on Genesis*, i. 54, 55.



which will not stand the test of truth, is a sacred duty, an element in the fear of God' (p. 9). He might have expressed it in the language of St. Paul: 'We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.'

The two-fold problem of the Old Testament is then stated: 1. 'How and when were the different books of the Old Testament composed?' 2. 'Are the Old Testament narratives, early and late, patriarchal and national, substantially historical?' (pp. 9-10). Though these questions are related, and though the answer to the second may follow from the answer to the first, the questions are essentially distinct. A contemporary historian has great advantages, but he has also great disadvantages. A later editor with access to contemporary materials loses on one hand, but he gains on the other. So also the genuineness and authenticity of a book may be separate questions. As a matter of fact the greater part of the Old Testament is anonymous, and of the historical books no one tells us of its authorship. Knowledge of the authors would not, moreover, appreciably increase the value of the books. In the book of Genesis (considered in itself) no question of authorship arises, for no hint is given upon the subject.

The methods of composition is a question of greater practical importance than authorship. If the documentary hypothesis is accepted, it supplies the key to a good many difficulties. Genesis may be regarded as what one author calls, after the analogy of a *Diatessaron* of the four Gospels, a *Diatrion*; and if so, discrepancies and difficulties in detail must of course be expected. The hypothesis may be accepted without in any degree giving up the unity of Genesis, which is attested by its use for 2,000 years with general acceptance of its unity. Mr. Watson puts the case perhaps too strongly when he says 'the composite character remained unsuspected till the middle of the eighteenth century A.D.' (p. 14), but the acceptance is none the less proof of 'the essential unity in plan, spirit, and even materials.'

Mr. Watson proceeds to express his own general acceptance of what he calls 'the predominant theory of the Pentateuch as put forth by Wellhausen, and as it has received the adhesion of such scholars as the late Professor Delitzsch, Professor Driver, and others,' and if this sentence does not distinguish accurately the position of the writers who are named in it, the matter is put right by what follows almost immediately. After explaining briefly the symbols for the various documents and their supposed dates, of which we have written more than enough, he further defines his own position in these words:

'We accept the critical theory as to the composition of Genesis in its main outlines *ex animo* ; we accept provisionally, and for purposes of argument, the dates they assign to the several narratives ; we entirely part company with some of them as to the historical value of Genesis' (p. 18).

In the first clause of this sentence we should read '*cum grano*' for '*ex animo*' ; the second clause should be more exactly expressed, for 'they' ('the critics') do not agree among themselves as to the dates ;<sup>1</sup> with the third clause we are in full accord.

The subject of the Book Genesis and its historical character having been thus placed before the reader, the writer goes perhaps somewhat out of his way to deal in the next chapter with 'The Special Difficulties of the Old Testament Problem' as a whole. He does not, however, forget their bearing on Genesis in particular, and some of his remarks are very much to the purpose. Older scholars who can look back upon the experiences of theory after theory will, we are sure, agree with the following specimen of his opinions :

'It is marvellous to see how meagre is the evidence which is thought sufficient to establish results. All schools of thought seem to be equally offenders here. . . . At the present stage of the controversy it is much more important that men should set themselves to collect and to prove materials than to frame hypotheses. There is great need for a more careful study of the different elements of the problem to be solved, and it is above all essential that we should teach our tongues to say "I don't know"' (pp. 21, 22).

And a comparison of these words with some that proceed from the assumed omniscience of Mr. Fripp, or even from the Cambridge professors, Robertson Smith<sup>2</sup> and Ryle, will show that we are on much safer ground in the company of Mr. Watson.

The meagreness of the evidence and the necessity of confessing our ignorance is then shown with some detail in reference to the immense antiquity of the books which places only possibilities of knowledge, not probabilities, and still less certainties, within our reach, the wide difference in their dates the variety of subject matter and form, the absence to a large extent of contemporary literature, the want of early evidence

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *supra*, p. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Of two of these three writers we have had examples. Here is one of the third: 'Kuenen and Wellhausen are men whose acumen and research have carried this inquiry to a point where nothing of vital importance for the study of the Old Testament religion still remains uncertain' (Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, Preface).

as to the formation of the Canon—all this makes the problems of the Old Testament almost insoluble in the present state of our knowledge, and places them in a wholly different position to similar problems in the New Testament.

These difficulties are shown to apply in their full force to Genesis, and some 'minor considerations' as to its date are then briefly dealt with. It contains no statement as to its authorship, nor is any such statement made in the Old or New Testament. At the same time, 'the close connexion between Moses and the materials of Genesis, though supported by no direct evidence, must be regarded as highly probable. . . . The tradition fits in with the circumstances.' It is of course not contended that Moses wrote the entire book as we now have it. Linguistic arguments do not prove much either way. They certainly are not opposed to Mosaic authorship. The hypothesis of a later editor would turn the edge of any objection urged from later usage. Isolated passages, such as 'The Canaanite was then in the land,' are regarded as not important, and these too are explained on the supposition of a later editor, whose presence is not, however, strongly felt in J E.

We are then brought to the main portion of our author's work, and it opens by dealing, in the fourth chapter, with 'Genesis as illustrated by Secular History.' The thesis is that 'Genesis treads on the ground of early Egyptian and of early Babylonian history with equally firm and accurate tread.' We might imagine a Moses of the Exile learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians. We might imagine a Daniel learned in the wisdom of the Chaldeans; but the problem requires 'a Moses and a Daniel rolled into one.' And if we admit the documentary hypothesis, the argument is strengthened, for it is in the admittedly oldest J that this combination of knowledge is most striking. Mr. Watson confirms his own statements on these points by the evidence of specialists, and the cases are clearly such as most of us cannot estimate for ourselves, and must therefore attach special value to technical evidence. Our readers will be glad to have their attention directed to the important evidence which the author supplies from Mr. R. S. Poole (pp. 60-61), Professor Schrader (p. 66), and Professor Sayce (p. 78). Professor Sayce's acknowledged eminence and freedom from bias give special force to the following words with which he concludes his statement:

' . . . Historical criticism is still a new science, and the assertions so often and so loudly made in its behalf must be tested before we can accept them. It has appealed to the judgment-seat of Cæsar, to

the monuments of the past which it believed were lost for ever, and behold ! the monuments of the past have risen up as it were from the grave, and have confuted or moderated its pretensions.' <sup>1</sup>

The next chapter brings us face to face with Wellhausen's position, 'that it is only within the region of religious antiquities and dominant religious ideas that the controversy as to the composition of the Old Testament can be brought to a definite issue.' Our author holds the only clearly right position that, for argumentative purposes, we must take only the common ground of the documents which our opponents agree with us in accepting. He is here on Wellhausen's own ground, and is dealing with materials common to himself, to the Baird Lecture of Professor Robertson, and to other writers ; <sup>2</sup> but his investigations are independent, and are not the less valuable because they are expressed in the simplest form. He arrives at 'five standards of comparison by which we may test the religious teaching of Genesis': (1) the religion of Moses as contained in J E ; (2) the popular religion of Israel ; (3) the religion of the prophets ; (4) the religion of Judah and Jerusalem ; (5) the religion of the Jew.

This is followed by two chapters upon 'The Theology and Worship of Genesis in their bearing on its Date,' and 'Patriarchal Character in its bearing on the Historical Value of Genesis.' The writer is aware of the common error of reading Christian ideas into the Old Testament, and of the corresponding error of reading into Genesis the ideas of prophets and priests ; but the patriarchs were as little premature Jews as they were premature Christians. It is attempted to show this by a careful though necessarily limited examination of Genesis in detail. The author has Wellhausen constantly before him, and his detailed argument is, in our opinion, successful in establishing the position that, 'whatever be the origin of the patriarchal history, it is not a reflexion of the thoughts and circumstances of later times.'

The reflexion theory, which finds the historico-political relations of Israel in Genesis, is similarly dealt with. The student of Wellhausen is familiar with such statements as 'in the stories of Jacob and Esau we have the history of the relations of Israel and Edom.' 'The Jehovist narratives about Reuben, Simeon, and Levi are undoubtedly based on occurrences connected with the period of the conquest of the Holy Land.' Mr. Watson is not careful to deny that there are anticipations of history—that in nations, as in individuals, the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. also the new work of Mr. Evetts, *ut supra*, p. 8.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *Church Quarterly Review*, October 1892.

child is father to the man ; but he is careful to demand sufficient instances without accompanying variations to warrant the induction which is drawn, and to show that these are not forthcoming. In doing this he examines in detail the points of agreement and contrast in the accounts of Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his brethren, Joseph and Judah ; the bearing on the dates and integrity of the documents J, E, and P ; the patriarchs in relation to the aboriginal inhabitants ; Israel's great institutions of the Kingdom, the Prophets, the Priesthood, and the Law.

The conclusion gives a summary of the comparison of Genesis with itself, with J E in the remainder of the Hexateuch, with the Judges, the Prophets, the Deuteronomist, Ezra and his school, and ends by the writer's review of his work, which, as we think, errs only by understatement of his case.

'Thus we claim to have proved that the teaching, spirit, and characters of Genesis are at once different from and earlier than we find elsewhere in the Old Testament Scriptures. The close relations between the two we have not failed to discern, and have been able, we hope, accurately to define. The relation is not that of ideal reflexion to historical reality, for later developments of all kinds are absent from the pages of Genesis. It is that of germ to blossom and developed fruit. The teaching of the prophets is contained yet hidden in, to be evolved from yet not definitely expressed in, the patriarchal narratives. The argument has been of a cumulative kind. Some of its elements may be considered to have little weight, and some, it may be, radically unsound. If so, the argument as a whole will be weakened, but it cannot, we think, be entirely destroyed. We are indeed strangely mistaken if, on the one hand, the historicity of Genesis is not supported by considerations of solid weight and varied character ; and if, on the other, the theory which resolves it into a politico-historical myth is not open to the gravest objections. Critical investigation may have proved the Mosaic authorship of Genesis to be an impossibility ; when fairly conducted it will be found, we think, to combine with archaeological research in supplying new and convincing arguments for its substantial and historical truth' (p. 236).

We began our comments upon this remarkable little book by expressing some apprehension lest its form should conceal its real worth and detract from its usefulness. We conclude them by expressing the hope that it will commend itself, as we feel sure it should, to the judgment of examining chaplains, heads of colleges and schools, and of all who have the responsibility of guiding young students of the Old Testament in these days of difficulty. To have provided a really thoughtful book on a technical subject of general interest and first importance in simple form, and at an extremely moderate

price, is to have rendered a service for which the writer of this work and the Society which has published it, alike deserve our warmest thanks.

We have now presented with such fulness as our necessary limitations permit the latest developments of thought upon our subject, and have allowed each writer to speak as far as possible for himself. We have presented to our readers suggestions from many points of view, and may be allowed in conclusion to offer some from our own.

1. We make no pretence to approach the subject with what it is the fashion to call an 'open mind.' We are the inheritors of a great tradition which can be traced backwards through all our history to a time, in any case, centuries before the Christian era. The existence of this tradition is a great fact; it must be explained; it cannot be explained away. This tradition is placed upon holy ground by its embodiment in the teaching of Christianity. Our Lord's words, as the words of every great teacher, are to be understood from the hearer's point of view. We must not, as so many on both sides have done and are constantly doing, fall into the fallacy of interpreting the East of the first century, with its general conceptions, its views of history, and its methods of authorship, by the West of the nineteenth century. A new light will, for many men, fall upon the whole question, if they will try to realize the production and history of a manuscript as distinct from those of a printed book. Our tradition is a treasure of priceless value, but it may come to us—indeed, must come to us—in earthen vessels. We must find out what our tradition really is. The preceding pages will, as far as the Book of Genesis is concerned, help us to do this. When we have found our treasure, we must, as wise men, cling to it. We may, indeed, have to abandon it, but we shall do so only on the compulsion of absolute reasons. We will not let go this treasure unless a more precious one is placed in our hands. The very philosophy of history has taught us this:

'I have laid it down as an invariable maxim,' says F. von Schlegel, 'constantly to follow historical tradition and to hold fast by that clue, even when many things in the testimony and declarations of tradition appear strange and almost inexplicable, or at least enigmatical; for so soon as in the investigation of ancient history we let slip that thread of Ariadne, we can find no outlet from the labyrinth of fanciful theories, and the chaos of clashing opinion.'<sup>1</sup>

2. We do not accept the documentary hypothesis as

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Mr. Spencer, *ut supra*, p. 6.



proved, nor do we think that with our present materials and methods it is provable. In its present form and as applied to Genesis it depends upon an *à priori* presumption about this history of Israel which, as we have shown in an earlier number (October 1892), is itself unverifiable. Men often write hurriedly of J and E and D and P, without realizing how very little we know or can know of them at the distance of all these centuries. There are impassable mountains of time and space and thought and custom between us. Are we wise to discredit men abler than ourselves, who lived on the other side of the mountains? Further, we have had examples of what subjective criticism can accomplish on better known territories which do not encourage us to trust this instrument even in the ablest hands. In the last generation the Tübingen school, with a history in its earliest—and may it not be in its latest?—chapters, strangely like the Wellhausen school, claimed to rearrange for us the New Testament. We now walk in the midst of its theories as in a graveyard.

The same method has equally failed to justify itself in profane literature. While the earlier workers were busy on their scheme for apportioning the Pentateuch, Wolf and his followers were busy—and again history strangely repeats itself—in cutting up Homer. What has 1893 to say to all this? Mr. Andrew Lang's answer comes into our hands just as we ask the question. We commend it to some of our English writers who do not, as Dillmann has it, know the difference between criticism and hypercriticism:

'The Homeric question, the question of the unity of authorship, is a literary problem, yet attempts are constantly made to solve it by other than literary methods. Here are two poems: does each bear the mark and stamp of a single authorship, in harmony of tone, in a preconceived catastrophe to which all tends, in dramatic consonance of character, in grandeur of style? These are matters of art, but they are often approached, not in the spirit of art, but in that of a cross-examining barrister or of an historical student testing the accuracy of a statement of facts. The habit of minute analysis, as Signor Comparetti says, produces a mental shortsightedness, and Homeric commentators see the mote immensely magnified, but have no eye for the beam. They pore over the hyssop on the wall, but they are blind to the cedar of Lebanon. They pick out or invent blemishes all but invisible, discrepancies which must exist in every fictitious narrative, and they regard them as only to be explained by diversity of authorship, and by the redacting, patching, and combining into a mechanical whole, of tags, fragments, and mutilated epics wrought by many hands in many ages.

'This method, we argue here, is erroneous. It has its origin in



the arguments of Wolf against the possible existence of a long-continuous early Greek epic. These arguments led men to look for the traces of joins in the poems and to find them, to hunt for the resulting discrepancies and to discover them.<sup>1</sup>

Who does not remember also Cardinal Newman's reference to the theory of Father Hardouin, that Terence's Plays, Virgil's *Æneid*, Horace's Odes, and the Histories of Livy and Tacitus were forged by monks in the thirteenth century? Who will not be glad to be reminded of his concluding words?

'I will add, that, if we deal with arguments in the mere letter, the question of the authorship of works in any case has much difficulty. I have noticed it in the instance of Shakespeare and of Newton. We are all certain that Johnson wrote the prose of Johnson, and Pope the poetry of Pope; but what is there but prescription after contemporaries are dead to connect together the author of the work and the owner of the name? Our lawyers prefer the examination of present witnesses to affidavits on paper; but the tradition of "testimonia," such as are prefixed to the classics and the Fathers, together with the absence of dissentient voices, is the groundwork of our belief in the history of literature.'<sup>2</sup>

The younger generation of men have probably never heard of Miss Delia Bacon; but some of our libraries contain a strange *Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy*, containing 255 entries—and it is not complete—of articles and books *pro* and *con* the theory that Lord Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays. They are suggestive reading. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's contribution to the same subject, *The Great Cryptogram*, with its first two chapters, 'How I came to look for a Cipher' and 'How I became certain there was a Cipher,' is not less so.

Nor do we gain complete confidence from the previous results of the application of the instrument to the materials immediately in hand. We have no wish to lay undue stress upon the divergences still existing as to the precise line where different sources meet, or upon the extreme differences of opinion as to dates, or to the contradictory statements of scholars about linguistic usage, or to the suspicion necessarily attaching to the method of calling in a *Redactor* whenever required; these are treated with sufficient fulness in some of the volumes to which we have referred, but they cannot be ignored. We cannot give up our great tradition until we have a great certainty to take its place.

<sup>1</sup> *Homer and the Epic*, 1893, Preface, pp. vii, viii.

<sup>2</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, 2nd ed. p. 291.

But what leads to still greater distrust in the methods of subjective criticism is the fact that widely different theories are produced by it. In 1862 and the following years we were asked to abandon many of our old beliefs because a Bishop writing in Natal had expressed great critical doubts about the Pentateuch. The waves of that agitation are not yet spent. And now just thirty years later we have Mr. Addis writing from Melbourne to tell us that all before 1866 was 'little better than guesswork' (p. xxxvii). And yet Michaelis and Eichhorn, and De Wette and Bleek and Ewald, were not quite children even by the side of 'almost every younger scholar of mark' who is now claimed as a disciple of Wellhausen. We move faster at the end than we did in the middle of the century. How long will it be before an intelligent Zulu or a South Sea Islander will ask us to smile at the theory which now claims our homage?

No one can have a warmer admiration than ourselves for the genius and ability, and in many cases we can happily add for the reverence and piety, of the advocates of this theory; but all this does but add difficulties to the theory itself. The able specialist is a good advocate; he is often a bad witness; he is always a bad judge. We feel sure that these advocates could have proved their theory were it not that their theory is not provable.

We are not contending that real advance in our knowledge has not been made. A great African traveller was told by a native that the only marks for his course were the bones of his predecessors. Even an abandoned theory has helped us on our way; but theorists must forgive us if we put our chief trust in our chart and our compasses, and in the inscriptions on our track which modern discovery is making known to us. Nor are we contending for many of the accretions which have in the course of ages gathered round our tradition. We are not committed to the Mosaic authorship of Genesis; we think it is, if not provable, yet in the highest degree probable; that the division into three great sources is in the main correct; we are hampered by no theory of verbal inspiration which the Church has never held; the documentary hypothesis if true would remove many of our difficulties and not add to them; we remember that the title—where every word is fitly chosen—of Astruc's epoch-making work was *Conjectures sur les Mémoires originaux dont il paroît que Moïse s'est servi pour composer le livre de la Genèse*,<sup>1</sup> and that he thought his surgeon's

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Lorry, *Éloge Historique de M. Astruc*, Paris, 1767. 'Ce ne fut que lorsqu'il se sentit avancé en âge qu'il se crut en droit de donner au

knife had 'annihilated the vain triumph of Spinoza' and cured the 'malady of the last century'—doubts as to the Mosaic authorship; we think it not unlikely that this point of view will recur; it entirely represents our own; but we know not, and no one knows, and we protest against confident assertions of knowledge where there is none. Rabbi Aben Ezra said more than seven hundred years ago on this very subject: *He who understands will hold his tongue.*<sup>1</sup>

3. If the documentary hypothesis were fully established, and if the non-Mosaic authorship of Genesis were placed beyond doubt, the historic truth of Genesis would not be affected, and still less would the ideals which the history is intended to enshrine.<sup>2</sup> It is because of its attempt—and as we think successful attempt—to prove this that we value Mr. Watson's book so highly. He accepts *cum animo* the main outlines of Wellhausen's theory of division as applied to Genesis—we do not. He is 'nevertheless inclined to maintain that a close connexion between Moses and the materials of Genesis, though supported by no direct evidence, must be regarded as highly probable' (p. 41)—so do we; but we should add that the strength of the tradition which supports it, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, is that which supports all literary history. But in any case he contends that the history is true, and here we are in entire agreement with him.

Further, if it could be even proved that the language and form which expressed truth to a former age was not the language and form of this age, as our so-called scientific forms and language will not express the truths of ages to come, we should still claim that as a vehicle of revelation it was ideally and essentially true.

The faith of the Church may be confirmed by, but it is not dependent upon, any criticism, any argument, any book.

public un travail qu'il avait médité longtemps, et qui a été reçu des savants avec applaudissements. Ce sont ses conjectures sur les mémoires originaux dont Moïse a pu se servir pour composer la Genèse. Un scrupule le retenait. Il était bien sûr de ses intentions, mais il avait peur que quelques esprits forts ne crussent pouvoir, de ses conjectures, tirer quelque induction contre la divinité des livres saints. Il eut besoin d'être rassuré longtemps, par des personnes pieuses et instruites, avant de donner cet ouvrage qui n'est que curieux sans être dangereux, et que M. l'abbé Fleury avait déjà regardé comme possible. Mais en même temps il se hâta de publier deux dissertations sur l'immortalité et sur l'immatérialité de l'âme (1755), comme un garant de sa foi . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Commentary on Genesis*, xii. 6.

<sup>2</sup> 'Die hier behandelten Fragen werden wohl mehr oder weniger immer streitig bleiben. Der Werth des Alten Testaments wird dadurch nicht berührt.' Baudissin, *ut supra*, Vorwort, vii.

Christianity is not bibliolatry : it is God revealed in Christ and in the Church which is the body of Christ. The Old Testament Church witnessed and is a witness to its dawn ; the New Testament Church rejoiced in the brightness of its noon. The Church in time and in eternity is to realize the fulness of its day. Edgar Quinet has a remarkable passage which illustrates our meaning, though he wrote of an earlier stage of the criticism (1842) :

‘ Depuis un demi-siècle, le texte de l’Ancien Testament à été examiné de plus près que jamais. L’Allemagne s’est chargée de ce soin. L’esprit de l’homme veut enfin voir clair dans le livre de Dieu. Il reprend, il pèse en ce moment chaque syllabe ; il s’acharne à ce jeu de hasard ; jamais si rude assaut n’a été donné à la lettre. Que va-t-il arriver ? Si l’on ne consulte que les apparences, tout est irrévocablement changé par les découvertes de la critique : il faut que l’orthodoxie le confesse elle-même. Si après ce premier éblouissement, on examine les résultats, on les trouve mêlés à tant de conjectures et d’hypothèses, que l’on désespère de rien fonder encore sur cette base. . . .

Pour mieux retrancher Moïse de l’histoire, que ne commencez-vous par en retrancher le peuple hébreu lui-même ? Qu’importe, au reste, que l’on conteste à Moïse un certain nombre de réglemens, de récits, qui évidemment ne lui appartiennent pas, si on lui accorde la possession de l’idée de Jéhovah, en quoi consiste véritablement le miracle de sa vie ? Que sert de faire commencer la théocratie après la destruction de Jérusalem, si on ne lui dispute pas ses doctrines. Qu’elles datent de l’Egypte ou de Babylone, en sont-elles moins extraordinaires pour cela ? Réglez, changez, à votre gré, la chronologie des monuments hébraïques, vous ne pourrez nier qu’un même génie ne règne dans tous, et c’est ce génie qui est à lui seul toute la difficulté.<sup>1</sup>

Yes : the glory of the Church and the safety of the individual is in the truth which we will express once again in the great words of St. Ambrose : ‘ Non in dialecticâ complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum.’

<sup>1</sup> *Le Génie des Religions*, v. 1. The passage is quoted more fully by Mr. W. S. Lilly in the second edition of *The Great Enigma*, 1893, pp. v, vi.

## ART. II.—FIVE YEARS OF DOCUMENTARY DISCOVERY.

1. (1) *Hippolytus and his 'Heads against Caius.'* (2) *Hippolytus on St. Matthew xxiv. 15.* By the Rev. J. GWYNN, D.D. (*Hermathena*, vols. vi. and vii.) (Dublin, 1888-9.)
2. *Die Gwynn'schen Cajus- und Hippolytus-Fragmente.* Von A. HARNACK. (GEBHARDT und HARNACK: *Texte u. Untersuchungen.* Band vi. Heft 3.) (Leipzig, 1890.)
3. *The Commentary of Hippolytus on Daniel.* By the Rev. J. H. KENNEDY. (Dublin, 1888.)
4. *Das neu entdeckte vierte Buch des Daniel-Kommentars von Hippolytus.* Von Lic. Dr. EDUARD BRATKE. (Bonn, 1891.)
5. *The Apology of Aristides.* Edited and Translated by J. RENDEL HARRIS. With an Appendix by J. A. ROBINSON. (*Texts and Studies*, &c. Edited by J. A. ROBINSON. Vol. i. No. 1.) (Cambridge, 1891.)
6. *The Passion of St. Perpetua.* With an Appendix on the Scillitan Martyrdom by the EDITOR. (*Texts and Studies*, &c. Vol. i. No. 2.) (Cambridge, 1891.)
7. *The Acts of the Martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas.* Edited by J. RENDEL HARRIS and S. K. GIFFORD. (London, 1890.)
8. *Methodius von Olympus.* Edited by G. N. BONWETSCH. (Leipzig, 1891.)
9. *The Pilgrimage of S. Silvia of Aquitania to the Holy Places.* Translated by JOHN H. BERNARD, B.D. (Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society, London, 1891.)

IN the year 1887 the occurrence of the Queen's Jubilee gave rise to the publication of several historical summaries of the events of her reign. Comparisons were made, from different points of view, of the state of England then with what it had been at her accession, and persons interested in various departments of knowledge were led to take note what progress during those fifty years their favourite studies had made. The remark which the occasion suggested to ourselves was that these fifty years had been unusually fertile in the bringing to light of documents illustrative of the history of the Early Church, which had either been previously unknown or had been supposed to have perished. We could call to mind the stir which each successive discovery had made, and

the eagerness of scholars to appraise the value of the new acquisition and to turn it to useful account. We could remember the sensation caused in the circles interested in such news by Tischendorf's discovery of the great Bible manuscript in the Convent of St. Catharine at Mount Sinai, some leaves of which, as he related, he had been just in time to rescue from a basket of old papers intended for the flames, where two other basketfuls had previously been consumed. We could remember the discussions which sprang out of Cureton's Syriac publications from the manuscripts acquired by the British Museum from the Nitrian monasteries, in particular the discussions whether the short form of the Ignatian Epistles which he published was the true original form, and whether the Syriac version of the Gospels, the fragments of which he published, was earlier or later than the long-received and widely-circulated Peshitto. We could remember the discussions arising out of the publication of what was at first called Origen's *Philosophumena*, both for the strange light which it threw on the early history of the Roman Church and for the materials which it furnished to the historian of Gnosticism; and, not to mention other 'finds,' we could remember the intense interest excited when from a library in Constantinople, the contents of which had been supposed to have been already sufficiently explored, Bryennius published first a complete text of the Epistle of Clement, and afterwards the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*. So we found materials enough for an article on the 'finds' of Victoria's reign, which we published in our number for October 1887. It seems to us now that in the five years that have passed since our article was published the necessity for a supplement to it has arisen. It was a natural question for us to ask, after giving an account of comparatively recent documentary discoveries, whether it was to be supposed we had come to the end of them. Several lost books are known to us by name, and some of them are known to have continued in use quite long enough to make the hope not utterly chimerical that they might not altogether have perished. Yet the discoveries which we had to relate were not of such a nature as of themselves to justify an expectation that we should witness a repetition of them. If a fertile field has yielded a rich harvest there is room to suppose that it will well reward cultivation again; but if a man has found a few overlooked nuggets at the bottom of a mine, deserted because supposed to have been worked out, he would no doubt do well to search for more, but could have little assurance of a successful result. If among



the disregarded contents of a bookstall there were now found one of the first productions of Caxton's press, the happy finder might exult, but would have little reason to conclude that several more treasures of the same kind were likely to be similarly brought to light. Now, there are reasons which forbid us to be very sanguine as to our prospects of new documentary discoveries. One is the keenness of the search that has been already made. The contents of libraries in all the most civilized parts of the world have of late been so well explored that every year it becomes less and less likely that anything should have escaped the search. And those regions which have been least explored are those where waste and destruction are likely to have had the greatest range of exercise. There is too many a true story of ancient documents allowed to rot uncared for, or actually destroyed as worthless and cumbersome, by ignorant possessors, to permit us to doubt that every year our chance of finding old documents undestroyed becomes less and less, while there is a further doubt whether any old document that we might find would be such as we should much care for. It is curious how many of the valuable discoveries of the present reign have been of the nature of surprises. We believe that if any scholar had at the beginning of the reign made a list of lost documents which he would long to recover, and the recovery of which seemed to him not hopeless, it would scarcely include one of the documents that actually have come to light.

But, in point of fact, the unearthing of lost documents is a process which has not yet come to an end, and the prospect of future discoveries seems to be quite as hopeful now as it was fifty years ago. We may refer to the recent announcement of a discovery in a different field.<sup>1</sup> The linen bands which swathed a mummy brought from Egypt thirty or forty years ago were found to be marked with characters which no one could decipher. Professor Krall<sup>2</sup> has lately recognized the characters, and even some of the words, as identical with those which occur in Etruscan inscriptions, and as therefore likely to give some aid to the recovery of that mysterious language. The linen bands seem to represent one of the *lintei libri*, or, as Macaulay has it, 'the verses traced from the right, on linen white, by mighty seers of yore.'

The interest of theological students in the subject of

<sup>1</sup> Our readers will find a fuller account of it in an article contributed by Professor Sayce to the *Fortnightly Review* for February 1893.

<sup>2</sup> *Die Etruskischen Mumienbinden des Agramer National-Museums.* Vienna, 1892.

'finds' has been revived by the recent recovery of a considerable fragment of the Gospel according to St. Peter, a work not later than the middle of the second century, but which is so very rarely mentioned by Church writers that we can hardly think it ever had a wide circulation, and therefore it would never have occurred to us to name this as one of which a copy was likely to be found when better known books have been totally lost. In our last number we were only able to give a short account of the new discovery, and we intimated then our intention of returning to the subject. It seems well before we redeem our pledge to add to the account we gave in 1887 of the documentary discoveries of the preceding fifty years a supplementary account of what has come to light during the last five.

I. The first 'find' we have to report not only throws some light on the opinions of an ecclesiastical writer at the beginning of the third century, but, strange to say, was even needed to remove doubts as to his very existence. Catalogues of Church writers of that date now commonly include the name of Caius, a Roman presbyter; yet it is strange how scanty our information is about him, and how hard it would be to confute anyone disposed to deny that he was either Roman or a presbyter. Our earliest information about him reduces itself to this: that Eusebius was acquainted with a controversial dialogue held in the episcopate of Zephyrinus (A.D. 201-219) between Caius and a Montanist leader, Proclus.<sup>1</sup> There is no evidence that Eusebius knew anything about Caius beyond what he gathered from the dialogue itself; and the next writers who mention him—Jerome and Theodoret—tell nothing about him that they might not have learned from Eusebius. Eusebius gives four extracts from the dialogue, which show that it had been held in Rome, and warrant us in describing Caius as a Roman, in the sense that he was at the time residing in Rome, but give no authority for describing him either as a Roman by birth or as permanently connected with the Church of Rome. Our earliest authority for describing Caius as a presbyter is that in the ninth century Photius states<sup>2</sup> that he found, in a manuscript of a work on the Universe, the authorship of which was disputed, a note that the author was Caius, who was a presbyter of Rome in the episcopates of Victor and Zephyrinus, and who himself was appointed Bishop of the Gentiles (*ἐθνῶν ἐπίσκοπον*). The real author of the work in question is now generally acknow-

<sup>1</sup> Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.* ii. 25, vi. 20.

<sup>2</sup> *Bibl.* xlviii.

ledged to have been Hippolytus, who resided at or near Rome in the episcopates just mentioned, and concerning whom there is also controversy whether he was presbyter or bishop. With respect to both Caius and Hippolytus there is also some authority for saying that each had received instruction from Irenæus.

When the newly-discovered work against heresies was published in 1857 under the name of Origen's *Philosophumena*, learned men soon came to an agreement that the work was not Origen's, but that it was written in Rome by a contemporary of Origen's; and a controversy arose between the rival claims of the two learned Roman presbyters of that date, Caius and Hippolytus. An almost unanimous decision in favour of Hippolytus was ultimately arrived at; but in 1868 Professor Lightfoot, as he was then, remarking on the great obscurity that hung over the personality both of Caius and Hippolytus, and pointing out how many of the characteristics ascribed to each were identical, raised the question<sup>1</sup> whether the two might not have been merely names for the same person. True, Caius was principally known as the author of a Dialogue against Montanism, which has never been ascribed to Hippolytus; but Lightfoot pointed out that in Cicero's philosophic dialogues the author only appears as a speaker under the name of Marcus, whence he concluded that if Hippolytus, as was quite possible, had a prænomen Caius, then, even though he were the author of the Dialogue, his speeches would probably only bear the ascription Caius, and persons dependent for their knowledge, as most of the Early Church were, on what they found in the Dialogue itself would know no other name for the author than Caius.

But there were two difficulties in the way of this identification. With one of them we need not here concern ourselves; the other was that a late Syriac writer has enumerated, among the works of Hippolytus, Chapters against Caius. It was no small triumph of ingenuity to be able to devise a fairly satisfactory answer to so formidable an objection, and the feat was the more remarkable because so little in Bishop Lightfoot's line. For his habitual sobriety of judgment was such that there was no one to whose guidance a student could trust himself more implicitly, and he was ordinarily not to be tempted by the ingenuity of a theory to dispense with severe testing of its foundations. In this case there was the more inducement to accept his solution, because otherwise it was not easy to imagine on what subject two presbyters, both

<sup>1</sup> *Journal of Philology*, i. 98.

of good repute in the Church of Rome, could find cause to write against each other.

One answer was suggested. Hippolytus was known to have written in defence of the Gospel and Apocalypse of St. John, but a statement of Eusebius has been interpreted as representing Caius to have rejected the Apocalypse and attributed it to Cerinthus. For he tells us<sup>1</sup> that among the heretical writings rejected by Caius was a book of Revelations purporting to be written by a great Apostle, but ascribed by Caius to Cerinthus, in which the author professes to have been shown by angels that after the Resurrection Christ's kingdom should be earthly, that men should inhabit Jerusalem, should be the slaves of lusts and pleasures, and should spend a thousand years in wedding festivities. Yet there were strong reasons for rejecting the interpretation that under this description we are to recognize the book that we know under the name of the Apocalypse. The author of that book does not himself claim to be a great Apostle; he nowhere describes millennial happiness as consisting in sensual gratifications; and he holds, concerning our Lord's Divinity, a doctrine quite opposite to that which in all accounts is attributed to Cerinthus. It was further urged that Caius, a presbyter of the Roman Church, was not likely to have written against a book which we otherwise know to have been received by that Church.

Yet within the last five years unexpected light has been thrown on the personality of Caius, and it has become certain that, whatever may have been his relation to the Roman Church, he was not only distinct from Hippolytus, but was in controversy with him, and on this very subject of the Johanneine writings. The new evidence was published by Dr. Gwynn in 1888,<sup>2</sup> from a British Museum manuscript of a Syriac Commentary on the Apocalypse by a twelfth-century writer, Dionysius Barsalibi, which had not previously been edited, and apparently not even read by any Syriac scholar acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquity. The Commentary contains five distinct objections made against the Apocalypse by 'Caius the heretic,' together with the answers to these objections made by Hippolytus. Dionysius of Alexandria had stated that some of his predecessors who rejected the Apocalypse had gone over the whole of the book, criticizing

<sup>1</sup> *H. E.* iii. 28.

<sup>2</sup> In *Hermathena*, vol. vi. p. 397, vol. vii. p. 137; see also Harnack, 'Die Gwynn'schen Cajus- und Hippolytus-Fragmente,' in *Texte und Untersuchungen*, Band v. Heft 3; Zahn, *Gesch. d. neut. Kanons*, Band ii. Hälfte ii. Abth. ii. 973.

every chapter. Dr. Gwynn's extracts make it pretty clear that Caius was one of those whom Dionysius had in his mind ; for it is exactly in this detailed criticism that Caius deals in these extracts. We do not know whether Hippolytus had given Barsalibi any authority for describing Caius as a heretic, and it is quite possible that the Church of Rome, at the beginning of the third century, may have tolerated among its presbyters differences of opinion as to the reception of St. John's Apocalypse, such as are known to have existed among orthodox men for more than a century later. Yet as far as the new evidence goes it tends to increase suspicion as to the sufficiency of the proof on which it had been asserted that Caius was a presbyter of the Roman Church.

II. The Syriac extracts from Hippolytus just mentioned enable us to recognize that Epiphanius has been drawing from Hippolytus in the section of his work on Heresies in which he deals with the opponents of the Gospel and Apocalypse of St. John. Another small contribution to our knowledge of Hippolytus has been made in the next 'find' we have to record, viz. a complete copy of the fourth book of his Commentary on Daniel, which was found in the library of a Greek theological college in an island in the Sea of Marmora.<sup>1</sup> The fourth book of the Commentary, being that which deals with the prophetic chapters vi.-xii., is the portion of the work which had most attraction for Christian readers, and so many extracts from it had been transcribed that the new discovery adds but little to what had been already known of Hippolytus's system of prophetic interpretation.

The chief novelty in the chapters previously unknown is that they give us reason to ascribe to Hippolytus the fixing of our Lord's Conception and his Nativity to March 25 and December 25 respectively, as we still celebrate them. In an earlier work he had fixed the Conception for April 8 ; and his influence on the calendar calculations of the Roman Church was so great that it had not been easy to guess why his date had not been adopted. Now we know that the correction was made by Hippolytus himself, and explanations have been offered of the chronological considerations that prompted the change.

Simultaneously with Bryennius's recovery of Clement's

<sup>1</sup> It was first published in a series of articles in a Greek periodical at Constantinople, *Ἡ Ἐκκλησιαστικὴ Ἀλήθεια*, the first of these articles appearing in May 1885. These were made known to English readers by the Rev. J. H. Kennedy in a separate tract, the *Commentary of Hippolytus on Daniel*, Dublin, 1888, and afterwards more fully by Dr. Bratke, Bonn, 1891.

Epistles a Syriac translation came to light which gave an independent authority for the text.<sup>1</sup> Something of the same kind has taken place with respect to this Commentary on Daniel, but the second authority still awaits publication.

III. The third acquisition we have to mention comes from a source to which we have been indebted before—namely, the same convent on Mount Sinai where Tischendorf found the Sinaitic MS. It was visited in 1889 by Mr. Rendel Harris, who found there such intelligent caretakers of their literary treasures as to make us believe that if Tischendorf did not exaggerate his own merit in rescuing Bible manuscripts from lighting fires, the monks must have wonderfully improved in cultivation during the last forty years. Certain it is that their appreciation of the value of their manuscripts has so far advanced that Mr. Harris, foreseeing that there was no likelihood of his being permitted, like Tischendorf, to carry off a valuable manuscript, wisely went provided with 'ink-horns and photographic apparatus,' in order to be able to convey to the western world full knowledge of what he might discover. The fruit of his visit was the recovery of a work,<sup>2</sup> not indeed of much importance as throwing light on any disputed questions of doctrine or history, but yet of high interest as adding to our scanty store of the products of Christian thought in the second century. Eusebius in his *Ecclesiastical History* (iv. 4), when he comes to treat of the reign of Hadrian, states that an Apology had been addressed to that emperor by Quadratus, of which several copies were extant, and he himself had one. He then quotes from it one sentence exhibiting the early date of this Apology; for the author states that subjects of some of our Lord's miracles had survived to his own time. Eusebius goes on to state that another Apology had been presented to the same emperor by Aristides, of which also several copies were extant; but he does not say that he had got a copy himself, and he makes no extract from it. In this work he gives no further information about Aristides; but in his *Chronicle* he calls Quadratus a hearer of the Apostles, and describes Aristides as an Athenian philosopher. Jerome and other writers who mention these two apologists inspire no confidence that they knew anything more than they had learned from Eusebius. Quadratus has by some been identified with one whom we know to have been Bishop of Athens in the second century, but apparently at too late a

<sup>1</sup> Published in autotype in Bishop Lightfoot's *Clement of Rome* (1890), vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> It was published by him in *Texts and Studies*, vol. i.



date to make it probable that he could have met any survivor of the Apostolic age ; and reasons have been given for thinking that the apologist was more likely to have been an Asiatic than an Athenian. What reason there was for calling this Aristides an Athenian is unknown. An old French traveller brought home news that a copy of his Apology had been preserved in a monastery a few miles from Athens, but search thereupon made for it in that neighbourhood proved unsuccessful.

The first trustworthy tidings of it came from a different quarter. We omitted to tell in our last article that the Mechitarist monastery at Venice, which had furnished an Armenian translation of Ephrem's commentary on Tatian's *Diatessaron*, also published in 1879 an Armenian translation of a fragment which purported to be the opening of the Apology of Aristides. Doubts were raised by some learned men as to the correctness of this title, but they have been set at rest by Mr. Harris's discovery among the Sinaitic treasures of a complete copy of a Syriac translation of the Apology of Aristides.

And here we have a new illustration of the truth of the saying, 'To him that hath shall more be given ;' for scholars have repeatedly found that the gain of one piece of knowledge brings with it the means of adding another. Mr. Robinson, in whose accession the Cambridge theological school finds some consolation for recent terrible losses, had accepted Mr. Harris's Syriac text of Aristides, with his translation of it, for publication in the first number of the *Texts and Studies*, of which he was the founder. While he was searching in a Vienna library for texts of African martyrdoms, of which we mean to speak presently, it chanced that his eye was caught, in glancing through the well-known mediæval story of 'Barlaam and Josaphat,' by words that he recognized as having been read by him, before he left Cambridge, in the proof sheets of Mr. Harris's translation of Aristides. Examination showed that the author of this romance, when his story required him to introduce an Apology made by a Christian advocate before a heathen king, had economized the labour of composition by incorporating the Apology of Aristides. The result is to give us the Greek original of much that we should otherwise have known only through the Syriac and Armenian translations, and to afford materials for a fairly trustworthy restoration of the text of Aristides. As we have already indicated, the recovery of an ancient exposure of the follies and vanities of heathenism

does not contain much bearing on modern controversies ; nor does it even throw light on the New Testament Canon used by Aristides, because New Testament quotations are, as a general rule, absent from writings addressed to heathen. The work of Aristides merely contains a few echoes of New Testament language, his most striking coincidences being with the Epistle to the Romans.

IV. We have next to acknowledge another omission in our former article ; but we do so without much shame, for that article would have assumed portentous length if we had attempted to make our enumeration of finds quite exhaustive. We might, however, have included in our list a Greek text of the Acts of the Scillitan martyrs, discovered and published by Usener in 1881. A Latin form of these Acts had been previously known, but only through manuscripts so late and so corrupt that the date of the African martyrdoms recorded had been left in obscurity. The text of these manuscripts could not well be reconciled with a date earlier than A.D. 200 ; yet the name of the proconsul who presided over the trial is given as Saturninus, apparently the same as he who, according to Tertullian, was the first to draw the sword against the Christians ; and other facts forbid us to assign so late a date as 200 to the beginning of the persecution of the Christians in Africa. Usener's discovery removed this difficulty by enabling us to make in the date as given by the later manuscripts a correction, which indeed the sagacity of a French scholar, Renier, had already divined, and instead of 'Præsidente bis Claudiano consule' to read 'Præsente bis et Condiano Consulibus.' The proper name 'Præsente' had been taken for a participle and had puzzled transcribers ; and so the true date was disguised, viz. A.D. 180, the year of the second consulship of Præsens with Condiianus.

But much discussion arose out of the fact that it was a Greek manuscript which cast this light on the date of an African martyrdom. It had become a commonplace with Church historians to admit that the earliest Christian Church of Rome had been formed out of men who habitually used the Greek language, and that Greek remained for some time the liturgical language of that Church ; but it had been supposed that we could find in Northern Africa the beginning of Latin Christianity and the birthplace of the Latin translation of the Bible. Yet it has been contended that these opinions were too hastily formed, that the Roman settlers in Africa were not likely to be very different in culture and education from those who remained in Italy, and that the

African Church probably began, like the Roman, by being a Greek-speaking Church. Greek words are found in that most precious relic of the early African Church the account of the martyrdom of Perpetua; and the great African Tertullian was not only able to read Greek, but wrote some treatises in that language. Usener's discovery seemed to throw new light on the first language of the African Church; and a controversy arose:—Was this Greek text of the Scillitan martyrdoms, which was confessedly older than the current Latin texts, the parent of all the Latin versions, or was it itself a translation from a lost Latin original? Usener and Hilgenfeld took the latter view; Aubé, Renan, and others took the former view, and Bishop Lightfoot, though with some hesitation, was disposed to agree with them.

This controversy was renewed by a new find. Mr. Rendel Harris made in the library of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem the surprising discovery of a Greek version of the Acts of Perpetua,<sup>1</sup> which we have just mentioned, and which had been justly valued, not only as one of the most affecting and most authentic stories of a Christian martyrdom, but as one of the earliest specimens of Latin Church literature. Mr. Harris was of opinion that this Greek text was the original from which the previously known Latin texts had been translated, and he pointed out passages where the Greek cleared up obscurities or corrected what he took to be mistakes in the Latin.

We ourselves adopted Mr. Harris's opinion in a notice of his discovery which appeared in this Review at the time, for we thought that, in the absence of evidence how far the African Church was bilingual (or possibly trilingual) in the second century, we were not in a position to deny that Greek Acts might have been liturgically read in the commemoration of martyrdoms, and that we therefore were not entitled to disregard the evidence of superior antiquity which Mr. Harris found in the Greek form. Mr. Robinson, however, though admitting the Greek form to be older than the current Latin texts, was persuaded from internal evidence that it was itself a translation from an original Latin which he believed research might discover. And he verified his anticipation by himself finding older Latin texts both of the Acts of Perpetua and of the Scillitan martyrdoms.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Harris has consequently abandoned his opinion of the priority of the Greek of the former Acts, and with regard to the latter Mr. Robinson thinks

<sup>1</sup> He published it as a separate little volume, *The Acts of the Martyrdom of Perpetua and Felicitas*, London, 1890.

<sup>2</sup> Published by him, *Texts and Studies*, vol. i. pt. ii.

that 'it is scarcely probable that the theory of a Greek original will be revived after the publication of the present Latin text.'

Now to speak first of the earlier document, the Scillitan Acts, there can be no doubt that the Greek and Latin forms are not independent. In any criticism of Martyrdoms great use is to be made of the study *Les Actes des Martyrs*, which Le Blant offered as a supplement to Ruinart's *Acta Sincera*. From the details there presented of the methods of ordinary Roman magisterial investigation we see at once that both the Greek and Latin Scillitan Acts take up the story in the middle. We do not find the ordinary opening of identification of the accused person by asking his name, father's name, country, and rank. There is no indictment and no questioning on the subject of the charge, but in both versions the report of the trial begins with the judge's offer of the emperor's pardon if the prisoners will return to a better mind. The Greek and Latin reports of the questions and answers that followed are in complete correspondence, the most important difference being that in the Greek Acts the martyrs are spoken of with the prefix *ἅγιος*, *ὁ ἅγιος Σπεράτος*, &c., where the Latin simply has 'Speratus,' &c. We cannot doubt that the Latin here more truly represents the sources whence the account was derived. The Roman courts were provided with a staff of official reporters who at trials took down the questions of the magistrates and the answers made by the accused. Christians were often able to obtain, either by favour or by purchase, these official minutes of the proceedings at the examination of their confessors, and it is needless to say that the official Acts would contain no such title as *ἅγιος*. But these official minutes have not only been the basis of some of the most authentic Acts of early martyrdoms, but they have also furnished a model to which the forgers of spurious Acts have frequently conformed. And this prevents the absence of such titles from being in itself a decisive proof of superior antiquity. For instance, one of the shorter Acts of Perpetua, the comparative lateness of which is acknowledged by everybody, contains no such titles.

But the most important difference is in the conclusion. In the Latin it was, 'Et ita omnes simul martyrio coronati sunt, et regnant cum Patre et Filio et Spiritu Sancto per omnia secula seculorum. Amen.' The Greek is: *ἐτελειώθησαν τῷ ξίφει, μηνὶ Ἰουλίῳ ἱζ'* ἦσαν οὖν ὁρμώμενοι οἱ ἅγιοι ἀπὸ Ἰσχλῆ τῆς Νουμηδίας, κατὰκείνται δὲ πλησίον Καρθαγέννης μητροπόλεως· ἐμαρτύρησαν δὲ ἐπὶ Πέρσαντος καὶ Κλαυδιανοῦ τῶν ὑπάτων καὶ Σατουρνίνου ἀνθυπάτου, καθ' ἡμᾶς δὲ βασιλεύ-

οντος τοῦ Κυρίου ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, ᾧ πρέπει πᾶσα δόξα,  
κ. τ. λ.<sup>1</sup>

On these endings Mr. Robinson remarks, 'The close of the piece has been altered and expanded in the Greek, in which the locality of the martyrs is named, and the exquisite phrase "regnant cum Patre et Filio et Spiritu Sancto" has been rejected.' 'It is impossible to believe that the Latin could have been produced by abbreviation of the Greek.'

With regard to this we have to say that if the Greek is an expansion of the Latin it is an expansion made by some one having knowledge independent of the Latin, which contains no note of the place whence the martyrs came or of that where they were buried. Thus if the Latin be supposed to contain the form of the Martyrdom annually read in the Church of Carthage, nothing forbids us to suppose the Greek to be a contemporary document drawn up for the use of Christians elsewhere. But when Mr. Robinson speaks of this Greek as an expansion of the Latin he strangely omits to notice that the original of this Greek conclusion is to be sought not in the Latin but in the Martyrdom of Polycarp, which had been published some twenty years before, and which served as a model for many subsequent stories of martyrdoms. This Martyrdom ends with giving the date ἀνθυπατεύοντος Στατίου Κοδράτου, βασιλεύοντος δὲ εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ, ᾧ ἡ δόξα, κ. τ. λ. It is impossible to doubt whence the African martyrologist borrowed his contrast between the changing sway of earthly rulers and the eternal reign of Christ. Now, though we do not contest the originality of the main body of the Latin Acts, we are not without doubt as to the conclusion; for the formula 'regnante Christo,' of which Polycarp's Martyrdom affords the earliest example, came to be extensively adopted. Lightfoot<sup>2</sup> gives a number of examples from Ruinart's *Acta Sincera*, and he refers to Blondel, *De Formulæ 'regnante Christo' in Veterum Monumentis Usu*, who fills some twenty pages (pp. 371 sqq.) with instances of the use of the formula. Possibly if Eusebius had copied for us the conclusion of the Lyons Martyrdoms it might be found that they ended in the same way. The formula 'regnante' was clearly not derived from the formula 'regnant,' because we can otherwise give a good account of its origin; but it is by no means so clear that the formula 'regnant' was not derived from an original 'regnante;' and our suspicion is increased by the fact that though one of the

<sup>1</sup> *Texts and Studies*, vol. i. pt. ii. pp. 116-17.

<sup>2</sup> *Ignatius*, i. 636.

later Latin texts printed by Robinson bears indirect testimony to the reading 'regnant' by substituting the interpretation 'intercedunt pro nobis ad Dominum nostrum Jesum Christum,' the other has no trace at all of that reading.

The influence of Polycarp's Martyrdom is to be found also in the words immediately preceding those we have been discussing, *καὶ ἀναπεμφάντων αὐτῶν τὸ ἀμήν*. Mr. Robinson finds in them a mark of lateness, 'sending up the Amen' being a commonplace of martyrologists.' They are to be found in the Martyrdom of Polycarp; whether or not they are to be found in later Martyrdoms is not very relevant. But if the introduction of these words is a commonplace with martyrologists, may it not be because the fact which they record was common? We know from many sources that there was no more striking feature of early Christian worship than the loud-sounding Amen with which the congregation adopted as their own the words of the leader of their devotions. Who can find anything incredible in the statement that the martyrs employed in prayer the last few moments while their sentence was being proclaimed by the herald, and before its actual infliction? Doubtless many who could not hear the words of their prayer could hear the loud Amen with which the sufferers assented to the prayer of their chief; and if the same thing is told of other martyrdoms, may it not be because the same thing often occurred? However we may put aside the questions whether there is evidence that the Scillitan martyrs uttered no words beyond the 'Deo gratias' which is all that the Latin text records; whether it was impossible for any bystander to have heard the actual words uttered by Speratus, and to have furnished them to the Greek martyrologist. Let it be granted that the prayer of the Greek text was pure invention after the model of Polycarp's prayer, and the question remains for the critic, Is there anything improbable in the supposition that this version of the martyrs' prayer may have been given while the event was still recent? And on the whole it seems to us a probable conclusion that the Greek text represents the account of the Scillitan martyrdoms which the Carthaginian Church sent at the time to distant Churches.

We come now to the Acts of Perpetua, but premise that our judgment about them must not be biassed by any we may have formed about the Scillitan Acts. The Acts now to be considered are twenty years later, and much may have occurred in the meantime. They embody two documents of surpassing interest, viz. a history by Perpetua herself of what had befallen

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her from the time of her first apprehension until the day before her martyrdom, and an account by a fellow-martyr, Saturus, of visions he had seen while in prison.

We have to protest against an abuse of language into which Mr. Robinson has been led by Mr. Harris, an abuse likely to lead both to critical and chronological mistakes—namely, the use of the word Montanist without any evidence that the persons to whom it is applied had ever heard of Montanus, merely on the ground that they believed God's Holy Spirit was ever working in His Church, or because they did not hold that the age of miracles had passed, and did not regard it as impossible that wonders such as had taken place in old time might manifest themselves in their own day. If this is Montanism the whole Early Church was Montanist, and it is not too much to say that the numerical majority of Christians are Montanist at the present day. Of course there is a great difference between admitting the possibility of supernatural manifestations and believing that in a particular case they occurred. Many a sober-minded Roman Catholic who does not believe that the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes, and knows that his Church does not require him to believe it, would yet be sorry to say that a story of such an appearance might be rejected as in itself incredible. Christians in the third century were as free as Roman Catholics are now to form their own judgment with respect to alleged miraculous manifestations. And a difference of opinion on such a subject, there being no doctrinal difference, would have been no cause of separation if a question of ritual had not intervened. It was the insisting, as obligatory on all Christians, on fasts and other ordinances resting solely on the authority of Montanist revelations which made the interference of Church authority necessary; and the Roman Church adopted the judgment of the local Phrygian Church, which was unfavourable to the Montanist pretensions. After that Montanism became schismatic in the West, but it had not been so before.

Now it is certain that Perpetua and Saturus believed that they had themselves been favoured with visions and revelations; and it may be presumed that if they were told of similar manifestations as exhibiting themselves in a distant part of the Church they would be well disposed to believe the story, and so no doubt would be many other pious Christians in Africa. And there would be nothing schismatical in their holding this belief as long as no contrary decision had been pronounced by the Church. We may count it as certain that no such decision had been pronounced at the time of Per-

petua's martyrdom. She and her companions have always been regarded not as the martyrs of a schismatical sect, but as martyrs of the Church. Not only has the tale of their sufferings been ever an approved part of Christian reading, but the most orthodox Catholics have been willing to accept as authentic the accounts of visions which these Acts contain.

We are not entitled to assume that the mental attitude of these martyrs was exactly the same as that of the editor of their Acts, which have less the air of a public document than the Scillitan Acts, and exhibit the individuality of a single composer. Yet the document appears to have been intended for public reading in church, whence we may conclude that the writer was a presbyter. He claims to have been himself a witness of the sufferings which he records, and he assumes that some of his hearers had been so too, but others had not; whence we may conclude that he wrote some little time after the event, but not very long. We have reason to suspect that he was not without some polemical object in his publication; for whereas the martyrs relate their visions in simple faith, without any symptom of controversial intent, the editor is eager to insist that his story proves that manifestations of God's Spirit might be looked for in his own days as wonderful as anything that had taken place in older times, or more so. It is not unlikely, therefore, that at the time these Acts were published the Phrygian prophesyings had become the subject of discussion in Africa, while at the same time there is no indication that belief in them was incompatible with full communion with the Catholic Church. In fact, if these Acts had been the production of a schismatical sect they never could have gained the reception which was given them in the Catholic Church. We can judge from the concluding extract in Eusebius's *History*, v. 16, what reception Catholics would be likely to give to an account of a Montanist martyrdom.

There is no tradition as to the name of the editor of these Acts, but it could not fail to strike many critics that there was in Africa at the time one man of great literary ability holding exactly the beliefs that these Acts express; and so the question has been often asked, Was not the writer Tertullian? This question has been carefully discussed by Bonwetsch in his chronological arrangement of Tertullian's writings, and he has made a comparison of Tertullian's phraseology with that of the Acts, which Mr. Robinson has lately extended and strengthened. The coincidences pointed out by Mr. Robinson do not amount to a demonstration, since it is certain that, whether Tertullian

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wrote the Acts or not, he was acquainted with them, and might have been influenced by their language. But we can at least acquiesce in Bonwetsch's cautiously-worded conclusion:—The editor of the 'Acts of Perpetua' cannot be named with absolute certainty, but the supposition that it was Tertullian has more for it than against it.<sup>1</sup>

With regard to the language of the Acts, the Greek words which occur largely in the 'Visions of Perpetua,' and in a less degree in that of Satorus, point to a Latin original. It is quite intelligible that Perpetua, who could speak Greek well, should introduce a few Greek phrases in writing Latin, but if the whole had been written in Greek these words would have been translated like the rest. And as for the editorial framework, though its agreeing with Tertullian as to the use of the word 'viderint' does not demonstrate his authorship, since Tertullian would not have used the phrase if it had not been current in the circle in which he lived, yet the Greek rendering of it by *ὀψωνται* can only be set down as a piece of unskilful translation. More use, however, might have been made of the Greek in amending the Latin text. Thus where Perpetua is described as fastening up her hair after having been tossed by the wild cow, the obscure Latin 'requisita et dispersos capillos infibulavit' becomes intelligible if, under the guidance of the Greek *ἐπιζήτησας βελόνην*, we supply a dropped out 'fibula' after 'requisita.' We are tempted to ask, where did Perpetua get the pin, scantily attired as she was? Did she, in order to fasten together her torn raiment, take the pin out of her hair, which thereupon dropped down? or did she ask for it from one of the bystanders? But though the martyrs are represented as able to converse with the spectators when they stood at the gate, we should not have supposed that safety of the spectators from the beasts would have made converse possible in other parts of the amphitheatre. Did she get it from her companion Felicitas?

We must not omit to notice a very interesting remark of Mr. Robinson's. Zahn has cast doubts on the cogency of the proofs alleged to show that Tertullian was acquainted with the Latin version of the New Testament. Mr. Robinson finds earlier evidence of the existence of that version. The

<sup>1</sup> With regard to one objection urged against it, we feel that we cannot with candour maintain that Tertullian, in referring to these Acts (*De Anima*, 55), has been guilty of no lapse of memory. But such a lapse seems to us quite compatible with his authorship. We ourselves believe that Tertullian's literary activity continued longer than is generally supposed, and the *De Anima*, which was one of his later works, may be separated by a considerable interval from the death of Perpetua.

account of the Lyons martyrdoms of the year 177 weaves into the narrative several New Testament texts; and an English translation of that account could, without the least unfaithfulness, give these texts in the words of our Authorized Version. But as a general rule the Greek words of the narrative are not the same as the words of the New Testament, with respect to which critics have been content to say, 'The writer is evidently quoting from memory, and has not taken the trouble to refer to the New Testament and copy the exact words.' Mr. Robinson's solution we believe to be new, and on examining the instances we are well disposed to accede to it: viz. the writer habitually used a Latin translation, and when, in writing Greek, he incorporated in his story Scripture words, he retranslated the familiar phrases which clung to his memory, without taking the trouble to refer to the Greek original. And we are disposed still to follow Mr. Robinson when he goes on to contend that the Latin translation which the Lyons writer used contained a type of text conformable to that which we know to have been afterwards current in the same district.

V. What we have next to speak of perhaps does not come properly under the head of finds of the last five years, for it is not so much a new discovery as a utilization of what had already been known to exist;<sup>1</sup> yet we do not think we can properly leave it unmentioned. At the close of our former article we remarked how much our knowledge has gained through the missionary exertions by which the Church has been made to embrace men 'of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues.' 'From this wide diffusion of Christianity,' we said, 'it has resulted that what has been lost in one place has been preserved in another; and we have seen how from these different tongues—Greek, Latin, Syriac, Armenian, Coptic—united testimony is borne to the history of the progress of that kingdom in which all nations are one.' To the languages here enumerated we have to add Slavonic, which is now made to yield its contributions to our knowledge of Christian antiquity. Bonwetsch while professor at Dorpat turned his residence in Russia to account by cultivating the Slavonic language; and though he speaks modestly of his proficiency in it we must be grateful to him for the use he has made of it in making other European nations acquainted with some things only preserved in that tongue. About

<sup>1</sup> The existence of the new sources of which we are about to speak became known to Cardinal Pitra on a visit which he paid to Russia, the news of which he published in the third volume of his *Analecta*, 1883.

a year ago he published, through the assistance of the Slavonic translation, a new edition of the works of Methodius,<sup>1</sup> a writer of considerable reputation in his own day, and yet of whom our knowledge is strangely defective. We are made to feel how much we owe to Eusebius by finding how embarrassed we are when he fails to give us information. Methodius was a man of great influence in his own day, and his works are highly spoken of by Jerome, Epiphanius, and a host of other writers. He has even the reputation of having closed his career by martyrdom about a dozen years before the publication of the *Ecclesiastical History* of Eusebius; yet in that work he is not once mentioned. Guesses have been made as to the cause of this strange silence, one being that it was because Eusebius, being an admirer of Origen, resented the attacks made on that writer by Methodius. The breaking out of the Arian controversy shortly after the death of Methodius was a cause why less interest was felt in his works, which, if they bore at all on that controversy, might be supposed to favour the wrong side, and accordingly only one work of his has been preserved in Greek entire. Bonwetsch has now enabled us to fill gaps in our knowledge of other works of his of which we previously had had only extracts. Two may be here mentioned. The one, a dialogue on *Free-Will*, presents us with a difficult problem. A large portion of it is incorporated in a dialogue against heresies, which bears the name of Adamantius as its author, by which it was at one time supposed Origen was intended. Now that it is recognized that this was a mistake, there is no difficulty in owning that Adamantius, whoever he was, was later than Methodius, and copied him. But the puzzle is that Eusebius in his *Præparatio Evangelica* incorporates also the same large section of the work on *Free-Will*, ascribing it to a Church writer, Maximus, whom in his *Ecclesiastical History* he places just before the end of the second century, but of whom nothing else is known. We do not question the good faith of Eusebius in this statement, but it seems certain that he made a mistake, however we are to account for it. Internal evidence clearly shows, as Zahn has pointed out, that the passage which Eusebius ascribes to the so-called Maximus is but an extract from the dialogue of Methodius. The beginning of the extract given by Eusebius cannot be separated from that which precedes it in the dialogue of Methodius, and the opening of that dialogue bears plain marks of the hand of Methodius.

<sup>1</sup> *Methodius von Olympus*. Von G. Nathanael Bonwetsch. Erlangen und Leipzig, 1891.

The second work, on the *Resurrection*, had a very wide circulation. From the part now brought to our knowledge we get two interesting pieces of information. (1) An extract from Justin Martyr which it contains shows, in opposition to some modern speculations, that Justin knew St. Paul's Epistles, and regarded them as authoritative. (2) Uncertainty is removed as to the see of which Methodius was bishop. All the ancient authorities speak of him as Bishop of Olympus in Lycia; Jerome stands absolutely alone in saying that he afterwards became Bishop of Tyre; but, though Cave and many others, in deference to this authority, speak of him as 'Methodius of Tyre,' it is now generally recognized that Jerome made a mistake, due to the habitual rapidity with which he did his literary work. It is intensely improbable that Tyre should provide itself with a bishop by translation from the distant Lycia, and it is so hard to find a place for Methodius in the succession of Tyrian bishops that, if it is ever possible to deduce from silence a proof of a negative, we can be certain that he has no rightful place there. Zahn has found evidence from Strabo that Olympus in Lycia also bore the name of Φοινικῶν, and he plausibly conjectures that Jerome came to make Methodius a Phœnician bishop from having hastily read a description of him as Ὀλύμπου τῆς Λυκίας τοῦ καὶ Φοινικῶντος ἐπίσκοπος. Later writers, however, call Methodius bishop, not of Olympus or of Tyre, but of Patara. This place was also in Lycia, but at such a distance from Olympus that Le Quien's conjecture that he simultaneously held both sees may be dismissed as geographically impossible. The newly-recovered opening of the work on the *Resurrection* gives us the solution of the difficulty. Methodius was an admirer of Plato, and all his best-known works are framed on the model of the Platonic Dialogues. In this work on the *Resurrection*, which was the most widely circulated of his dialogues, the scene is laid at Patara, which accordingly was taken to be his place of abode, although a more careful reading would have shown that the narrator represents himself as a visitor at Patara, not a resident. We must not linger longer on Methodius, though we may connect with him the find which we have next to mention.

VI. Among the works ascribed to Methodius is a homily on the Feast of the Purification. We have no inclination to dispute the reasons given by Tillemont for believing this work to be spurious; but one argument alleged against it has now broken down. It was said that this feast, called Hypapante because commemorating the meeting with Simeon and

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Anna, was not introduced until the sixth century, in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. We have evidence now that it was celebrated as early as the fourth century.

In the year 1887 Gamurrini, the librarian of a lay brotherhood in Arezzo in Tuscany, published the contents of a manuscript volume, one of the chief treasures of his library, viz. a portion of the lost treatise of St. Hilary of Poitiers *De Mysteriis*, two hymns, and an account of a journey to the Holy Land by a female pilgrim in the fourth century. The treatise of Hilary furnishes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the old Latin version of the Bible. The narrative of the pilgrimage, besides much other interesting topographical and liturgical information, records that this feast of the Purification was then yearly celebrated at Jerusalem. Internal evidence fixes the date of the pilgrimage to be between 381 and 388. On the one hand Nisibis was then in the power of the Persians, into whose hands it passed in 363; and as the Catholic bishops appear to have been in possession of their sees, and not to be suffering from Arian persecution, it is concluded that the time was after the death of Valens in 378. On the other hand, the then Bishop of Edessa is spoken of as a confessor; and this could scarcely refer to anything but an incident of the Arian persecution under Valens; but Eulogius, the last bishop who could be described as confessor, died in 388. Other proofs need not be here enumerated; but it may be noted that the writer takes all her numerous Scripture quotations from the old Latin, and appears to be ignorant of Jerome's Vulgate. After the determination of the date comes the question who this pilgrim was. She appears to have been the head of a sisterhood, for the information of whose members the account of her travels is written. Latin is her native tongue, though she knew enough of Greek to be able to give the sisters an explanation of a few Greek phrases that occur in her story. In describing the Euphrates she says that the current is like that of the Rhone, but that the river is broader, whence it has been inferred that she came from Gaul; and this conclusion is confirmed by the peculiarities of her Latin style. She appears to have been a person of some consideration; for she was everywhere courteously received by the bishops and leading clergy of the places she visited, and was furnished with a guard of soldiers in travelling from Sinai to Egypt.

Gamurrini selects as the person best fulfilling these conditions St. Silvia of Aquitaine, a sister of Rufinus, Prefect of the East under Theodosius the Great, of whose journey from

Jerusalem to Egypt there is a notice in the *Historia Lausiaca* of Palladius. And we acquiesce in this conclusion, notwithstanding a difficulty raised by Dr. Bernard, who translated this pilgrimage for the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society. He remarks that if this narrative be Silvia's, Palladius must have greatly exaggerated her asceticism; for Palladius tells how Silvia rebuked the luxuriousness of a deacon, Jubinus, her companion in travel, who, in consequence of the extreme heat, was guilty of the laxity of washing himself in cold water. 'Here am I,' she said, 'now in my sixtieth year, and never has face or foot or any of my limbs touched water, save the tips of my fingers, and that for the sake of communion.'<sup>1</sup> Even when very ill, and the physicians ordered me to take a bath, I would not yield. Never have I slept on a bed or travelled in a litter.' But this pilgrim complains of the steepness of Mount Sinai, which prevented her from being carried up in a chair and obliged her to walk; while on Mount Nebo she only walked in places where she could not ride on an ass. Whoever she was it is easy to judge what interest there is in a minute account given by a traveller at the end of the fourth century of a journey from Mount Sinai to Egypt, thence to Jerusalem, to Mesopotamia, and finally to Constantinople, and how much information may be derived from it both as to the topography of the countries visited and the liturgical usages of the Church of the time.

We had intended to conclude with a discussion of the newly-discovered Gospel of St. Peter; but our article has already run to such a length, that we postpone the discussion to another opportunity. And we are not sorry to do so; for an edition of this Gospel has been promised by Dr. Swete, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge; and other commentaries on it are likely to be published, of which we may hope to avail ourselves.

<sup>1</sup> It would appear that the method of reception directed by Cyril of Jerusalem was not universal at the time.

#### NOTE.

Through an oversight which we much regret we failed to notice an announcement made in the *Athenæum* of August 6, 1892, by Mr. Rendel Harris, of the discovery at Mount Sinai 'of a new text of the old Syriac version of the Gospels (Curetonian Syriac).' This will be a new second-century authority for the text of the Gospels completely independent of any previously known. It does *not* contain the twelve verses of St. Mark. The *Athenæum* informs us 'that a copy has already been made and is under the examination of well-known English editors.'

## ART. III.—PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S CONTROVERSIAL ESSAYS.

*Essays upon some Controverted Questions.* By THOMAS H. HUXLEY, F.R.S. (London and New York, 1892.)

PROFESSOR HUXLEY presents us with 625 mortal pages of controversial matter; the other side, as he aptly reminds us, is not represented. The essays, therefore, resemble the collected speeches of some eminent advocate or politician. They will be read, accordingly, not as text-books of information, but as specimens of the brilliant ability of a celebrated man. We know not if in this respect they will add much to the Professor's assured fame. For our own part admiration of their talent is much tempered by their egotism and the supercilious irony with which he treats his opponents, no matter how eminent in character or ability. The polemic is clever of its class, but it is not a high class.

How can that be a high class of controversy which treats at length upon questions involving religion and morals, yet has not a word of religion or morality from beginning to end? The reader finds, indeed, an essay entitled 'Science and Morals,' but morals are absent from it. Physics are the Professor's sole province. He admits even of our humble cousin the orang that 'the feelings of sweetness and of satisfaction which for a moment hang out their signal lights in his melancholy eyes, are as utterly outside the bounds of physics as the fine frenzy of a human rhapsodist' (p. 215). The frenzy of the poet is outside physics, and so is the prayer of the saint and the repentance of the sinner. There is not a word in this book which recognizes as any part of its concern the idea of God or of salvation, of the future life or of the moral conflict. About these ideas religion has busied itself all through history. Neither poet nor yet saint has seemed to his brother men to inhabit an outside world. But Professor Huxley might busy himself about his physical science without reproof from religion if he could do so without moving his religious neighbour's landmark. He is quite welcome to say that their country is outside for him, if he would only leave it so. Sometimes (pp. 53, 233) he murmurs a profession that he recognizes the bounds; but this is never made without an obvious hint that things want mending in the province of religion if he only thought it worth while to visit it. And his profession of keeping his hands off does not last. He constantly invades

the province of religion ; and if it is possible for anyone, it is not possible for him so to treat the scientific question as to keep clear of the religious.

But, indeed, how can anyone assail the authority of the Lord, or, if the Professor prefers it, the authority of the Gospels which make Him known to us, without raising the whole religious question ? Can we see Jehu drive thus furiously into our precincts without asking him 'Comest thou peaceably ?' And though Mr. Huxley often seems to renounce the character of an enemy of religion, we have no doubt that this volume of essays, so carefully collected and republished, will suffice to affix it to him. We know he will reply that he does not care the Duke of Wellington's standard of minimum value about that. But perhaps it may affect his literary and scientific conscience to remember that, if he was going to write a volume against religion, this is an extremely incomplete and disorderly method in which to do it, and quite unworthy of the thorough and systematic author of *Physiography*. His series of trifling attacks on Christianity are like Caligula's war on the ocean, who charged the border of the wave and picked up pebbles on the shore.

However, neither agnosticism in general nor yet Professor Huxley assumes the position of an enemy of religion. Many, he tells us, suppose that when the mistakes of our predecessors in the faith have been exposed, nothing remains but to throw the Bible aside as so much waste paper. But, he proceeds, in his usual manner—a little arrogant, perhaps, but kind :

'I have always opposed this opinion. It appears to me that if there is anybody more objectionable than the orthodox Bibliolater, it is the heterodox Philistine, who can discover in a literature, which in some respects has no superior, nothing but a subject for scoffing and an occasion for the display of his conceited ignorance of the debt he owes to former generations' (p. 50).

It will be hard if men should persist in holding that an author who takes religion thus kindly by the hand has really not a word to say which shows a comprehension of what religion is. Will they indeed have the heart to class him, not merely with the heterodox among whom he willingly stands, but among the Philistines and the scoffers who write about the Bible without ever showing that they feel what the essential ideas of the Bible are, or what recommends it to mankind ? We fear they will. And perhaps it is not unreasonable to say that if Professor Huxley wants the Bible to be still respected, he ought either to leave off assailing it or else tell us what

reason for respect is to remain to us when we have allowed for all he has to advance. Is he really one of those vain talkers who imagine that the ethics of the Bible could be retained without its faith in the supernatural? If he does not belong to that foolish class, he ought not to use their language.

Professor Huxley is the original author of the term Agnostic, and his works must show us an example of the working of the idea which the name embodies. Agnosticism is the child of evolution, and its professors, therefore, cannot possibly take a hostile attitude to religion. How can they quarrel with so undoubted a fact in the development of man? They might as well say that man ought not to see with eyes or walk with legs, as that he ought to do without religion. Much might be said to prove that better means of vision and progression could be suggested; but eyes and legs persist. And the same is the case with religion. What right of existence, or what claim to trust, have the scientific faculties whereby evolution is argued, that is not equally possessed by religion? Have not these faculties experienced variations, degradations, errors, as religion has done? Yet the recognition of their existence and the trust in their testimony is a necessary fact of human nature, and as such claims the highest recognition from the Agnostic evolutionist; the only recognition which his philosophy is capable of extending to any quality of man. For it knows nothing of abstract right or reason, and simply accepts the maxim of the old hermit of Prague, that what is, is.

Religion undoubtedly is: what, then, is religion? Will the common sense of mankind ever accept the doctrine that the essential nature of this mighty factor in history is found in the negation of all knowledge. Agnosticism is incapable of producing an emotion of love, hope, or fear, except by permitting some surmise of a knowledge of the unseen, which in its principles is illegitimate. If it cannot know, it is a weakness to allow itself to guess. But at all events if any large number among mankind should take up such a sad and contradictory position, they will never consider that the monotonous sarcasm of Professor Huxley is the appropriate style for so negative a message.

If the questions upon which Professor Huxley undertakes to enlighten the religious world were those which concern his own or the kindred sciences, we should listen with the most respectful attention. Sometimes they are, and he will not find the Church in this country unwilling to be instructed by him in such matters. Our predecessors have made too many

mistakes of that kind to render it likely that either the spokesmen or the literary organs of Church opinion will attempt to play Pope to his Galileo. But he is very far indeed from confining himself to the subjects on which he is an expert, even if we were to include mental science in the number.

When he comes to lecture us upon Biblical criticism, we feel just as we did when we were requested to accept our theology and our Church history from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Doubtless that body consisted of excellent lawyers. But when they found their law come to an end and provided new materials for exposition by restating history and doctrine, churchmen remembered that many of our divines knew fifty times as much of those subjects as all the Privy Council together. Experts have no right to carry the airs of infallibility which are justly submitted to upon their own subjects into questions of which they know no more than any of us, and much less than some. Let nobody therefore accuse us of disrespect to science because we do not pretend any further regard for Professor Huxley's utterances upon the Bible than their intrinsic worth demands. 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.' Once upon a time we felt that whatever he said was of the nature of unquestionable science. But he has wandered too often into doubtful regions to retain the majesty of his authority unimpaired. We now venture to think him very capable of long arguments quite beside the question. And here is an instance.

I. The larger part of Essay VI. in this collection consists of an exposure of the unscientific argument of a preacher in St. Paul's who furnishes an 'awful example' for Professor Huxley's demonstration. Of course we are assured that there is no 'intention of finding fault with the eminent theologian and eloquent preacher.' But there is an intention, carried into elaborate execution, of proving that he is the victim of deceptions of thought which set up existences and agencies in nature of which there is no proof. Whether we call such an accusation finding fault or not, it certainly points the offender out as a teacher of error. His words were these :

'Imagination looks more reasonable when it assumes the air of scientific reason. Physical law, it says, will prevent the occurrence of catastrophes only anticipated by an apostle in an unscientific age. Might there not, however, be a suspension of a lower law by the intervention of a higher? Thus every time we lifted our arms we defied the laws of gravitation.'

The wording of these sentences shows (if their occurrence



in a sermon *ad populum* did not suffice), that they were meant to express things as they appear to us, and not as they are in themselves. For if a law were in any strict sense suspended, it could not at the same time be defied, any more than the Habeas Corpus Act could be defied at a time when Parliament had suspended it, or a regiment be defeated in battle at a time when it was withdrawn from the field. But if the preacher's language had been thus reasonably judged, how could he have been proved an accessory after the fact to the delusions of the schoolmen and guilty of taking 'laws' as Luther took the words of the Bible for living creatures having hands and feet? He is accused of imagining that a catastrophe involves a breach of the present order of nature. But the congregation took his words, we shall be bound, in exactly the opposite sense, and regarded his supposition of a higher law interfering with a lower, as intimating that perhaps an order of nature may involve catastrophes for man and his world, just as, according to Mr. Huxley's acute remark, 'it does for ants and anthills.' And when the Professor finds it 'evident from these expressions that laws in the mind of the preacher are entities having an objective existence in a graduated hierarchy' (p. 251), we must confess that the exact reverse is evident to us. Great, we grant, is the difference between the unscientific mind and the scientific; but the mind of the preacher was more in harmony with our own. We therefore claim to understand him better. And what convinces us that he never thought of laws as entities having an objective existence is, that such an imagination would have interposed something between man and the direct action of God; and that is the very last notion this preacher could have desired to suggest. For Dr. Liddon was in agreement with one of the founders of his school to whom Mr. Mozley attributes a strong antipathy to the use of the word law in any such sense: 'When a stray man of science fell back on "law," or "a subtle medium," or any other device for making matter its own lord and master—it was as if a fox had broken cover; there ensued a chase and no mercy!'<sup>1</sup> Mr. Huxley's sarcasm, therefore, about high laws suspending low laws, as a bishop may suspend a curate, and his disclaimer of any wish to controvert such views, 'if anyone likes to hold them,' appear to us out of place as well as out of taste.

II. But were it just to convict this preacher of conceiving laws to be entities, that would not afford reason to accuse him further of scholastic Realism:

<sup>1</sup> *Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement*, i. 226.

'The essence of such realism (says Professor Huxley) is that it maintains the objective existence of universals, or, as we call them nowadays, general propositions. It affirms, for example, that "man" is a real thing apart from individual men . . . Strange as such a notion may appear to modern scientific thought, it really pervades ordinary language. There are few people who would at once hesitate to admit that colour, for example, exists apart from the mind which conceives the idea of colour' (p. 252).

Realism was the affirmation of the existence of universals. But that universals were ever held to be 'what we call nowadays general propositions,' is a strange notion indeed, and must have been framed by Mr. Huxley in order to bring the 'laws,' of which he has been speaking, into some connexion with the realism which he desired to introduce. Universals are something quite different. They are 'the ideas of the essences which are the foundations of genera and species.'<sup>1</sup> 'Man,' apart from individual men, is, as Mr. Huxley says, a very good instance of a universal. But then, who ever before imagined that man was 'a general proposition'? And we find as much difficulty in following the author when he adduces the tendency to affirm that colour exists in the object apart from the mind as an instance of the persistence of scholastic realism. What in the name of wonder has colour to do with the essences that underlie genera and species? And what concern has the controversy about the objective reality of the secondary qualities of matter with the controversy about the reality of universals? All this is wholly irrelevant. We must confess that it looks like a device for displaying a knowledge of scholastic philosophy.

But Professor Huxley concludes the essay by a solemn proclamation (p. 236) of the religion of science, and we listen with devout attention :

'She knows that the safety of morality lies neither in the adoption of this or that philosophical speculation, or this or that theological creed, but in a real and living belief in that fixed order of nature which sends social disorganization upon the track of immorality as surely as it sends physical disease after physical trespasses. And of that firm and lively faith it is her high mission to be the priestess.'

The logic of this passage halts. For, even if the fixed order of nature be affirmed to send fixed penalties upon the track of immorality, does the Professor hope that that will hinder immorality if, as other parts of the very same essay indicate, immorality itself is in the fixed order which it is the

<sup>1</sup> Rémusat, *Abélard*, chap. viii.

'high mission' of science to proclaim? If science leaves men bound to be immoral, and only proclaims fixed penalties for immorality, her proclamation itself seems to come under the head of those philosophical speculations which have nothing to do with the safety of morality. The threat of social disorganization is a sufficiently weak deterrent from guilty pleasure without the additional assurance that it makes no difference whether we believe in it or not.

Anyhow science believes in a fixed 'order' of nature. Now 'law and order' are sworn brothers, and we want to know why the one is to be expelled from our use and the other admitted? Why, if you speak of law you are a mediæval realist, but orthodox if you speak of order? You may also speak of rules. 'We have succeeded in finding out the rules of action of a little bit of the universe; we call these rules "laws of nature"—not because anybody knows whether they bind nature or not, but because we find it is obligatory on us to take them into account, both as actors under nature and as interpreters of nature' (p. 256). This, by the way, is a much more modest estimate of that order of nature of which science is so proud to be the priestess. And after all that Professor Huxley has adduced, the preacher may assure the Professor that, in whatever sense the latter uses the words 'order' and 'rule,' in the same does he use 'law'; and defying a law is no more to be taken as meaning the elevation of laws into entities, than defying the rule or the order of nature can be said to imply such an error in respect to them.

III. We proceed to another passage, in which we find Professor Huxley, with a great parade of knowledge outside his own sphere, hitting the nail everywhere except on the head. And it is a far more important instance than that of which we have been writing, since it is of frequent recurrence in the author's work, and concerns no less a question than this, whether he is justly accused of Materialism:

'I understand the main tenet of Materialism to be that there is nothing in the universe but matter and force. . . . This I heartily disbelieve, and at the risk of being charged with wearisome repetition of an old story, I will briefly give my reasons for persisting in my infidelity. In the first place, as I have already hinted, it seems to me pretty plain that there is a third thing in the universe, to wit, consciousness, which in the hardness of my heart, or head, I cannot see to be matter or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestations of the phenomena of consciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as matter or force. In the second place, the arguments used by Descartes and Berkeley to show that our certain knowledge does not extend

beyond our states of consciousness, appear to me as irrefragable now as they did when I first became acquainted with them, some half century ago' (p. 220).

We find, then, two reasons set forth by Professor Huxley why no one should class him with Materialists. One is that he believes there is, besides matter and force, a third thing in the universe, namely, consciousness; and the second is that our certainty only extends to our states of consciousness—'our one certainty is the existence of the mental world, and that of Force and Matter falls into the rank of at best a highly probable hypothesis.'

Now, upon the first point we must express our thankfulness that Mr. Huxley should recognize the existence of consciousness as distinct from matter and force. It is a great admission, and ought to lead to spiritual results. But then we are obliged to ask what position Mr. Huxley assigns to consciousness, and whether he confers upon it any powers which may enable it to repel the assaults of materialism. We find, unhappily, that he confers upon it no powers whatever. For he remarks (p. 217), 'it is one thing to say that the logical methods of physical science are of universal applicability, and quite another to affirm that all subjects of thought lie within the province of physical science.' Precisely, and therefore it is futile to argue that you are pursuing any other method than that of physical science because you have been led to a result which cannot be brought under physical descriptions. In the same way neither Positivism nor his own Agnosticism denies the existence of a First Cause. But they say that we know nothing about it. If it exists it dwells apart. Into the world of our knowledge it does not enter.

And so Professor Huxley deals with consciousness. It is an ineffective onlooker upon the affairs of life. The whole business of morality and truth-seeking is carried on without it. That it should exist at all is a puzzle which honest men ought to acknowledge. But the acknowledgment implies no deduction whatever from the universal applicability of the methods of physical science. If we want to test the truth and reality of any deliverance of consciousness, or (put it this way) if consciousness wants to know whether something which it finds in itself is fact or imagination, there is no other means open, in Mr. Huxley's view, but that of physical science. Now, if it were asserted that under the later Merovingians the government was carried on by the mayor of the palace, it would be vain to refute the assertion by pointing to the nominal king, a *roi fainéant* who exercised

no functions except through his too powerful servant. In like manner, when we speak of Materialism we speak above all things of the method by which truth is to be sought, and we shall not pronounce the term inapplicable because of the discovery of a thing called consciousness, of which we can make nothing, and which we proceed to hang up upon the wall as useless for any purpose of life. We are well aware that for thinking thus about Professor Huxley's defence we are likely to be pronounced 'victims of a confusion common enough among thoughtless people,' or to be classed among those 'folks at whom one looks and passes by.' But we have only argued from the words which we have quoted out of the Professor's own page, supported as they are by his own uniform practice in the ascertainment of truth.

To us, on the other hand, it seems that consciousness in action, apart from any of the methods of physical science, gives the strongest conviction of truth which man can have. Conviction of truth is only a part of consciousness. And while the methods of physical science afford valuable methods of testing the truths of consciousness within the physical sphere, they must not stretch themselves beyond their measure. In the affairs of religion the consciousness of God within the mind is the most direct source of our conviction of its truth, and the best recommendation of a message from God in history and life is that it commends itself to our conscience in the sight of God. Our consciousness of God must submit to be tested by the methods of physical science so far as it implies the assertion of His work in the world. But this *à posteriori* test can never reach the spirituality and inward power of the direct consciousness: it is a corroboration, but no more. And in like manner historical investigations upon the sources of Christianity can never be more than necessary supports and conditions of that inward grasp of faith whereby we lay hold on Jesus Christ. The methods of physical science, and those of historical criticism are of indispensable importance in their own way, but it is not the only way of truth or of knowing truth. And this is the mind of Descartes, whom Professor Huxley so constantly quotes. For his first step in knowledge is the assurance of our own being, and he grounds it upon our consciousness in action. *Cogito, ergo sum.* Upon the same basis he founds his belief in God.

An example of the contrary method as pursued by Professor Huxley is found in his determinism. It is the determinism of physical science; but it is, according to him,

only equivalent to the theological determinism of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. Though ascribing determinism to St. Thomas, he refrains from calling him a professed determinist. On this curious ground he refuses to see the bearing of any citations from the saint which may be inconsistent with those he selects. But he has no right to refuse; the whole question about St. Thomas's belief is whether contrary citations can be made or not. Physical causation may for Mr. Huxley reign supreme, and effectually drive out of the field that which he elsewhere happily describes as the anthropomorphism of man. But it was different with the great writers of the Church. They recognized the validity of our consciousness that we are free. And if they recognized also the omniscience and omnipotence of God, their sense of mystery in theology and in man prevented them from permitting either of these ideas to devour the other.

IV. So much, then, for Mr. Huxley's first reply to the accusation of Materialism. The second is that he considers Berkeleyan Idealism as likely as not to be true. Now Idealism is not, as some have foolishly supposed, an expulsion of the idea of matter from human thought, but an explanation of the meaning of the idea of matter and of the method in which it reaches us. It is extremely absurd to think that Idealism is refuted by stamping on the ground; because the question still remains how the sensation thus caused, and the ideas which we derive from it, reach our minds. Berkeley did not, as Byron supposed, say there was no matter. He only analyzed the method by which we are able to say that there is matter, and what we mean by it. All the moral and intellectual life of man proceed on the Berkeleyan hypothesis as upon the opposite; only the Bishop has his own notion of how we come to perceive it and to act in it. A highwayman who pleaded that he had only stolen the idea of a hundred thalers would be sufficiently answered by the assurance that the idea of hanging was the only punishment which it was intended to inflict. If a writer, then, be charged with using Materialism as a working hypothesis in human thought, it is no reply whatever to transfer the whole controversy, and the people who carry it on, into Berkeley's ideal sphere. Its practical meaning remains the very same. If Materialism be bad for morals and bad for religion upon Locke's hypothesis, it will be just as bad upon Berkeley's.

If a man were charged with the love of money, he might reply that, on the contrary, he was perfectly aware that money was of no value in itself. He might be willing to address it



in the words of George Herbert: 'Man maketh thee his wealth who makes thee rich.' He might be as ready as any man to say that it derived its importance from the pleasures which it represents. But the reply would be, Whatever face you put on it, can you deny that you love money? Now our author pronounces that 'we are all agreed that consciousness is a function of matter,' though he inexplicably allows that a question still remains 'whether all forms of consciousness are so.' And we say that a proviso that we know matter only through a state of consciousness makes no difference whatever; it is but tendering us notes instead of gold. Moreover, we entirely decline falling into this presumed agreement that consciousness is a function of matter. It is true that there is a real, though unexplained, connexion between the two as they now exist in the constitution of man. But the connexion between the engine-driver and the engine does not allow us to say that to draw the train is a function of the driver. Dean Ramsay's organ-blower only ventured to say 'We rattled it off fine;' Professor Huxley would permit him to say that the tune was a function of his own action.

On the whole, we find that to take our Materialism idealistically does not make it cease to be Materialism, and that the recognition of a powerless consciousness takes nothing from the dignity of physical science seated as the sole arbiter of truth.

V. The reader who desires to know Professor Huxley's attitude towards religion will naturally turn to the Essay headed 'Agnosticism.' They will find it, perhaps, less imbued with that heavy banter which is so disagreeable a mark of Mr. Huxley's controversial writing, and filled instead with the more acceptable element of direct invective. We must not dispute about the meaning of agnosticism with the author of the name. We shall only say that our notion of it, as derived from Mr. Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, differed considerably from that which is here set before us. And if we are to accept Mr. Huxley's description, it seems to us extremely difficult to distinguish Agnosticism from the term scepticism, or from still more negative appellations, which he nevertheless considers offensive.

Agnosticism, we thought, was clearly separated from the opinions thus designated by its firm recognition of the persistence of religion in man, however its forms may change. The principle, therefore, of an agnostic's difference with Christianity would lie, we thought, not in the critical difficulty of verifying the history, but in the supposed impossibility of

knowing the unknowable. This radical principal would naturally allow a certain respect for Christianity, not only for its social usefulness, but as the best expression of an essential part of human consciousness. And while the Agnostic could not of course be prohibited from an interest in Biblical criticism, or from choosing the negative side as to the origin and authority of the Gospels, we should not expect him to be without any sympathy for the positive side of the controversy, and without any understanding of the intense faith and earnestness of the Apostles and Primitive Church.

But in order to be affected by Professor Huxley's argument, the reader must forget the existence of the Christian Church in the first age, and the difficulty of palming off upon it newly invented accounts of its Founder's life. He must likewise forget that the picture of the Person and Character of our Lord is derived to us from the Gospels. The world has found it an impressive and consistent picture, and has revered accordingly the little books which furnish it to us. But to follow Professor Huxley, you must regard the literary argument as finishing the question. The authority of the living Primitive Church, and the self-evidencing truthfulness of the Lord's character and revelation, must not be mentioned. And if the date of the composition of the Gospels, and the existence of various readings and possible interpolations should render you doubtful of a story such as that of the Gadarene demoniac, you must then proceed thus: 'If that story is discredited, all the other stories of demoniac possession fall under suspicion. And if the belief in demons and demoniac possession which forms the sombre background of the whole picture of Primitive Christianity presented to us in the New Testament is shaken, what is to be said in any case of the uncorroborated testimony of the Gospels with respect to "the unseen world"?' (p. 346).

When the authority of the Lord is quoted against Professor Huxley, he replies by casting doubt upon the question whether He did indeed say what is ascribed to Him. But it is evident from the words just quoted that this doubt must extend itself to every utterance ascribed to Him which implies a knowledge of the unseen world. It is quite impossible, as has been often proved (for instance, in *Ecce Homo*), to separate the claim of knowledge and power in the supernatural world from the very texture of the character of the Lord. If this be false, not enough is left to justify even the distant respect for Him which Professor Huxley himself expresses.

It would be an impossible task to follow our critic through the three hundred pages which are occupied by his Biblical discussions. We find it hard to say why a man who has in his possession a weapon so decisive as the Agnostic proof that the supernatural is out of reach, should inflict upon his fellow-creatures so perplexing an argument that the biography of Jesus Christ, while naturally impossible, is also historically improbable. Such a passage as that on page 450, in which the principle 'that it is wrong for a man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty,' is offered as containing 'all that is essential to Agnosticism,' might well lead us to think that Professor Huxley does not hold the genuine Agnostic faith at all, and is merely groping his way to unbelief upon the ordinary principles. The fact is that the Professor could not resist the temptation of displaying his acquaintance with Biblical criticism, and proving that even if he had not the scientific knowledge that our faith was vain, he would have been able to prove it so upon our own principles. He has not chosen wisely. Such interminable controversy will not be read. If Mr. Huxley's case had been so clear, he would not have required to say so much about it.

A scientific author who publishes a work upon religion should take good care that it be worthy of his fame. For the public are more interested in religion than in science, and his reputation may pass to the crowd as a clever but hasty, self-opinionated writer, while it is only the few who will know him as a man who would not speak unless he was sure, and for whom a proud temper and the affectation of knowledge were impossible in questions of truth.

A fair specimen of Mr. Huxley's narrowness is found in his contempt for St. Paul as a witness of truth. A writer to whom the logical methods of physical science are of universal applicability naturally thinks nothing at all of this Apostle's testimony to the Resurrection because he did not immediately upon his conversion resort to Jerusalem to test his impression by the experience of the witnesses there. Thus might a police officer, on learning that one has given faith to the testimony of a dear friend under awful circumstances of earnestness, declare that he would like to have had the thing examined by a skilled detective. In one place only can we remember that Mr. Huxley quotes St. Paul with any respect: where he pronounces that 'the apostolic injunction to suffer fools gladly should be the rule of life of a true Agnostic.'

Alas! there is no such Apostolic injunction. This contemptuous patience with inferior beings is the attitude ascribed by the Apostle to persons whom he calls wise, but in whose opinion of their own wisdom we can very well see he did not share. St. Paul's true spirit comes out in an injunction which we doubt not Mr. Huxley would approve in physical inquiries, but by no means obeys in religious: 'If any man thinketh that he is wise among you in this world, let him become a fool that he may become wise.'

VI. We are unwilling to conclude without offering a distinct statement of the difference between the method of regarding Christianity which we hold to be reasonable, and that application of the principles of physical science in the sphere of moral evidence to which Professor Huxley adheres. If we were to choose the instance for this purpose which would be most favourable to our own side, we should select some of those great facts or principles of the Christian revelation which have stirred the hearts of millions and do so still, yet which Professor Huxley's controversy never regards. But we shall select that circumstance in the history of our Lord to which the Professor directs unceasing attention because he thinks it the least defensible point in our armour. So extended and so repeated are his comments upon the miracle of the Gadarene demoniac, that (p. 579) he feels bound to apologise for them on the ground of the momentous consequences which flow from the acceptance or rejection of the narrative—consequences, we are bound to say, in which we do not believe.

First, then, we consider Scripture narratives without any of that persuasion of the universal validity of the logic of physical science which Professor Huxley adopts. That existence of an unknowable power which Mr. Herbert Spencer regards as part of human knowledge; that gap in physical results which gives us our consciousness—a certain fact in Mr. Huxley's view, but of no logical consequence—is no such blank or nothingness to us. It is the channel of spiritual communication between God and His creatures; much disturbed by human imaginations, yet capable of conveying truth which commands the conscientious obedience of every right-thinking man. It is completely unreasonable, we think, to treat our knowledge of the region outside physical science as supplying us with mere negation. The general voice of mankind is with us in this matter, and Professor Huxley gives no reason why we should resist it.

The way of revelation being thus open, we hold that God

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has used it to send Christianity to man. A combination of proofs convinces us of this. The character of the Lord as depicted in the Gospels; the wonderful system of doctrine unfolded in the Epistles; the growth of the early Christian Church and its trustworthiness in preserving for us in the New Testament the true record on which its own life was built; the transparent honesty and the unequalled spiritual power of those records in themselves; and the varied excellence of mind and spirit displayed in the Apostles, unsurpassed in history except by their Lord—are some of the proofs on which we depend. They are moral proofs, and as such unknown to Mr. Huxley. If he were to recognize them, he would be surrendering the universal validity of the logical methods of physical science. Yet they are proof of that kind upon which human intercourse depends, and without which man would be deprived of all the confidence in his social life. Physical scientists themselves live in ideas and in affections, the proof of which lies beyond their science; Professor Huxley assures us that it is so with him. He repudiates as very insulting and extremely absurd the accusation of applying the methods of physical science to music, painting, and sculpture. What is more, he not only feels emotion, but learns truth by methods which are not physical. 'Does Mr. Lilly suppose that I put aside as unverifiable all the truths of mathematics, of philology, of history?' (pp. 215-16).

And why, then, cannot Mr. Huxley recognize the fact that there are persons who believe in the truth of Christianity upon motives equally allowable but to which the methods of science are equally inapplicable? He himself, so far as he tells us, feels or believes nothing in religion at all. But he need not therefore omit such considerations altogether in his judgments of those who have a faith. He will answer that he only applies the physical measure in cases where science is applicable: of which this narrative is one. But to our judgment there remains after the strictest legitimate application of science a part of the narrative which science does not touch and of which it can give no account: namely, the character of Jesus as depicted in the Gospel story.

In three of the Gospels we find this narrative. This would not of itself prove it to rest upon the same evidence as all other parts of our faith. It is not a portion of the history which, like the Resurrection or the Institution of the Eucharist, has received the express sanction of St. Paul and other early believers, or is sealed with the testimony of martyrs. If it were possible that the discovery of new manuscripts should show

that the Resurrection was not contained in the earliest form of the Christian documents, a fatal blow to Catholic Christianity would be struck. But if such a discovery could be made in respect of this narrative, no harm would be done to the faith. But we have no intention to doubt its genuineness. It hangs together with the rest, not only in respect of the external testimony of the three synoptists and the acceptance of the early Church, but in respect of the character of the words of Jesus which we find in it. The injunction to the man to return to his friends and tell of his cure contrasts with the direction given to other recipients of cure, and this is perfectly natural, because there was also a contrast in the behaviour of the inhabitants of the place. We therefore believe that the passage is a genuine part of the Gospel record. On the other hand, we admit ourselves unable to understand the demoniac possession of the swine, nor yet their destruction. These circumstances remain mysteries to us, as many other mysteries there be both in Scripture and in life.

Professor Huxley does not profess to know any law of science which directly bears against the narrative. He is ready to accept the story if it could be scientifically proved. He only considers it to belong to a class of story common in former conditions of the education of the race, but which has given way as science advanced. He thinks that superstitions and consequent cruelties are encouraged by such an incident appearing in the life of the Saviour, and could have been discouraged or prevented had He discountenanced such conceptions altogether. We cannot see it. The cruelties of religious wars and persecutions have been chiefly exercised about more important questions of the faith, and the most stringent commands of kindness and forgiveness from the lips of Christ have not prevented them. And the general lesson of this narrative is that the devils are subject to Christ and only to be overcome by His help: a doctrine very little fitted to encourage the method of dealing with them which either Chaldæan magic or Christian superstition, Roman or Protestant, have favoured. Nor do we share Professor Huxley's assurance that the progress of science has enabled us to say that all which former ages believed about the spiritual world and its contents, whether evil or good, was mere error.

Professor Huxley possesses an unbounded trust in science, and holds that whatever supposed events in history science has not at present explained, it will infallibly explain hereafter; and he makes no reserves for the authority of Christ. We, on the other hand, do not believe that physical science in its



sphere will ever be contradicted, but neither do we believe that it will ever explain everything. And our faith in the authority of Christ is unlimited.

The contest which the author provokes is therefore not one of physical science against moral and religious evidence. It is only a combat of probabilities. He can but be morally certain that his science applies. We shall believe that his assault on this point will shake the vast and tried array of moral and religious belief which he assails, when we hear that any one for an unexplained and mysterious story loses faith even in a proved human friend or in a trusted earthly record.

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#### ART. IV.—THE JOURNALIST IN FICTION.

1. *Auld Licht Idylls.* By J. M. BARRIE. Seventh Edition. (London, 1892.)
2. *A Window in Thrums.* By J. M. BARRIE. (London, 1892.)
3. *When a Man's Single: a Story of Literary Life.* By J. M. BARRIE. Fifth Edition. (London, 1892.)
4. *My Lady Nicotine.* By J. M. BARRIE. Fourth Edition. (London, 1892.)
5. *An Edinburgh Eleven.* By 'GAVIN OGILVY.' (London, 1892.)
6. *The Little Minister.* By J. M. BARRIE. Twenty-first Thousand. (London, 1892.)

AMONG the great army of journalists now earning a livelihood by the practice of writing it was only to be expected that a writer of mark would appear; at all events the brilliant and astonishing career of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has removed this assertion from the field of prophecy, while Mr. Barrie's work has built him up, more gently and soberly, but as surely, a reputation which, if less conspicuous, is no less solid than that of our eastern story-teller. *Auld Licht Idylls*, his first publication, appeared about the same time as *Plain Tales from the Hills* became generally known in London, and the book at once arrested attention. The dominie or schoolmaster of Glen Quharity is the supposed narrator, and, after opening with an admirable description of his remote valley under the hand of 'the mesmeriser Snow,' he goes on to give a kind of natural history of the neighbouring village,<sup>1</sup> Thrums, and its

<sup>1</sup> Thrums is Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire.

population of backbent weavers, its ways and works, its four kirks and its one post-office, its wynds and its square, its courtships and marriages, its christenings and its funerals. The wintry feeling pervades the book from first to last; pathos and humour contend in it throughout, and the pathos prevails. As for the 'Auld Lights,' let Mr. Barrie explain in person:

'One Sabbath day in the beginning of the century the Auld Licht minister at Thrums walked out of his battered, ramshackle, earthen-floored kirk with a following and never returned. The last words he uttered in it were, "Follow me to the commonty, all you persons who want to hear the word of God properly preached, and James Duphie and his two sons will answer for this on the Day of Judgment." The congregation, which belonged to the body who seceded from the Established Church a hundred and fifty years ago, had split, and, as the New Lights (now the U.P.s) were in the majority, the Old Lights, with the minister at their head, had to retire to the commonty (or common) and hold service in the open air until they had saved up money for a church. They kept possession, however, of the white manse among the trees. Their kirk has but a cluster of members now, most of them old and done, but each is equal to a dozen ordinary church-goers, and there have been men and women among them on whom the memory loves to linger. For forty years they have been dying out, but their cold, stiff pews still echo the psalms of David, and the Auld Licht kirk will remain open so long as it has one member and a minister.'<sup>1</sup>

This is a good example of the style which is one of the book's chief charms, a style which often conceals the daintiest finish under an appearance of colloquialism. Dialect, though freely used in passages, is not allowed to overstep the patience and the comprehension of an English reader.

We make acquaintance in these first studies of the town with nearly all the characters who people Mr. Barrie's tales,—with Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, of whom it is written, 'Twenty were his years when he came to Thrums, and the very first Sabbath he knocked a board out of the pulpit';<sup>2</sup> with Lang Tammass, the precentor, whose box was too small for him, and who, 'rather than see a U.P. preaching in the Auld Licht kirk, would burn in hell fire for ever';<sup>3</sup> with Tammass Haggart, the 'sarcastic' wit of Thrums, and his wife, Chirsty; Davit Lunan, another literary character, who could read Homer in the original with Rob Angus; Snecky Hobart, the bell man; and a tribe of others, men and women

<sup>1</sup> *Auld Licht Idylls*, chap. iii. p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 72.

<sup>3</sup> *The Little Minister*, p. 34.

though in this first book Mr. Barrie has been more concerned to depict groups than individuals, and where he draws finished portraits they are of men; even Lisbeth Fargus the match maker, and Bell Whamond who outwent the minister's forbearance by wearing curls at a wedding, are only fascinating suggestions.

*A Window in Thrums*, which followed *Auld Licht Idylls*, is a study of the town from within. It goes back to the days when the dominie lodged with Jess Logan, the crippled wife of Hendry McQumpha, a weaver, and the window of the title page is that near which her frail body sat daily, while her alert soul looked out upon the passing world. Like its predecessor this book consists of detached scenes and stories. Sometimes a neighbour calls in to see Jess and tells or suggests a story of her own; sometimes the scene shifts to the back of Tnow-head's pigstye, where Hendry is one of a group who gather round Tammas Haggart and discuss topics abstract or personal. Yet the whole is woven together, till gradually, and as it were by implication, we learn the whole history of this household, and the hearts of Jess and Hendry, and of their daughter Leeby, who gave up love and marriage to serve her mother, and of the absent son James, who was a barber in London.

There could be no doubt whatever in the mind of any competent reader that here was a masterpiece, and a masterpiece in a new kind. The work is wrought with the finish, the precision, and the truth of excellent Dutch painting; but its execution is surpassed by a higher spiritual quality, a sympathetic reverence for all forms of faith and goodness, which pervades the book like a fragrance.

With success came apparently a move to London, and the next work to appear was a novel in which Mr. Barrie wears almost a London garb. *When a Man's Single* is the bad title of a good story, the story of Rob Angus, the 'literary saw-miller' of Glen Quharity, who became a journalist, and while learning his trade in a provincial office fell in love with a lady of high degree, and to win her went and took London by the throat and conquered in the struggle. Only in what one may call the prologue and epilogue is the scene laid in Thrums, and here alone the dialect appears. Out of this story arose the suggestion for *Walker, London*, the clever comedy with which Mr. Barrie won honour (and no doubt money) in a fresh field which may probably engage much of his future energies. And, indeed, seeing the real dramatic power of many scenes in *The Little Minister*, and the present

condition of the English drama, we hardly know whether this is not a consummation to be desired.

While the fortunes of Rob Angus were being narrated a set of clever essays was appearing in the *St. James's Gazette*. These were published under the general title of *My Lady Nicotine*, and form a book about tobacco, its influence, and other things seen under the influence of tobacco, which is very pretty reading.

Also there appeared a slight and probably an early extravaganza called *Better Dead*, and a series of papers upon Edinburgh celebrities, Lord Rosebery, Professor Blackie, and the rest, making *An Edinburgh Eleven*.

Mr. Barrie returned to Thrums in *The Little Minister*, and very many account him to have surpassed himself in this tale of Mr. Dishart and Babbie the Egyptian (or gipsy girl, as we should call her), whom Lord Rintoul picked up as a child and educated for the sake of her beauty to be his bride. The story tells how Gavin Dishart first met her, how he loved her and married her, to the scandal of his flock, and how at the last he was brought back in triumph to the manse.

Later on we shall attempt to criticize Mr. Barrie's work and reach an estimate of it; here we only wish to summarize and describe these books, which by their quality make him stand out with Mr. Kipling as, perhaps, the most interesting figure in contemporary literature. They have done much, and have time to do much more; and it seems a fair question for criticism to ask in respect of these two men how far their journalistic training has helped them in the art of fiction.

Style is a matter apart, and had we only Mr. Kipling's case to go by we might augur unfavourably of the new influence in this respect. Still Mr. Kipling's prose is the prose of a poet, and the prose of a poet who is also a journalist is likely to sin by excess. Mr. Barrie's purity and simplicity of style is enough of itself to prove that journalism need not vulgarize; and in *When a Man's Single* he satirizes very pleasantly the tricks of the trade. Our object is rather to inquire whether the practice of journalism affects not merely a man's way of expressing himself, but his deep-lying views of life and art. Cases could be cited to prove a negative; Théophile Gautier was a journalist, but his poetry bears no imaginable trace of the pen's daily labour. We hold, however, that the art of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling has been influenced, and that strongly, by their profession; perhaps because, unlike Gautier, they are proud of their employment.

To begin with, in spite of the 'tedious, brief solemnity' of

many leading articles, the first business of a writer for the press is not to be tedious, and Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling have learnt their lesson. Nowadays sentences and stories grow shorter, just as quick-firing guns are driving heavy pieces out of the field. Readers there are whose patience is so scant of breath that they call Scott long-winded. It is a far cry from *Waverley*, with its leisurely preambles, to a book like *Plain Tales from the Hills*. For Mr. Barrie, as for Mr. Kipling, the short story is the natural mode of expression; when they attempt a larger canvas you do not see them at their best, and when they are at their longest they are short. It was a cunning typesetter that spun a third volume out of *The Little Minister*. This inability or dislike to construct or conduct a long story, in itself a decided limitation of the narrative art, is the material characteristic which marks these two authors. It is not the only quality which they hold in common. No two novelists of the present day, or of any day, are more opposed in matter and in manner; but this only makes the strong affinity between them the more interesting and significant.

No doubt the difference is at first sight more striking than the resemblance. Even when Mr. Kipling is at his worst it is difficult to lay down the book till the last page is turned. It is no depreciation to say of Mr. Barrie that he has scarcely more narrative power than the author of *Tristram Shandy*.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barrie worships women. Mr. Kipling has a positive cult of virility; what delights him is the exuberant vigour of manhood—of man the animal, who fights and loves and drinks, and sets his soul upon a dozen different hazards. Man in Mr. Barrie's stories is a thrifty, contriving creature, and eternally concerned about his soul's welfare. Even Mr. Stevenson is not metaphysical enough for Mr. Barrie, and 'Gavin Ogilvy' has told him so, like one of the 'Auld Lichts' remonstrating out of the greatness of his love with their

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above we have come on this passage, and cannot refrain from quoting it, not as expressing our own view, but for its intrinsic interest: 'A novel will be of a high and noble order, the more it represents of inner, and the less it represents of outer, life; and the ratio between the two will supply a means of judging any novel, of whatever kind, from *Tristram Shandy* down to the crudest and most sensational tale of knight or robber. *Tristram Shandy* has, indeed, as good as no action at all; and there is not much in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Wilhelm Meister*. Even *Don Quixote* has relatively little; and what there is, is very unimportant, and introduced merely for the sake of fun. And these four are the best of all existing novels.' Schopenhauer, *Art of Literature*, translated by Bailey Saunders, p. 77. Schopenhauer would have put Mr. Barrie very high.

shepherd.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barrie wants to tell us of the strange things that men are, Mr. Kipling of the strange things that they do. Mr. Kipling revels in a fight; Mr. Barrie only mentions that, after the battle in the Tenements, Lang Tammas in the precentor's box had a plaster on his cheek when he gave out the psalm.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Kipling's interest is in the abnormal, the unconventional, the lawless; he has a gaudy mass of information about queer people in queer conditions. Mr. Barrie studies life in its greyest, flattest, most monotonous aspects. Mr. Kipling does not write 'Virginibus puerisque'; his morality for good and for evil is the morality of Fielding. There is much to shake the head at, much actively to dislike, but there is a redeeming strain in him, a salt of righteousness, in his passionate ideal love for the race and the empire he belongs to, and in the confidence and glory with which the 'flag of England' inspires him; nor have many men better realised the strong love and comradeship between man and man that is best seen and known in the rough walks of danger. Mr. Barrie's morality is beyond reproach. His standard is as rigid for those whom he respects as Mr. Kipling's is lax. Like a true man, it is strength he would have in man, but 'a strength which, instead of being the lusty child of passions, grows by grappling and throwing them.'<sup>3</sup>

It might be carelessly said that Mr. Kipling's subjects would interest, no matter who treated them, but that no one but Mr. Barrie could make 'Auld Lichts' attractive. Half of this may very probably be true, but not the first half. There is no greater obstacle to the successful treatment of a subject than its strangeness. Mr. Kipling has broken new ground, and to break new ground a strong and skilful hand is needed. An inferior artist would either have bewildered us with explanations or left us incredulous and uncomprehending. But this is where his journalistic experience helps Mr. Kipling. There is one thing clear about journalism: it is an excellent school in which to learn the art of description.

A journalist has no occasion for the narrative faculty, properly so called; the most that will be required or tolerated from him is an anecdote. Dramatic effect and nine-tenths of the whole art of imaginative composition are foreign to his work. Three things alone he must be able to do—to advocate, to observe, and to describe. Excellence in realistic description is just the one essential point which Mr. Barrie

<sup>1</sup> See *An Edinburgh Eleven*, p. 103.

<sup>2</sup> *Auld Licht Idylls*, p. 114.

<sup>3</sup> *The Little Minister*, p. 259.



and Mr. Kipling have in common. But they make very different uses of the accomplishment. To the latter, description is the art of calling up to people scenes the like of which they had never beheld. The charm of his work lies in his extraordinary narrative gift; but half his stories would be lost, at all events on European readers, had he not the happy knack to choose exactly the essential in describing. Anyone who has read, for instance, 'The Ride of Morrowby Jukes'<sup>1</sup> can probably make a relief plan of that ghastly amphitheatre. Yet the progress of the story is never hampered by explanations; the right associations are touched at once and the picture comes in a flash.

Mr. Barrie's problem is very different. Describing scenes roughly familiar to most of us, he seeks to concentrate the attention on their individual character. Description thus becomes almost an end in itself to him. In his first book, the *Auld Licht Idylls*, it was unmistakeably so; and books of description are as a rule books to avoid. But the ideal journalist has been obliged by his profession to find out not only what interests himself but what interests everyone; he has learnt to combine, at least to some extent, a woman's observation with a man's. If he goes into a room he will notice not only the pictures on the wall and the books on the table, but the colour of the chairs and the window curtains; he will tell you about the character of a man's head and not forget the cut of his collars. In short, he has learnt the proper name for everything, and can inventory the goods in a shop window. It is some such habit of observation that has enabled Mr. Barrie to give his microscopic pictures of the life in Thrums. Here is a specimen, the first to hand:

'On the bump of green, round which the brae twists, at the top of the brae, and within cry of Tnowhead Farm, still stands a one-story house, whose whitewashed walls, streaked with the discolouration that rain leaves, *look yellow when the snow comes*. . . . On each side of the slate-coloured door was a window of knotted glass. Ropes were flung over the thatch to keep the roof on in wind.'

It is not a pretty picture, but see how it gets the effect of colour and the bleak windy nature of the place. And how many of us would have either noticed the knotted glass or known a name to call it by? Yet anyone who has seen it will remember the peculiar look it gives to a house, like a boss or wart on the human face.

To our mind the most significant evidence of Mr. Barrie's

<sup>1</sup> In the *Phantom Rickshaw*.

skill is the rarity of descriptive passages. Sketches of scenery he has now and then, seldom, however, choosing the obviously picturesque. There are few of the purple patches which even in Scott we skip. But his real strength lies in depicting interiors and all the inanimate things which yet have a human character stamped upon them.

Every reader of Balzac will remember the terrible *catalogues raisonnés*, duller than a blue book, from which we must painfully select, as best we may, materials for the *mise-en-scène*. Mr. Barrie's procedure is very different. In the *Window in Thrums*, for instance, the opening sketch of Jess's house is left little more than an outline; but by the end of the book nearly every article in the cottage has been mentioned in a way to show that the writer has it clear before his mind's eye. The reader notices the details, then forgets them; but his mind, by an unconscious process, makes up with them the total picture: just as a bush looks green a hundred yards off, though a single leaf seen at that distance will give no impression of colour. You will forget that Jess liked to have beef and brose in separate courses because she had three whole plates and two cracked ones (p. 95); but no matter—the fact will, without your knowing it, help you to picture to yourself Jess and her household. Thus the description keeps pace by progressive touches with the story, and gradually each figure is delineated, not against a conventional background, but in the setting which choice or chance has created for it. This art, although Mr. Barrie has scarcely a superior in it, is yet far from peculiar to him. It is characteristic of the modern novel, and in this one respect, perhaps, it may be said that the fiction of to-day has advanced on that of fifty years ago. Compare in this treatment of accessories Zola with Balzac, and Pierre Loti with Zola: is there not a steady and unmistakeable progress towards a genuinely artistic ideal? Where in English novels written half a century back would you find a story where characters and scene are so indivisibly united to the mind as in Mr. Marion Crawford's *Cigarette-Maker's Romance*?

What peculiarly distinguishes Mr. Barrie's art, and gives it its most modern character, is its uncompromising realism—natural enough in a journalist. If a man has spent years in trying to reproduce with the crispest and most vivid touch attainable exactly what happened in the daylight of the world—and this is the method of the best journalism—he is likely to people the world of his own creation with singularly definite phantoms.

Mr. Kipling is a realist too, but of a less genuine type. His work does not equally carry conviction, because of his tendency to give undue prominence to the things we do not wish to look at. If a writer is inclined to parade as a discovery what the wise world has determined to avert its eyes from, his realism, be it ever so sincere, becomes suspect of affectation; it ceases to ring true. It is high praise, no doubt, to say of realistic work that it comes as a revelation, showing us what we never saw before in what we have always had before our eyes; but it may be a still worthier achievement never to have degenerated into caricature. Mr. Kipling has flashes of revelation undoubtedly, and that not seldom; but we cannot give him the other praise. To Mr. Barrie both rightfully belong, and this is the triumph of realism. Sometimes the things he tells us are such as we had rather not believe—the 'Tragedy of a Wife,' for instance—the woman who determined that her worthless husband should be respected, and therefore cut herself off from her neighbours, living and dying scorned and misunderstood, that they might not see into the secret of his tyranny and hypocrisy. Instances of this kind are hard to find in Mr. Barrie, and even here the ugliness is redeemed by the wife's last words, dying *splendide mendax*, loyal at least to her wifehood. 'Ay,' she said with her last breath, 'Sanders has been a guid man to me.'<sup>1</sup> Oftener they are touches of a religiousness in word and deed harder still to make convincing; but in either case we cannot do other than believe. Sometimes humour comes in to heighten the realism, as in Jess's last words to the minister after her bereavement: 'Na, my mind is no nane set on the vanities o' the world noo. I kenna hoo I could ever hae haen sic an ambeetion to hae thae stuff-bottomed chairs.' Or sometimes the simple dignity of human nature smothered our sense of the ludicrous, as in the telling how Hendry McQumpha flung back the money that a lodger paid to Jess on the Sabbath to test an Auld Licht's principles. 'Take back yer siller,' he said, laying it on the table, 'an' leave my hoose. Man, you're a pitiable crittur to tak the chance, when I was oot, o' playin' upon the poverty o' an onweel woman.'<sup>2</sup> If in either of these passages the humour or the pathos had been in the least forced we should have rejected the whole as stagey or hypocritical; as it is they are convincing in their sincerity. Mr. Kipling sets us wondering, thrills us, shocks us, or all but the most hardened among us, offends us often, and we resent it, for it seems done in wantonness; but at the end, as in the beginning, he fascinates us. His

<sup>1</sup> *A Window in Thrums*, p. 113.<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 173.

work has something tropical in the vigour, the colour, and the rankness of its growth. Mr. Barrie's scenes are sad and sober-coloured throughout; Babbie's green skirt and rowan-berries flash across Thrums like a meteor. His harmonies are faint, but there is never a discord. After all the younger man is describing a land of garish sunshine and the contrast of two jarring civilizations; it is in a natural but not an ungrateful spirit that we turn from his feverish energy to rest in the gray, quiet atmosphere of Mr. Barrie's art, and refresh our minds with its piety and unostentatious truth.<sup>1</sup>

It is the truth he deals in, lovingly but unsparingly told. How unsparingly it is worth while to consider.

Nobody, we suppose, nowadays holds the sentimental fallacy that attributes social convention and social prejudice solely to the leisured and wealthier classes. Perhaps, however, it is less generally realized that custom lies with its heaviest weight precisely upon the poorest and least joyous existences, 'heavy as frost and deep almost as life.' The vagrant or the gipsy may be unconventional, but not the working man. Daily labour with its wearing round seems to stiffen and hamper the free movements of the mind as it hardens the hand and rusts the joints. We are apt to talk of the self-restraint of English society, and its unwillingness to betray emotion. A Scotch weaver, Mr. Barrie tells us, will not caress his children, scarcely even speak kindly to them, except in secret. Love matches may be far from the rule in our world; in Thrums they are scarcely known or imagined. Even when such love exists as Jess's husband bore her, it is smothered and shamefaced and inarticulate, like a man who has forgotten his native speech. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.' Dreary days these weavers had, where the glory of life is checked and stunted to foster an unnatural zeal for an uncharitable religion. Yet if the people whom Mr. Barrie draws with such sympathy are

<sup>1</sup> We wish to salve our consciences with another quotation from Schopenhauer: 'It is a very dangerous thing to compare two great men of the same class—for instance, two great poets or musicians or philosophers or artists—because injustice to the one or to the other, at least for the moment, can hardly be avoided. For in making a comparison of the kind, the critic looks to some particular merit of the one and at once discovers that it is absent in the other, who is thereby disparaged. And then, if the process is reversed, and the critic begins with the latter [*sic*] and discovers his peculiar merit, which is quite of a different order from that presented by the former, with whom it may be looked for in vain, the result is that both of them suffer undue depreciation.'—'On Criticism,' *Art of Literature*, p. 88. We trust, however, to have disparaged neither Mr. Barrie nor Mr. Kipling.

hardly of the heroic cast, they have the stuff of martyrs in them. Not to do great things, but greatly to suffer is given to them; and there is, perhaps, no nobler strain in human nature than their steady self-respect, maintained in a lifelong grapple with griping poverty. The one overruling fear, the enemy of enemies, is not death but the poor-house.

Mr. Barrie's literary output is not overwhelming in quantity; but while he keeps to Thrums its general quality never deteriorates. *Auld Licht Idylls* contained some of his very best work, both humorous and pathetic. The 'Courting of Tnow-head's Bell' is generally quoted as the most amusing of all the stories; and for sheer pathos Mr. Barrie has done nothing better than the story of Cree Queery and Mysie Drolly. Subject and treatment are alike so characteristic of the author that it is worth quoting from, however well known:

'The children used to fling stones at Grinder Queery, because he loved his mother. I never heard the grinder's real name. He and his mother were Queery and Drolly, contemptuously so called, and they answered to their names. . . . Before Cree settled down as a weaver he was knife and scissors grinder for three counties. And Mysie, his mother, accompanied him wherever he went. Mysie trudged alongside him till her eyes grew dim and her limbs failed her, and then Cree was told that she must be sent to the paupers' home. After that a pitiable and beautiful sight was to be seen. Grinder Queery, already a feeble man, would wheel his grindstone along the long highroad, leaving Mysie behind. He took the stone on a few hundred yards, and then, hiding it by the roadside in a ditch or behind a paling, returned for his mother. Her he led—sometimes he almost carried her—to the place where the grindstone lay, and thus by double journeys kept her with him. Everyone said that Mysie's death would be a merciful release—everyone but Cree.'<sup>1</sup>

But the *Window in Thrums* marked a great advance. By a skilful device Mr. Barrie selected a form which, while it gave a loose but artistic unity to his work, enabled him to avoid his besetting difficulty in composition. The work (as we explained) does not formally tell a story. Nine of the twenty-two chapters are studies of Jess's acquaintance or Hendry's friends, and have nothing to do with the main interest of the book. Yet it tells us all that is needed for a knowledge of this household, so strongly bound together by love.

The first chapter describes the house and its station at the top of the brae, above the dip or hollow in which lies Thrums. The second opens thus:

<sup>1</sup> *Auld Licht Idylls*, pp. 145-7.

"Ay, well, then, Leeby," said Jess suddenly, "I'll warrant the minister 'll no be preaching the morn."

"This took Leeby to the window.

"Yea, yea," she said, and I knew she was nodding her head sagaciously. I looked out at the room window, but all I could see was a man wheeling an empty barrow down the brae.

"That's Robbie Tosh," continued Leeby; "and there's nae doot that he's makkin' for the minister's, for he has on his black coat. He'll be to row the minister's luggage to the post cart. Aye, and that's Davit Lunan's barrow. I ken it by the shafts being spliced with yarn. Davit broke the shaft at the saw-mill."

"He'll begaen awa' for a curran" (number of) "days," said Jess, "or he would just hae taen his bag. Ay, he'll be awa to Edinbory to see the lass."

"I wonder wha'll be to preach the morn. Tod it'll likely be Mr. Skinner fra Dundee. Him and the minister's chief, ye ken."<sup>1</sup>

And so they proceed by a much complicated process of induction to establish who the preacher will be, where he will lodge, and what he will have for dinner, and even breakfast, and 'it turned out that Jess was right in every particular' (p. 18).

Is not that an admirable way of showing how the active mind triumphs over the crippled body? Jess has her finger on the pulse of Thrums. She is even in the fashion, though she never stirs out, and the chapter about the 'Cloak with Beads' is one of the most charming things in the book. 'Visitors at the Manse' is in the same key, and so is 'Preparing to Receive Company.' There is something feminine in the minuteness of observation which Mr. Barrie shows in these chapters. Jess could scarcely have said of him, 'Ay, ay, bein' a man he wouldna think to take off the chintz and hae a look at the chair withoot it' (p. 13). And yet how essentially masculine is his delight in the conclusion (after the strategic disposition of the furniture and the descent of the women upon Hendry with clean collar and razor):

'I was upstairs, but I heard Jess say, "Dear me, if it's not Mrs. Curly—and Mr. Curly! And hoo are ye? Come in, by. Weel, this is indeed a pleasant surprise!"' (p. 25).

But Mr. Barrie knows too well to make the mistake of putting all these together, and very early in the book comes the alarm of diphtheria, and 'Waiting for the Doctor.' It needs this shock to force Hendry's love to break through the crust of silent years and show itself. And even then—though there is a touch of tragedy in these pages—it turns, as always,

<sup>1</sup> *A Window in Thrums*, p. 10.



to pathos; the pity of it, to see this man dumbly struggling with his sorrow and his love.

'His terms of endearment had died out thirty-nine years before with his courtship. He had forgotten the words. For his life he could not have crossed over to Jess and put his arm round her. Yet he was uneasy. His eyes wandered round the poorly-lit room.

"Will ye hae a drink o' watter?" he asked' (p. 30).

These men can only speak of their inmost heart to God. There is so much faith in these books that this, perhaps, is why the tragedy will still turn to pathos. Even the tragedy of Jess's life—the first-born son, 'Dead this twenty year'—is subdued into a resignation that has little earthly in it.

The note is still the same, even in the last chapters, which do continuously tell a story—the story of James's goodness, his home-comings and his home-sendings, Jess's hunger for him, and Leeby's love, that used to shame him when he was a boy with other boys in Thrums; the glove found in his pocket, the token of a lassie in London, harbinger of sorrow, and Jess's jealousy of it; then the last night and the last parting of these folk that were never to meet again. For Leeby died, and Jamie ceased writing, and no more registered letters came; and Hendry died, yoked to his loom, whither fear of the poor-house for Jess had driven him in the delirium of a fever; and Jess died too, with her eye ever on the corner of the brae, where Jamie came not. And at the last Jamie came—and there indeed is tragedy, when he found the house tenanted by faces that did not know him.

"Rest," he said, like aye speaking to 'imself'; "na, there's nae mair rest for me" (p. 212).

Yet this too turns to softness in the end, for Jamie mounts the brae again to ask after the furniture of the house; and all he could hear of was the staff.

"A little staff," he said; "it was near black wi' age. She couldna gang frae the bed to her chair without it. It was broadened oot at the foot wi' her leanin' on it sae muckle" (p. 214).

Jamie gets the staff from the dominie and returns to the house, where he asks to be left alone for a little while. And Mr. Barrie too closes the door on him, for the woman, though her little child was left with him, 'never kent what he did, for the bairn juist aye greets when I speir at her' (p. 216).

We have dwelt on this book at some length, because we

consider it the best example of Mr. Barrie's powers, and we had rather dwell on them than upon his limitations. It is not only in construction that it excels the *Auld Licht Idylls*; its chief charm lies in its marvellous studies of women; though in this it is equalled by *The Little Minister*, where Margaret Dishart, Nanny Webster, and Jean are all fit to take rank as creations with Jess and Leeby, or, for the matter of that, with Jeanie Deans herself. But how singularly drawn these women are. It is not that Mr. Barrie is insensible of the witchery of woman. On the contrary. Any man would allow that Mary and Nell, the two young ladies in *When a Man's Single*, are very charming indeed. But a woman would probably take little interest in them, and call them the heroines of a young man's novel. Babbie, in *The Little Minister*, is a much more elaborate study, and to our mind she is enough to turn the head of many Gavins. But is she quite convincing? For our own part we are too willing to be convinced to offer an opinion on the matter. Jess and these other folk are in a very different category. The virtues of woman are in them, and her faults, which Mr. Barrie handles so lovingly, but of the glamour of womanhood not a trace. The truth is Mr. Barrie, like most other writers, succeeds best when he views a subject from outside. Not that he is not in the fullest sympathy with Jess and Hendry; but he can see them as they really are just because they are wholly different from himself. This is the condition of all humorous creation—as distinct from the creation of a Hamlet, an Othello, an Iago, a Shylock—and it is only the characters so created that we can hold aloof from us at arm's length and see as a rounded whole. Mr. Barrie sees these people in their own surroundings, which are familiar and yet not natural to him. He is in Thrums, and yet not of it; living in a world of thought illuminated otherwise than Hendry's is or Lang Tammass's; conscious of cross lights that escape them. And the women he draws are Thrums women, all but Margaret, of whose love story little is said; and in Thrums they laugh incredulously at the thought of 'places where little hands is thocht muckle o'.<sup>1</sup> A man in Thrums chooses his wife for her strength and skill in work, as one who may have to take his place at the loom. Lasses in Thrums preferred the first man who asked them, and they say there, not Whom did he or she marry? but 'Wha did she get?' and 'Wha did he tak?' which is significant.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Barrie, drawing pictures of Thrums, was bound

<sup>1</sup> *When a Man's Single*, p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> *Little Minister*, p. 22.

to draw such women as are produced by these conditions. There is not much of Helen in them; but there is an infinite deal that fills him with wonder and amazement at their quickness of mind, their helpfulness, their romance, and their love.

Of *When a Man's Single* little more needs to be said. The book as a whole oddly recalls Mr. Kipling's *Light that Failed*. Each shows a young and brilliant writer, who is also a journalist, trying to turn to account his first impressions of the roar and rush of London. And Rob Angus, we suspect, bears to Mr. Barrie the same kind of ideal relationship which obviously exists between Dick Heldar and the author of *Barrack-Room Ballads*. The story is full of charming people, and altogether bright and pleasant; but it was handicapped by carrying a kind of prologue, a tragic episode of Rob's last days as a saw-miller, which is told in Mr. Barrie's finest and most poetic style; the loss of Davie Dundas, the tiny orphan girl round whom all Rob's cares had come to centre. These two chapters, heavy with hints of impending fate, are essential to the story; they show what manner of man Rob was and come of what manner of people. But they are too strong, and leave us out of tune for the lighter scenes that follow.

*The Little Minister* is clearly Mr. Barrie's most ambitious work, and therefore to us the most disappointing. Again the scene is laid in Thrums, but a wider range of characters and interests is introduced. Indeed, it is astonishing how the stage is peopled with real personages. And as regards the composition, Mr. Barrie, on the whole, comes very well out of the difficult task he has set himself; for the teller of the story is Gavin Ogilvy, the dominie of Glen Quharity, and he is the father of Gavin Dishart, though the little minister does not know it. Margaret, Gavin's mother, married a seaman first, Adam Dishart, who disappeared and was believed to be drowned. Then she wedded her rejected student lover, the dominie, and bore him a son; and then Adam Dishart came again and ruined two lives. It was eighteen years later that Margaret and her son came to the manse in Thrums, and the dominie avoided his old love, so that she lived and died unconscious that the father of her son was within five miles of her.

Thus a double interest has to be sustained throughout the book. The dominie's yearning for Margaret, whom he does not meet, and the overpowering instinct of motherhood in her, under which lurks a terror of the past, must be held in view, as well as the hopes and fears of Gavin and Babbie, the

young lovers ; and Mr. Barrie keeps the balance of his composition very wisely. Nor is this all. Babbie's nocturnal visit to the manse, old Nanny's deliverance from the poor-house, the saving of Lord Rintoul, and above all the precentor's 'interview' with Margaret Dishart, when he comes in 'the name of the congregation' to denounce to her her son, and is abashed before her tenderness of the lad—these, and other scenes too, show a dramatic power and intensity of which the earlier books afford no instance, and some of the lighter passages between Gavin and Babbie are excellent comedy.

But there are other chapters where the failure is marked, notably the account of Babbie's capture by Rob Dow, the fanatic, who would drown her to save the soul of Gavin, whom he loves. Mr. Barrie cannot play on our fears as he can on our pity ; his tragedy lacks the *φόβος* of Aristotle's definition, and pity without terror will not make a tragedy. This is a serious limitation, and one which must affect him in all his work. Another radical weakness we have already touched upon. Between scene and scene the interest invariably flags, and to tell the truth the book, considering its excellence, is not a hard one to lay down. The writer has not the spell which drags one, a panting captive, from chapter to chapter, from volume to volume, concerned about nothing in the world save what is to happen next, and how it will all end. The plot is logically constructed and the links well forged, and wherever there is dialogue all goes admirably. Yet in certain passages Mr. Barrie seems to fall below the subject. Nothing, for instance, could be better imagined than to make Gavin's coming to Thrums coincide with the night attack upon the town to seize the rioters ; and the temper of the people is both forcibly and humorously displayed. But in the actual *mêlée* the story seems to lose its way, and wanders here and there confusedly. The same unfortunately is true of the account of the great storm which at the end of the book balances the riot at the beginning. So many things pass simultaneously, and we cannot think that Mr. Barrie makes all quite clear. We do not wholly understand how Lord Rintoul gets into the burn, to begin with ; and is it captious to ask how an improvised cord drags two men out of a stream which broke a rope with nothing at the end of it but a casting stone ? These, however, are details which, were Charles Reade, for instance, the narrator, we should forget to think of. But here the storyteller's gift is wanting—that art of narrating, the magician's wand, which no force of thought or charm of style can replace, and which unjust gods, though they bestowed it

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so lavishly upon a writer like Whyte Melville, have denied to Mr. Barrie.

How much journalism has had to say to this result is a question. Has it cramped Mr. Barrie's wings? Certainly even that born story-teller Mr. Kipling seems good for little but short flights, and we are disposed to lay the blame of this on his training. But, journalism or no journalism, we do not believe that Mr. Barrie would ever have found in himself the narrative faculty. What seems plain is that, had he not been a journalist, we should never have known what the braid cost that adorned the little minister's overcoat, 'the pale brown one, wi' the braid on't.' "Three bawbees a yard at Kyowow's," replied Nanny promptly, "and your mother sewed it on. Sam'l Fairweather has the marrows o't on his topcoat. No that it has the same look on him."<sup>1</sup>

It is impossible to conclude without saying a word or two about the humour which is so admirable a feature of these books.

Mr. Barrie has two humours, one for London wear. He has even come forward in one book, *My Lady Nicotine*, as a humourist pure and simple, and a humourist of the very latest type. The story of the smoking-table might have been told by Mr. J. K. Jerome in a chastened fit of style; and there is a good deal more of the same sort in *When a Man's Single*. Indeed, Mr. Barrie takes liberties with his readers and repeats—not anonymously—in these two books one joke about a pipe (altered in the second to a stick) which lost its head in the presence of ladies.<sup>2</sup> Readers of papers have short memories, no doubt, but a signed pleasantry is always on record against a man. This sort of humour, which has a recognized organ of its own nowadays, and Mr. Jerome for its official exponent, is perhaps not quite convincing to everyone. But every age, every decade even, has a humour of its own, which passes excellently for half a generation and then fades away like an ancient music-hall song. The chaff between Mercutio and Romeo falls a little flat now, though it shows us the fashion of the day in wit. But when Mercutio is hit under Romeo's arm there is humour, though humour of a very different kind in the scene which shows a man not afraid of death, but vexed at the manner of his killing. 'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat to scratch a man to death—a braggart, a rogue, a villain that fights by the book of arithmetic!'

In this humour, as in true poetry, there are no fashions.

<sup>1</sup> *The Little Minister*, p. 167.

<sup>2</sup> See *When a Man's Single*, p. 135, and *My Lady Nicotine*, p. 36.

Dame Quickly might be a contemporary of Mrs. Berry in *Richard Feverel*. And of this essential humour that is not a trick of talk, but the spirit of a man's whole nature, Mr. Barrie has no grudging share. Here is part of the 'Statement of Tibbie Birse':—

"'Though I should be struck deid this night,' Tibbie whispered, and the sibilants hissed between her few remaining teeth, "I wasna sae muckle as speired to the layin' oot. There was Mysy Cruick-shanks there, an' Kitty Wobster 'at was nae friends to the corpse to speak o'; but Marget passed by me, me 'at is her ain flesh and blood, though it mayna be for the like o' me to say it. It's gospel truth, Jess, I tell ye, when I say 'at, for all I ken officially, as ye might say, Pete Lownie may be weel and hearty this day. If I was to meet Marget in the face I couldna say he was deid, though I ken 'at the wricht coffined him; na, and what's mair I wouldna gie Marget the satisfaction o' hearin' me say it. . . . No, Jess, I tell ye, I dinna pretend to be on an equality with Marget, but equality or no equality, a body has her feelings, and lat on 'at Pete's gone I will not. Eh? Ou, weel . . .

"'An' I tell ye, I says to the minister, 'if there was one body 'at had a richt to be at the bural o' Pete Lownie it was Davit Lunan, him bein' my man an' Marget my ain sister. Yes,' says I, 'though am no o' the boastin' kind, Davit had maist richt to be there next to Pete 'imself'. Ou, Jess . . ."

It must be gratifying for Scotchmen to reflect that, although their nation has not a reputation for jokes, unquestionably their literature has been singularly fertile in humourists. Not to talk of Burns and Scott, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Barrie have more pretensions to genuine humour than most living writers. It is true Mr. Barrie will not allow Mr. Stevenson to be a Scot in the bone. However that may be, Scotch humour has the quality of printing well. Dean Ramsay's book proved this to demonstration. It is quotable, being generally packed into very small compass. Irish humour, on the other hand, which is by general consent lavishly distributed through the race, has seldom been successfully reproduced. Perhaps humour in print is one thing and humour in talk another; perhaps Irish humour is still waiting for its *vates sacer*, as certainly the great Irish novel has yet to be written.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A Window in Thrums*, p. 62.

<sup>2</sup> It would be wrong not to mention a very remarkable book which has appeared this year—*Irish Idylls*, by Jane Barlow. Miss Barlow in sympathy and truth of presentment scarcely falls behind her model: we say 'her model' advisedly, because the title is almost an acknowledgment of a debt which Miss Barlow can well afford to recognize; nor could a higher tribute be paid to any author than to be thus imitated. Anyone interested in Ireland or Irish literature ought to read the book.



The best representative of it in contemporary fiction is undoubtedly Private Terence Mulvaney, late of her Majesty's forces in India. We really cannot do more than suggest another parallel between Mr. Kipling and Mr. Barrie; but it is rather the Scotch and Irish humours we wish to compare. Mulvaney, like Tammas Haggart, was recognized among his friends as a brilliant conversationalist. If anyone wants to see how they talked he may read (or re-read) the 'Taking of Lungtungpen'<sup>1</sup> and that chapter of the *Window in Thrums* which is entitled 'The Power of Beauty.' Then I think he will perceive that, while Mulvaney is a conscious artist, Tammas is something of a humourist *malgré lui*. Mulvaney plays on his audience like a fiddle; Tammas is most irresistible when he is most in earnest, and indeed he is partly aware of this himself.

"Is that a' the story?" asked Tnowhead. Tammas had been looking at us queerly.

"There's no nane o' ye lauchin'," he said, "but I can assure ye the Earl's son gaed east the toon lauchin' like onything."

"But what was't he lauched at?"

"Ou," said Tammas, "a humourist doesna tell whaur the humour comes in."

"No, but when you said that did ye mean it to be humorous?"

"Am no sayin' I did; but, as I've been tellin' ye, humour spouts oot by itsel'."

"Ay, but do ye ken noo what the Earl's son gaed awa' lauchin' at?"

"Tammas hesitated.

"I dinna exactly see it," he confessed, "but that's no an uncommon thing. A humourist would often no ken 'at he was ane if it wasna by the wy he maks other fowk lauch. A body canna be expectit baith to mak the joke an' to see't. Na, that would be doin' twa fowks' wark."

"Weel, that's reasonable enough; but I've often seen ye lauchin'," said Hendry, "lang afore other fowk lauched."

"Nae doubt," Tammas explained, "an' that's because humour has twa sides, juist like a pennypiece. When I say a humorous thing mysel' I'm dependent on other fowk to tak note o' the humour o't, bein' mysel' ta'en up wi' the makkin' o't. Ay, but there's things I see an' hear 'at maks me lauch, an' that's the other side o' humour."

"I never heard it put sae plain afore," said Tnowhead.

There is nothing heady, nothing contagious in Mr. Barrie's humour; it would never betray us into an indiscretion. These Scots are serious even in their laughter; but Mr. Barrie's laugh is never bitter nor contemptuous; and now and then his humour, with its intellectual quality, goes deep into the heart of things instead of flickering over the surface of them.

<sup>1</sup> In *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

But the pleasantest thing of all about these books is the temper in which the work is done. One may safely predict that here is a man who will be true to his own ideal ; that he will not swerve from truth of representation to produce mere prettiness, nor yet overstep the modesty of nature to arrest attention. It is pleasant above all to think that life may be looked fairly and squarely in the face, and the truth told about it without offence to any instinct or sentiment that deserves protection, and that human misery, and squalor even, may be envisaged with the deepest and most understanding pity which yet has no kinship with despair. A literature can hardly be in decadence which bears such branches as this.

#### ART. V.—JOSEPHUS AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

1. *Flavii Josephi Opera*. Edidit et apparatu critico instruxit BENEDICTUS NIESE. (Berolini apud Weidmannos, A.D. M.DCCC.LXXXII., A.D. M.DCCC.XCII.)
2. *The Works of Flavius Josephus*. Whiston's Translation. Revised by the Rev. A. R. SHILLETO, M.A., some time Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. With Topographical Notes by Sir C. W. WILSON, K.C.M.G. (London, 1889.)
3. *Rome et la Judée*. Par le Comte DE CHAMPAGNY. Tomes V et VI des *Etudes sur l'Empire Romain*. Quatrième édition. (Paris, 1876.)
4. *Herzog: Real-Encyklopädie*, siebenter Band, Art. 'Josephus Flavius,' von H. PARET. (Stuttgart und Hamburg, 1857.)
5. *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, Art. 'Josephus,' by the Rev. W. ELDER. Edited by Sir WM. SMITH, LL.D. (London, 1847.)
6. *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, Art. 'Josephus,' by the Rev. Dr. EDERSHEIM. Edited by Sir WM. SMITH and Professor WACE. (London, 1882.)
7. *A Religious Encyclopædia, based on the 'Real-Encyklopädie' of Herzog, Plitt, and Hauk*. Vol. II., Art. 'Josephus,' by EMIL SCHÜRER. Edited by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. (Edinburgh, 1883.)

WHILE the world lasts the question of evidence must ever occupy a large and important space in the thoughts and words and actions of mankind. With regard to its bearing

on the Christian religion Coleridge is reported to have spoken somewhat on this wise: that he considered the evidence for Christianity in his own day to be at least equal to that enjoyed in earlier ages, and that he should not be surprised if he were told that it was greater. True, the early Christians had some advantages over us, but then we had what they had not—the proof of its applicability to varied climes and centuries, and its sympathy with all the higher forms of civilization. This was the sentiment of what few will doubt to have been a philosophic mind.

Darwin, as Mr. Knowling at the outset of his valuable volume<sup>1</sup> reminds us, spoke very differently. He lamented pathetically his loss of faith, and he dreamt of possible discoveries of letters and manuscripts which should confirm in the most striking manner the Gospel narratives. Mr. Knowling replies, and proceeds elaborately to prove, that we are already in possession of such letters; that the Epistles of St. Paul are contemporary written evidence, and ought, if Darwin had duly studied them, to have proved a sufficient answer to his demand. For corroboration of this position by Dr. Matheson and others we may refer to p. 256 in the last No. of this Review.

But it is no new spectacle to find that men of the highest genius may fail to appreciate knowledge which is not within their own sphere—knowledge for the mastery of which they have no time, and possibly only a limited capacity. We doubt whether Darwin was at all competent to understand the evidence on behalf of Christianity which appealed so forcibly to Coleridge, and we conceive it to be possible that if Mr. Knowling's powerful and elaborate argument had been placed before him, he would still have craved for some more absolutely external testimony rather than that of a devoted adherent to the faith, who from having been its fiery persecutor lived and died as a martyr for its truth.

Although we consider the appeals to the evidence of St. Paul made by Lord Lyttelton, by Paley, by Mr. Knowling to be, each in their way, most forcible and sufficient, yet we have known persons thoroughly loyal to the faith, who would have been glad, more for the sake of others than themselves, to have some little additional testimony more entirely from outside. The scantiness of such evidence has been touched upon by Dean Merivale in a volume containing four sermons published some years since. He suggests that outside critics

<sup>1</sup> *The Witness of the Epistles: a Study in Modern Criticism.* By the Rev. R. J. Knowling, M.A., vice-principal of King's College, London.

regarded Christianity simply as a new species of philosophy. They had seen the Epicureans and Academicians have their day, and Stoicism, nobler and more potent, was waning; indeed it was shortly, as has been well said, about to expire with Marcus Aurelius upon a throne. Why should men trouble themselves about one more such effort?

It must not, however, be forgotten that what little of external evidence we do possess is excellent of its kind. The notices of Tacitus, the famous letter of Pliny, are each admirable in their way. But there is another witness who has not, in the opinion of the present writer, received the full amount of attention which he deserves. We refer to Flavius Josephus.

From one point of view there is at least a special fitness for present attention to this writer. The long-promised edition of Professor Niese, who on the subject of the text of our author has for many years made himself a specialist, at length lies before us, and to his edition all our references will be made. Moreover those who are unable to read Josephus in the original can have now at hand the revised translation of Whiston's version made by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, though it is, perhaps, unfortunate that this seemingly able and competent scholar has only been able to avail himself of the text of Dindorf.

We propose to bring before our readers the way in which Josephus is a witness for certain features of the Christian religion, especially in connexion with the history revealed to us in the pages of the Holy Gospels.

It will be understood that in thus summoning Josephus we are not intending to describe him as a saint, a patriot, nor (except during one brief episode) as a hero. It may, indeed, be here objected that character deeply affects our opinion of a man's testimony: This is no doubt true; but it must often happen that the presence of certain faults and defects, though it may impair the credibility of a witness, does not by any means annihilate the value of his evidence. Let us glance, by way of illustration, at a few examples either of contemporaneous witnesses or of gifted investigators.

Eusebius has lately been rising in estimation. Bishop Lightfoot has ably defended him against the too severe strictures of Gibbon, of Dean Alford, and of Cardinal Newman;<sup>1</sup> and a recent American critic, as has been shown in

<sup>1</sup> Nothing can be happier than the following: 'Dr. Newman adds in a note, "In this association of the Eusebian with the eclectic temper it must not be forgotten that Julian the Apostate was the pupil of Eusebius

this Review, has spoken still more favourably of the tone and temper of this Church historian. Still Eusebius is not a man who carries us away, like an Ambrose, a Cyprian, or an Athanasius; but, notwithstanding the lower level at which we place him, he has fairly earned from Christendom at large an imperishable debt of gratitude. How much is there in which we can safely believe him, which without his learning and industry would have been wholly lost.

Again, Principal Robertson will hardly, we suppose, be eulogized by Scotsmen as one of the best specimens of the national Presbyterianism. Dean Ramsay, we understand, was fond of quoting the letter in which Robertson said to Gibbon that some ultra-Christians had objected to his (Gibbon's) celebrated fifteenth chapter, the famous chapter in which Gibbon attempts to account for the success of Christianity by purely natural causes. And yet if Robertson had left us nothing but his *Life of Charles the Fifth* he would have rendered a signal service to our historical knowledge. And then, again, as regards Gibbon himself, how is it possible to like the man, who being, as a living historian truly states, 'unhappy in his school and in his masters, in his moral views and spiritual training, approached' his great theme, 'with all his mighty powers, under a cloud of ignoble prejudices'?<sup>1</sup> How can we admire his perpetual sneers, his fondness for low scandal, or even that support which in his latest day he lent to the Church of England, not as a teacher of truth, but simply as a useful bulwark against the progress of that storm which threatened to abolish not only all religious establishments, but even the squirearchy of the land? And yet, despite these grave and serious drawbacks, Gibbon, by his exhaustive powers of research, by his keen perception of what was most essential to his object, by his large admissions in moments of candour, and by his marvellous skill in arrangement, has left us a work which must ever remain among the first-class books of the world.

In like manner we claim for Josephus that, despite many faults of character and marked partialities, he may on a large number of subjects be accepted as a competent and, in the main, a trustworthy witness.

of Nicomedia, his kinsman." It will fare ill with us all, if we are held responsible for the opinions of our brothers and cousins; but there is no reason for believing that Eusebius of Nicomedia was any relation of Eusebius of Caesarea. Let us imagine the Cardinal being held responsible for the acts and writings of his brother Francis, or for one of that brother's pupils!

<sup>1</sup> Merivale, *Roman Emperors*, vol. viii. chap. lxviii.

It is convenient to adopt the division of authorities which has been so impressed upon us of late by students of Germany, the division into *sources* and *literature*. The sources in the case of Josephus are not very numerous. We have in the first place his own writings. Of these the earlier may be compared with certain portions of Tacitus, with some hints from Philo, and above all with the pages of the New Testament. His subsequent writings bring us into contact with the Old Testament history. But though the sources are few the literature is immense. The English reader has before him the works of Milman, of Merivale, and of Dr. Mill; the article by Mr. Elder in Smith's *Greek and Roman Biography*, and above all the elaborate and well-nigh exhaustive article of Dr. Edersheim in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, edited by Sir William Smith and Professor Wace. This last-named article may almost seem to dispense with the need of foreign aid; but we have not failed to study for ourselves the German writers Schürer and Paret, and the 'Rome et la Judée' of the Count de Champagny in his invaluable *Etudes sur l'Empire Romain*.

We feel, however, compelled before proceeding further to make some special remarks on the case of Dr. Edersheim. We are well aware that his knowledge of the Hebrew language is a matter on which opposite opinions are held. But on the subject now before us the question of Hebraic learning can only indirectly affect the matter, whether we regard knowledge of the sources or of the literature. Dr. Edersheim is probably here at his best; and it may be reasonably inquired why—as will prove to be the case—we are not always able to adopt his views. The reason is simply this: Jewish writers, with one rare exception, entertain a natural prejudice against the memory of the man who, while the majority of his countrymen were suffering danger, exile, tortures, and death, contrived to secure for himself ease, comfort, comparative luxury, and the friendship of the great among the enemies and oppressors of his native land. Dr. Edersheim was aware of this, and has made special reference to it; but the consciousness of a danger by no means secures us from falling into it. He is aware of the intense feeling against Josephus; nevertheless he does not suspect himself of being frequently inclined to place the worst construction on the words and acts of the historian. But it is high time to turn from the question of authorities to the actual theme which we have undertaken to discuss.

We propose to divide our subject into two main sections—

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I. the career of Josephus ; II. the testimony borne by the writings of Josephus. This is a somewhat rough division, and the separate parts must in some degree interlace. Still it will, we trust, conduce to clearness. It may also aid our readers if we venture to set before them the following brief chronological tables :

<i>Events in Life of Josephus</i>		<i>Events in Church History</i>		<i>Roman Emperors</i>	
	A. D.		A. D.		A. D.
Birth . . . . .	37 or 38	Martyrdom of St. Stephen . . . . .	34	Tiberius	14-37
Joins the Essenes (age 16 to 19) . . . . .	54-57	Conversion of St. Paul	35	Caligula	37-41
Leaves them and joins Pharisees . . . . .	57-61	Possible visit of St. Peter to Rome . . . . .	41	Claudius	41-54
Visits Rome (age 26) . . . . .	63 or 64	St. Paul sent to Rome by Festus . . . . .	61	Nero	54-68
Joins the peace party . . . . .	64-66	First Persecution by Nero . . . . .	64	Galba	68-69
Governor of Galilee. Defence of Jotapata	67	Probable martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul . . . . .	65	Otho	69
Taken captive. Three years in chains . . . . .	67-70	Second persecution of Christians under Domitian . . . . .	95	Vitellius	69-70
Vespasian proclaimed emperor. He gives Josephus liberty. Titus captures and destroys Jerusalem . . . . .	70			Vespasian	69-79
Josephus obtains lands, pension, citizenship, about . . . . .	70			Titus	79-81
Publishes <i>Wars of the Jews</i> . . . . .	75 or 80			Domitian	81-96
Autobiography—doubtful, but after . . . . .	81			Nerva	96-98
Publishes <i>Jewish Antiquities</i> (age 56) . . . . .	94			Trajan	98-117
Work against Apion, about . . . . .	95				
Death uncertain, but after . . . . .	100				

I. The career of Josephus. Josephus was born in Jerusalem in A.D. 37 or 38. This date is almost contemporary with the death of the first Christian martyr, St. Stephen. His father, Matthias, was a priest, belonging to the first of the twenty-four courses instituted by David and referred to by the Evangelist St. Luke.<sup>1</sup> He was connected with the family of Annas and Caiaphas. On his mother's side there was a strain of Asmonean blood, and he was thus distantly connected with the noble and famous Maccabees. Josephus started, therefore, with the advantage of a good social position.

<sup>1</sup> 1 Chron. xxiv. 1-19; St. Luke i. 5.

His father was also a well-educated man, and gave the son a good education in Jewish lore. Visitors to the house, finding him a boy of quick parts, seem to have taken pleasure in plying him with questions on the Law. Such a proceeding may probably have amused them; but when Josephus boldly asserts that they were really seeking advice from a lad of fifteen or sixteen respecting their conduct, we can only regard this statement as a proof of the inordinate vanity which from time to time he was accustomed to display.

His father did not encourage the son's desire to study Greek. Here it is, we conceive, possible to feel some sympathy with both sides. On the one hand the general culture which could only be obtained through the knowledge of that language, the existence of the Septuagint, and the influence of the Alexandrian Jewish school fully justified Josephus in his desire to master the language. On the other hand the dangers of too great a fascination of Grecian modes of thought on the Jewish mind had become visible, a fascination destined to prove so perilous to many a scholar of the age of the Renaissance, and, alas! in our own day also. The result of the father's not unnatural alarm interfered with our author's mastery over that wonderful language. He honestly confesses that in the Greek translations of his own writings he was obliged to seek aid from friends who had mastered it more completely.

During the years of his boyhood three great parties stood predominant among the Jews—the Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Essenes. With the leading characteristics of the two first-named we may suppose our readers to be fairly well acquainted from the pages of the New Testament. Concerning the Essenes it must here suffice to say that they were a set of ascetics, really cherishing in religious retirement a desire for holiness, for unworldliness, and for closer communion with God. They combined, as was perhaps natural, with these sentiments an ardent and often extravagant belief in ecstasies, inspired dreams, prophecies, and general mysticism. For three years, from his sixteenth to his nineteenth year, Josephus threw in his lot with this community; and if the culture thus gained led him to ascribe to Divine impulse some assertions which look more like the natural sagacity of a keen observer, it may still be maintained that the better elements of his mind appear to have been nurtured, and never to have been wholly eradicated, as a result of his association with the Essenes.

At the age of nineteen he left the Essenes, and this brings

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us to A.D. 57. His relatives were chiefly allied to the Sadducean party, but on his return to the capital Josephus joined the Pharisees. For the next seven years he seems to have devoted himself to the ordinary duties of the priesthood, but towards the end of that time, being now twenty-six years of age, he was seized by a great, and it seems to us a natural, desire to visit Rome. At this point Dr. Edersheim (to whom we are immensely indebted throughout this article) suggests all sorts of possible motives for the planning of the journey. Josephus may, says this critic, have had visions of gaining power and promotion by becoming an intermediary between Rome and his own nation. This is no doubt possible; but although a man of saintly mind might conceivably have been content with the duties of his station in the Holy City, yet we are unable to perceive anything very unnatural or very wrong in the wish to travel, on the part of a young man who had gained culture from his studies, his duties, and the teaching of the three schools of Judaism.

Is it surprising that he should desire to enjoy some personal intercourse with the authorities of that great city which was overshadowing, as it would seem, the whole world as then known to mankind?

The object of his journey, according to his own account, was a thoroughly praiseworthy one. The Roman Governor of Judea (Felix) had sent as prisoners to Rome certain priests. What were the special charges against these prisoners we are not informed; but it would probably be enough to excite the suspicions of Felix, if the accused were conscientious in the discharge of their duties, and, moreover, known to be men of patriotic aspirations. It is recorded, to their credit, that during their imprisonment these captives refused to break the Jewish rules concerning food, and restricted themselves to a diet of fruit.

Signally enough Josephus was destined to undergo an experience in some respects resembling that of another famous visitor to Rome. Like St. Paul, Josephus underwent shipwreck; but in the case of Josephus this disaster proved fatal to some 520 persons out of the 600 on board. Eighty contrived to keep themselves afloat in the Adriatic throughout the night, and were picked up by a ship from Cyrene. Josephus was among those saved. He was landed at Puteoli.

He was soon convinced—he had possibly learned this before starting—that it would be useless to make any open and public appeal on behalf of the captives whose liberation he sought. He found a friend in an actor. This was Aliturus,

a Jew by birth and a favourite of Nero. Aliturus introduced Josephus to Poppæa, who had now become the wife of Nero, and who combined with wickedness in action a sort of apparent coquetry with some of the tenets and observances of Judaism. The influence of Poppæa was at this time paramount. Through that influence the priests were liberated; and it is an open question whether the liberation of St. Paul may not have been accidentally connected with this event. However this may be, Josephus had secured his object and returned home, not only as the companion of his liberated friends, but as the bearer of rich presents from Poppæa.

His reception at Jerusalem was triumphant, and his success probably led his countrymen to associate his name with that of the popular and anti-Roman cause. But though Josephus had learnt the importance of back-stairs influence at Rome, life in the capital had apparently impressed upon him a deep sense of the overwhelming might of the Empire. When, in 1857, the Indian Mutiny broke out, a retired sepoy who had travelled to England, being asked why he had not joined the movement of his countrymen, replied, in a tone of scorn, 'Ah! these people have never seen Oxford Street!' Sentiments somewhat similar appear to have been formed in the mind of Josephus. In believing that revolt must prove unsuccessful, and ought not therefore to be attempted, he had with him (as both Schürer and Champagny observe) the general convictions of the more educated among his countrymen. For some time, in conjunction with the more moderate party, Josephus strove to prevent an outbreak; but, as he himself is forced to confess, the conduct of successive Roman governors and generals rendered peace impossible.

We have not space to enter upon the details of the events which led to the final rupture with Rome. They have been given with much compressed power by Dean Milman in the second volume of his *History of the Jews*. Suffice it to say that the comparatively moderate rulers Felix and Porcius Festus were succeeded by the rapacious Albinus, and that his venal rule was followed by that of the infamous Gessius Florus, a friend of Poppæa, who by his misconduct made the Jews look back with regret even to the administration of Albinus.

And here, with Milman, we think it right to say one word on behalf of the Jewish nation in undertaking this revolt. True it is that all their counsels and all their actions were overshadowed and frustrated by the curse arising out of one great crime, the curse which they had invoked upon them-

selves when they cried, 'His blood be on us and on our children!' But it does not follow that it was therefore morally wrong to revolt against intolerable oppression, any more than it was wrong on the part of other nations—say, for example, the ancient Germans or the modern Swiss. Like other unsuccessful insurgents elsewhere they gained one signal victory over their Roman adversaries and utterly routed the force commanded by Cestius.

After this event, which occurred in November A.D. 66, either the Sanhedrim, or a commission appointed for the purpose, had selected Josephus for the important post of Governor of Galilee. It has been commented upon as a strange thing that those in authority should have chosen a man of such unsettled purpose, and equally strange that he should have ventured to accept it.

Now as regards the first difficulty, we do not know what extent of choice lay before the electing body, nor how far they were acquainted with the Romeward proclivities of Josephus. They knew him as an active, well-informed man, who had indeed sided with the moderate party, but who had procured the liberation of the captive priests from Rome, and who might now by the logic of events feel himself bound to throw in his lot with an outbreak which had become inevitable. And then as regards Josephus himself, half-hearted as he was, he may yet have conceivably thought that though the war was a mistake, yet loyalty to his country compelled him to accept this dangerous post of eminence. He may also have thought it possible that, like other revolts which had looked as hopeless, this revolt might after all succeed, or that it might at least sufficiently alarm the Romans to induce them to offer terms, in which case he would prove himself an able negotiator and win the gratitude of both parties.

Such a position has at least been occupied by men whose honour is unquestioned. Let us briefly refer to one ancient and to one modern example. About B.C. 500 a man of great eminence, both as regards social position and knowledge of the world, Hecataeus of Miletus, as well acquainted with the resources of the Persian Empire as Josephus was with those of Rome, attempted to dissuade his countrymen, the Ionians of Asia Minor, from an insurrection against Persia; but when this opinion was overruled, he gave them the best advice he could and clung loyally to their cause. And so, too, in the American Civil War of this century there is, we believe, no doubt but that General Lee thought the declaration of war on the part of the Southern States was a mistake; but when

that war was once decided upon he believed (whether rightly or wrongly, at least most conscientiously) that his native State—we think it was Virginia—had a prior claim upon his sword to that of the Federal Government.

We do not pretend that Josephus can be regarded as a man of the high, unblemished honour of a Hecataeus or of a Lee; we only contend that in itself his position is not wholly unintelligible or dishonourable.

Strange to say, however, not only was his conduct suspected by one of the chief anti-Roman leaders, John of Gischala, but in later years in his autobiography he becomes a self-accuser and represents himself as having played a double part. But in our view of this matter we are glad to be able to claim the support of Dean Merivale. The autobiography was written under an impulse of bodily fear. Josephus had lost his three great friends, Vespasian, Titus, and Herod Agrippa, and had not yet won the protection of Domitian. Thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, he seems to have resorted to the ignoble device of making himself out to have been worse than he really was.

It is admitted that his position in Galilee in A.D. 66 was one of great difficulty. Hardly any of the cities in the province were united, and some of them (as, for instance, the important town of Sepphōris) had within their walls a strong Roman party. Josephus has been blamed for not seizing and fortifying this place. But it is at least possible either that he failed to perceive how completely it was the key of Galilee, or that he thought the attempt would be too dangerous.

That he did much in the way of raising fortifications, of training his troops, and in promoting discipline is not denied. His great enemy, John of Gischala, attempted to promote a *ruse* against him at Tiberias, and when this had failed persuaded the authorities in Jerusalem to send a deputation of two priests and two laymen to inquire into his conduct. John himself subsequently joined the deputation.

On the discussions which ensued Dr. Edersheim remarks with only too much truth—

‘It is heart-sickening to follow the intrigues on both sides, to hear of the lies by which each sought to entrap the other, and of pretended fasts to which they came, not to humble themselves, but with daggers about their persons to murder each other. Such a movement could expect neither the blessing of Heaven nor success with men.’

We have said from the first that we do not hold a brief on behalf of Josephus. It does not prove that a man is good,



when we are able to show that his opponents and those around him were bad, but it does, we conceive, in some degree tend to mitigate the severity of our judgment. Thus, for example, the character of Louis XI. of France has been impressed on the minds of many by Scott's tale of *Quentin Durward* and by a well-known French drama. If we turn, however, to Sismondi's *Histoire des Français* we find a full admission of the strength of the *primâ facie* case against Louis XI., but the historian presently adds that

'when we begin to compare him with his contemporaries, this judgment is shaken, for such a universal disloyalty marked the princes of that day, and such a contempt for human life, for the happiness of nations, for public morality was conspicuous in all governments, that we cannot understand in what respect Louis was worse than others, and he even seems to have been more often the victim than the author of the political crimes of his age' (tome xiv. chapitre xvii.)

May not a somewhat similar judgment be passed on a large portion of the career of Josephus?

We have not space for a narrative of the alternate successes and defeats of Romans and Jews in Galilee; it must suffice to say that Tiberias, one of the only four cities decidedly hostile to Josephus, revolted to the Romans, but was again subdued by Josephus.<sup>1</sup> Partly by ingenious stratagems, partly, it is alleged, by bribes at Jerusalem, the authority of the Jewish governor of Palestine was by the close of A.D. 66 secured at least against intrigues or revolts of his own countrymen.

But the next year, A.D. 67, witnessed a thorough change in the position. Nero had by this time received the news of the terrible defeat of Cestius, and though he disliked Vespasian, he was well aware that he had no abler general, and that military skill of the highest order was now required in Palestine. Josephus took refuge in Jotapata.

The siege of Jotapata is the one glorious episode in the career of Josephus. To have resisted with his comparatively undisciplined troops the flower of the Roman army, commanded by its two ablest generals, was in itself a wondrous feat. But our admiration is enhanced, when we read the details which evince the courage and resource of the defenders. Their supplies of food, obtained by creeping out at night disguised in the skins of animals, their heightening of the walls despite the hostile attacks, the undermining of the Roman battering-rams, the brave sorties of the Jewish soldiers, by one of which Vespasian himself was wounded—these and

<sup>1</sup> The other three cities were Gamala, Gabara, and Gischala.

other clever devices, such as the sacks of chaff laid down to deaden the blows of the rams, made the besiegers half inclined to have recourse to a blockade, especially as they understood that the city was ill-supplied with water. But the besieged, regarding even capture by assault as better than the prolonged misery of a blockade, steeped their clothes in water and hung them over the walls until they were dripping with moisture. The assailants were confounded. Men, who would thus recklessly waste the precious fluid, could not possibly be in want of it, and the idea of a blockade was given up. As has too often happened—Thermopylæ is a famous instance—a deserter betrayed the national cause. He revealed to the Romans the sad fact that in the early morning the guards of Jotapata were wont from utter weariness to fall asleep. This hint was acted upon. Soon after midnight on the forty-seventh day a Roman corps, led by Titus, who was the first to mount the walls, surprised the sleeping guards and slew them. The citadel was gained and the Roman troops poured in. The fighting on both sides was desperate, and quarter was neither asked nor given.

'I ought,' Napoleon is reported to have said, 'to have died at Leipsic, or at latest at Waterloo.' Many friends of Josephus must have felt inclined to say for him that he ought to have died at Jotapata. But as the *Memorials of St. Helena*, 'though needing,' as Dr. Arnold said, 'to be read with vigilant suspicion,' are yet a real contribution to history, even so too in their own way are the works of Josephus. But in neither case would these writings have existed, if the more heroic fate of an earlier death had been the lot of either writer.

The escape of Josephus was of a romantic character, but we cannot here spare room for its details. After mutual slaughter by lot the result was that all but two hidden in a cavern of refuge were slain, Josephus and another being left. These two mutually agreed to submit. They came forth from the cavern, and Josephus was led to Vespasian. Amidst much clamour—partly of hostility, partly of curiosity—a generous feeling towards a gifted foe proved predominant among the officers. Titus was especially struck by the appearance of the prisoner, and his influence affected the decision of his father, Vespasian.

The natural sequence of such lenity would have been the sending of the captive general straightway to Nero. Those who judge Josephus most harshly seem almost to speak as if this was a pleasant prospect to which the captive should un-

murmuringly have submitted. We agree with a living commentator on Holy Scripture that those alone who have been subjected to similar trials have a right to utter condemnation of their fellow-men in a crisis of such a nature.<sup>1</sup> An almost instant death—perhaps attended with contumely and torture—would have been the probable result. Josephus made a bold attempt to change the determination of Vespasian; he claimed for himself the position of a divinely-inspired messenger, bidden by his Maker to announce to Vespasian and his son that at no distant period the imperial power was to light upon their heads, and that it was therefore needless to dispatch their prisoner to the reigning emperor. He said, 'Send me not to Nero; bind me, and keep me in chains as your own prisoner, for soon wilt thou be the sovereign lord of earth and sea, and of the whole human race.' He declared—and he found some women captives to support his assertion—that he had foretold the length of the siege of Jotapata. Two years after came the death of Nero and the brief reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. Vespasian was proclaimed emperor by the troops at Cæsarea, and the chains of the captive were struck off. He threw himself into the service of the imperial house, became Titus Flavius Josephus, and received lands, citizenship, and other honours at their hands.

With Titus—for Vespasian had now gone to Rome—Josephus advanced to the siege of Jerusalem. Into the details of that terrible siege we cannot enter; but we should strongly recommend youthful students, if our pages have the good fortune to attract any such, to obtain if possible and to read Dean Milman's *Fall of Jerusalem*. It may not be a great dramatic poem; the language of its Roman warriors may seem somewhat formal and stilted to a reader who has just laid down his Shakespeare; but nevertheless it will, if we mistake not, leave abiding impressions on the mind, and imprint on it distinct pictures of the cruel but brave defender Simon, son of Giôras, of John of Gischala, of the portents and signs accompanying the progress of the siege, of the horrors within and without the city wrought by famines, by robberies, by crucifixions; of the safe retirement of all the Christians to Pella, and of the vain efforts of Titus to save from destruction the magnificent Temple. Nor will the figure of Josephus be found absent from the list of the *dramatis personæ*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We refer to the excellent remarks of Prebendary Sadler on the case of the young man with great possessions. See his Commentary on St. Matthew xix. 20.

<sup>2</sup> In the way of prose narrative we are inclined to think that Milman's

More than once this now Romanizing personage ran the risk of destruction at the hands of his naturally exasperated countrymen. The longest of the speeches he addressed to the besieged must have proved simply aggravating to the hearers. Josephus argues in it that their common ancestors had never trusted to the arm of flesh, but had simply in every crisis resembling the present had recourse to prayer and sacrifice.

Now, in the first place, this was far from being true: and even if the argument had been sound, the gallant defender of Jotapata was the very last person who ought to have urged it. We can hardly wonder that the reply to Josephus was the hurling of a javelin, which nearly cost him his life.

The terrible conclusion came. The daily sacrifice had to cease, there being no materials wherewith to offer it. On August 10, A.D. 70, occurred the conflagration of the Temple. Singularly enough only eight months previously, in the struggle between the respective partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian, the Temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, situated in the Capitol at Rome, had also been burned, together with two sanctuaries dedicated to Juno and Minerva. Tacitus bewails this terrible event happening to sacred buildings which even capturing enemies of Rome had spared.<sup>1</sup> But we cannot wonder that Christian historians have regarded the two almost contemporary events as a kind of type of that clearing of the ground which was needful for the heirs of both Judaism and heathenism.

Never, perhaps, after any siege was the brutal side of the Roman armies and people more ruthlessly displayed. It may be, as Dean Merivale suggests, that many of the severities had been provoked by the fury of what they had regarded as the lawless revolt of a rebellious people. But when we consider the fearful sum of slaughter in the campaign—amounting, if we can trust Josephus, to nearly a million and a half human lives, the reduction of 100,000 to slavery, the slaughter of thousands more in triumphal games in combats with wild beasts or in fighting with gladiators—and the miserable gangs

*History of the Jews*, with its compressed power, or the more lengthy and elaborate account given by De Champagny, will be found more interesting than the actual narrative of Josephus, though it is certainly a great advantage that we now possess in the revised text by Niese and the revised translation by Mr. Shilleto.

<sup>1</sup> *Hist.* lib. iii. cap. 72. The historian calls it 'facinus post conditam urbem luctuosissimum fœdissimumque reipublicæ populi Romani.' It is right to add that Tacitus (either as a copyist or independent authority) confirms in the main the Josephine account of the siege.

of captives dragged along to delight the eyes of spectators on the road to those scenes, which we cannot refuse to call, with Milman, 'the eternal disgrace of the Roman character,' we cannot but think the vengeance must have been most excessive, though we do not wish to forget what Christian nations have done in Poland, in Algeria, and even, alas! in Hindostan.

For their joint victories a magnificent triumph was awarded to Vespasian and his son, Titus. Possibly in describing this scene Josephus may have regarded it as a kind of tribute to the greatness of his country, as well as to the glory of that Flavian family of which he became only the too fulsome eulogist. According to the usual rule of Roman triumphs, which failed to recognize the merits of brave opponents, the procession paused in its route to wait for the news that the bravest general of the enemy—we must grant, a cruel and irreligious one—had been with insults and scourgings put to death. Josephus cannot forget the personal enmity existing between him and Simon, son of Giôras. He mentions, with apparent exultation, the loud shout which announced Simon's death. John of Gischala was spared. As he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, perhaps his fate was not really less severe than that of his rival, Simon. One material memorial of that triumph still exists, and the visitors to Rome can even yet trace on the Arch of Titus the decaying figures which represent the procession of captive Jews, the golden table, the silver trumpets, and the seven-branch candlestick.

Some little good Josephus claims to have achieved in the midst of this terrible overthrow. He succeeded in saving the lives of his own family and of some two hundred and forty friends and acquaintances; he had obtained the release of three crucified ones, though only one of them survived; he had also rescued a copy of the Holy Scriptures from the Temple.

We have now reached the year A.D. 70, when Josephus must have attained the age of thirty-two. Thenceforth the career of Josephus as a man of action is at an end. For the rest of his life we are to know him chiefly as an author, living under the patronage of that great Flavian family upon whom, in the quaint phrase of Fuller, 'he laid on praise with a trowel,' the saddest instance perhaps being the passage in which he recognizes Vespasian as the Messiah foretold by Daniel. It is true that after the death of his exalted friends, Vespasian, Titus, and Herod Agrippa, his position seemed to be one of considerable danger, especially when a rival historian—Justus of Tiberias, whose works are now lost—repre-

sented Josephus as having been throughout most hostile to Rome. He had previously been accused by a fanatic revolter named Jonathan as a participator in his revolt, but had been acquitted. This was while Vespasian still lived, but after the death of the three great friends, to whom we have referred, Josephus again displayed his singular power of ingratiating himself with persons of high station, by gaining fresh support against accusers and fresh honours from the Emperor Domitian. He was also a great favourite with the Empress Domitia. History loses sight of him after his fifty-seventh year, and the exact date of his death is uncertain; but we have evidence that he lived beyond A.D. 100, when he must have been in his sixty-third year.

II. We now pass on to what was our main object in the preparation of this article—namely, the appeal to Josephus as an external witness to the truth of the Gospel narrative. What we mean is this: that, in the first place, throughout all his many volumes we have no obvious direct attack against Christianity, and that his portraits of at least one devoted servant of Christ, and of three of His chief persecutors, display a most remarkable accordance with those supplied to us by the Gospels. And if, as we are inclined to believe, he only made mention of those gathered around the central figure of that history, that very silence is, in our estimation, a confession in a negative way of the position of Him Whose Personality was so perplexing that he thought it best to leave it untouched.

But before we dwell on these characters it is well to look back for a moment to the first work of our author, *The Wars of the Jews*. This was the book by which he made his reputation, and its success emboldened him to attempt his second and larger work. Now it surely was desirable, in the interests of truth and for the sake of its propagation, that the account of that terrible campaign, and more especially of the siege of Jerusalem, should be written by one who was not a Christian. For this reason, Christians believe that their Divine Master distinctly prophesied that siege (St. Luke xix. 41-44, xxi. 20-24). They further believe that the mysterious discourse in which their Lord describes the last days of the world blends with the signs of the coming of that awful event, predictions partially fulfilled in the overthrow of Jerusalem. Now if the narrative of the siege had been written by a Christian, it would have been open to the obvious objection (which sceptics would not have failed to have made) that the account had been so framed as to tally with the prophecies of Christ our Lord, and to create a mistaken idea



concerning the correctness of what He had foretold. The plain fact stands that we have the account of that siege written not by a Christian but by a Jew—a Jew, moreover, assisted by the heathen conquerors. That Jew may have represented the Jewish leaders Simon and John as even worse than they were. He may have—and we trust it is the case—exaggerated the numbers of those who perished or were taken captive; but of the correctness of his narrative in the main there is no reason to doubt. It is he who tells us of all its terrors and miseries: of the woman who devoured her own son; of the false prophets—suborned, according to him, by these tyrannous generals; of the heavy Temple-gate which opened of itself; of the chariots and horses seen in the clouds; of the fanatic seer Jesus, son of Ananias, who spent his life in cries of ‘Woe to Jerusalem!’ for more than seven years, and at last, crying ‘Woe to myself also!’ was straightway struck dead by a stone from a Roman catapult. It is he who tells us of the earthworks, of the famine, of the completeness of the overthrow of the city, three towers alone being left undemolished. In a word, it is he who tells us of the exact fulfilment of the prophecies uttered by our Saviour.

And now as regards the account which Josephus gives us of St. John the Baptist. It is very brief, and we cannot, perhaps, judge how far the reticence of our author is due to ignorance, how far to wilful concealment. Josephus (*Antiq.* lib. xviii. cap. v.) tells us how an army sent by Herod Antipas against Aretas, king of Arabia Petrea, utterly failed in its attack, the army being destroyed through the treachery of some fugitives. But he adds that some of the Jews regarded the destruction of this army as a distinctly Divine judgment, justly sent upon Herod as a punishment for his murder of John the Baptist. John, says Josephus, was a good man, who encouraged the Jews to be just towards each other, to be devout to God, and to come to baptism. But Herod, says our author, finding how many flocked to John, and how great was his influence over them, feared lest a rebellion should be the result, and sent John as a prisoner to the fort of Machærus, and there put him to death. Incomplete as this narrative is, and possibly softened by our author’s friendship to Herod Agrippa, it at least recognizes the holiness of John, and his innocence of any crime deserving imprisonment and death. So far as he goes, Josephus is a witness to the truth of the Gospel portraiture of this devoted servant of God. Concerning another honoured name, that of St. James the Less, known as being after the flesh the

brother of the Lord (Gal. i. 19), we simply learn that the Sanhedrim, when Festus was dead, and his successor, Albinus, not arrived, condemned him to be stoned.

But there are three whom we are compelled to call enemies of our Lord who are prominent in the pages of the New Testament and in the works of Josephus—Herod the Great, his son Herod Antipas, and the Roman governor Pontius Pilate. It is surely remarkable that the Jewish historian tells us nothing concerning any of them which militates against the Gospel history, and a great deal that thoroughly confirms it.

On the guilt of Herod Antipas in putting to death a holy and innocent man, St. John the Baptist, and on the Jewish belief that a judgment befell him, we have already spoken. Concerning his father, Herod the Great, it may be allowed that Josephus, in describing Herod's early political career, may be thought to give a slightly more favourable view of his character than we should obtain from the holy Evangelists. Josephus tells us how Herod having been a partisan of Antony against Augustus, when the cause of Antony was ruined, went at once to the successful rival and told Augustus that if he would take him up and confirm him in his dignities he would be as loyal to him as he had been to Antony. But the cruelty of Herod, and his utter recklessness in putting to death many—even members of his own family—by treacherous murders is again and again brought out in the pages of Josephus. He murders Aristobulus in the baths at Jericho.<sup>1</sup> He leaves orders twice over that if Antony should put him to death his beloved Mariamne should be slain also.<sup>2</sup> He enveigles Hyrcanus from the hospitality of the Parthian king, Phraates, and destroys him,<sup>3</sup> and he ultimately destroys Mariamne with her mother and kindred. It has, indeed, been urged that Josephus does not tell us of the slaughter of the infants at Bethlehem. But the truth is that it is almost difficult for us to conceive the utter indifference with which Romans viewed the crime of infanticide. Even good and respectable men thought nothing of it. In the very play in which Terence makes Chremes utter the noble sentiment—

‘Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto,’

we find the speaker, shortly after, abusing his wife for not having put to death their infant daughter, as he had told

<sup>1</sup> *Antiq.* lib. xv. cap. lii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* lib. xv. capp. ii. and vi.

her. Suetonius mentions, with the utmost coolness, a proposal in the Roman Senate that all the infants of great houses born in a coming year should be destroyed; and the proposal was shelved, not because it excited any abhorrence, but simply because certain leading senators had reason to suppose that it might interfere with the continuance of their own noble families. The number of infants slain at Bethlehem was probably very small. There is, indeed, reason to believe that some distorted report of the matter reached the ears of Augustus, and that it only gave rise to one of the many puns which that eminent ruler was in the habit of making. But it is perfectly possible either that Josephus had never heard of it, or that he had become, when he wrote his *Antiquities*, sufficiently Romanized to regard it as one of those trifling matters which were really not worth mentioning.<sup>1</sup> The Herod who, as Josephus tells us, could plan and carry out the murders which he did is the same man that we meet with in the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

Still more consistent with the Gospel narrative is the brief portraiture which Josephus gives us of the Roman governor Pontius Pilate. It is very possible that the Jewish historian's account of Pilate's expenditure of sacred money on bringing water into Jerusalem, which led to a riot in which the soldiers displayed greater vigour than Pilate intended; and slew several innocent persons together with the guilty, may be connected with the incident to which our Lord makes reference 'of the Galilæans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices.'<sup>2</sup> But, however this may be, Josephus tells us in a previous section of the same chapter<sup>3</sup> how Pilate removed his army from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, intending therewith to introduce into the Holy City the imperial busts with which the standards were surmounted. No previous governor had so acted, and Pilate's order was carried out in the night time. Directly the fact was known great numbers of Jews went to Cæsarea, where Pilate was then residing, and besought him to remove the images. Pilate hesitated for five days, lest such action should seem an insult to the Emperor; but on the sixth day he came and sat on a judgment seat prepared in an open part of the city, having concealed abundance of soldiers in ambush, with their weapons hidden beneath their clothes. At a given signal the soldiers rushed

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Farrar, we find, is thoroughly with us in his *Darkness and Dawn* as regards the utter indifference of the Romans concerning the crime of infanticide.

<sup>2</sup> St. Luke xiii. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Antig.* lib. xviii. cap. iii.

out, and Pilate threatened the petitioners with instant death unless they left off troubling him and departed homeward. The Jewish petitioners straightway threw themselves upon the ground and bared their necks, declaring that they would welcome death rather than countenance such transgression of their law. Pilate, utterly astonished at their conduct, gave way, and commanded an immediate withdrawal of the images from Jerusalem back to Cæsarea.

Is it not obvious that we have here the very same person that we read of in the Holy Gospels? Pilate's great ignorance of Jewish law and Jewish feeling, his fear of offending Cæsar, and his desire to stand well with those over whom he ruled all come out in strong relief in a later case, where he desired not so to offend the chief priests and the multitude as to give them ground for complaint to the Emperor. He acted against his conscience and let it be as they desired. In the earlier one he might have felt tolerably sure that they would not complain, and that in all probability Cæsar would not hear anything about the matter.

But there remains a problem of much difficulty. There is in the *Antiquities*<sup>1</sup> a passage respecting our Lord. This passage is regarded by many as wholly spurious, by some as wholly genuine, but some as authentic but interpolated. Those who think it wholly genuine are, we think, in a minority, and perhaps not in the first rank of critics. The other two views have able and eminent supporters. That it is authentic, but interpolated, is maintained by Ewald and by Paret, and receives some support from Drs. Edersheim and Mill. On the side of entire spuriousness stand Gerlach and apparently Schürer.

Under such circumstances it is right to speak with diffidence, and what is here said must be regarded as the opinion of an individual writer, and not necessarily that of the *Church Quarterly Review*. The belief in its spuriousness was impressed upon the present writer by a college tutor who had many claims to respect, and who may have unduly biassed the judgment here given. But when it is asked whether it is probable that Josephus would speak as he has done concerning the holy Baptist and the saintly brother of Christ, and yet leave unmentioned their Divine Master, we answer, 'Yes, it is extremely probable.' Again and again does it happen that perplexed writers or speakers, being at a loss what to say, preserve absolute silence. Indeed, this is the advice given by Cicero, if we remember rightly, in his *De Oratore*. He says

<sup>1</sup> Lib. xviii. cap. iii.

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that it has been questioned where an advocate should touch upon the weak points of his case. Some say at the beginning; some, as it were *en passant*, in the middle, but for his part Cicero thinks that it is best not to mention them at all. It is not clear whether the great Roman orator would have thought his advice applicable to a treatise, as distinguished from a speech at the bar. In any case it is very frequently acted upon. To give earthly illustrations may seem almost irreverent; but it must be remembered that if on subjects of minor importance men frequently try in this way to evade difficulty, the probability of such a line being taken is increased tenfold where the problem is one of a character so unique and unparalleled.

We give one example from contemporary literature. It happens to be taken from a Roman Catholic publication; but we fully grant that similar cases might be found in the works of controversialists of other communions.

The *Roman Catholic Dictionary* of Messrs. Addis and Arnold is no doubt an able work. On some points it is more liberal than might be expected. Thus, for example, Jansenism is treated with more gentleness than is common in Roman publications of our day. Some Anglican works (as, *e.g.*, Archbishop Trench on *The Miracles*) are recommended, and the admissions on the consecration of bishops *per saltum* are interesting and important. But certainly the account of Elizabeth under the article 'English Catholics' is as severe as can well be imagined. Doubtless there is much both in the character and conduct of Elizabeth that is hard to defend and impossible to admire. But even Roman Catholics have admitted the genuineness of the lament of Pope Urban VIII. over the bull of deposition proclaimed by Pius V.; and we learn from Dr. Bellesheim how the Queen pardoned a Jesuit named Creighton who had decided against the lawfulness of killing the Queen. After reading the strictures on Elizabeth we felt curious to see what this dictionary would say concerning the career of Mary Queen of Scots, and still more concerning Mary Queen of England. The last-named put to death in her short reign of less than five years 200 persons, a larger number than Elizabeth in her long reign of forty-five years. However in this dictionary the names of these last two sovereigns are never so much as mentioned. This omission naturally saved the compilers much trouble. So far as their book is concerned no such persons ever existed. Lingard, Dodd, and other Roman Catholics have, to their honour be it said, spoken sorrowfully of Mary's doings and condemned them.

We could also mention a case within this century where the advancement of a person fit for high office was reported to have been due to the influence of a great lady whose character would not bear examination. He was supposed to have wrought her a service, not wrong in itself, but still not one to be proud of. A short biography of this person was published after his death. A critic remarked upon it as follows: 'Of the candour of this publication our readers may judge, when we announce that throughout its pages the name of Lady X. is never so much as mentioned.'

Is it not highly probable that Josephus, being utterly perplexed what to say concerning the mysterious figure that came across the path of his narrative, resolved on the course of silence, and that some unwise Christian conceived the wrongful design of trying to correct a silence which, as it stood, was full of meaning?

It is, however, only fair to the advocates of the other side to remark that two of them, Dr. Paret and Dr. Edersheim, have supposed that the following chapter in Josephus is intended to raise a wicked suggestion concerning the circumstances of the birth of our Lord. We cannot but hope that they are mistaken. If they are right, it is surely singular that it should have been reserved for our own age to discover the real intent of the Jewish historian. The chapter in question narrates an immoral transaction connected with the Temple of Isis at Rome. It seems to us that it may be patient of a good interpretation. Josephus may have wished to show the risk that the Jews ran by being confounded with certain religionists of Syria, of which Palestine was originally a province. It must, however, be admitted that the insinuation of shameful deceit and immorality against her whom all generations shall call blessed was essentially of Jewish origination. *Corruptio optimi pessima*; and the race of whom came the Incarnate Lord, His holy Mother, and His apostles was also that which insisted on His death, and had recourse to bribery and calumny to cover their discomfiture. Other religionists have at least been reverent towards the Holy Family. Even Mohammedans have ever treated it with respect. Our Lord is always with them *Issa-ben-Marian*—Jesus Son of Mary. To Jewish slanderers it was left to invent the story of a wicked seducer, by name Panthêra or Pandêra, in connexion with the hallowed birth at Bethlehem. The shameful tale is sometimes whispered in our own day. It may have been hinted at by vile caricaturists in Paris and in London, and one writer has plainly insinuated it, though we do not care to mention his



name further than by saying that he was a travelling companion of the late Mr. Buckle, the author of the *History of Civilization*.

If Josephus really mentioned our Lord, and intended, however darkly, to hint at this vile insinuation, we are deeply sorry for this blot on his memory, of all blots the worst and most degrading. But to our minds it is not proven, and we think that he ought to have the benefit of the doubt.

With regard to his gross flattery of the Flavian family it must be remembered that that house had saved him from a cruel and ignominious death, and had given him not only life but property, position, and the shield of their exalted patronage. We cannot wonder that his countrymen still resent his conduct. 'A chacun selon ses œuvres,' says Salvador, bitterly contrasting 'this gilded servitude with the fate of the real patriots of Jerusalem.'<sup>1</sup> But however unpatriotic may have been his conduct, he did not become a renegade to his creed. He did not become a worshipper of gods many and lords many, and whatever his mistakes in the direction of rationalism, he did at least try to let the world know something of the greatness of the treasures committed to his race. His latest work was his best, and if he had deserted his countrymen in the struggle of arms he had at least fought for them in the realms of thought, and had challenged the world to show any other example of a nation which not only cherished the books which it esteemed sacred, but had had martyrs on behalf of the belief in the truth of that sacredness. One German-Jewish writer (Hamburger) is cited by Dr. Edersheim as a solitary exception to the general chorus of condemnation. Hamburger holds that the merits of Josephus outweigh his demerits, and would fain demand from his countrymen the solemn verdict, 'He hath made his peace with us!' Touching words they seem to us. Josephus not only believed in God's general providence, but also in His especial manifestations towards himself. He had indeed a right to do so—spared in the shipwreck from which less than one-seventh part of the passengers were saved; spared in the siege of Jotapata; spared from a cruel, insulting death at the hands of Nero; spared from the javelins of his compatriots at Jerusalem; spared from assailants at the Roman Court from the days of Vespasian to those of Domitian.

And can we Christians say that he was spared for nothing? Think what we will of his vanity, his partialities, his possibly insidious attempts at slander of the Holy Faith, yet if his works had perished what a blank would be left, not only as regards Judaism but even (though in a lesser degree) as regards

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by Merivale, *Romans under the Empire*, chap. lix.

Christianity. His temptations were very great, but we must not think lightly of that activity of mind which prompted writings in Hebrew and in Greek for the edification of mankind. And if his general tone be far from worthy of the lofty themes which he tried to handle, yet with how many must such a diminution of merit be shared? May not in a measure be applied to him *mutatis mutandis* the noble and generous language in which a writer of our day has spoken of the first Christian Emperor?

'Constantine was neither great enough nor pure enough for his task. The contrast, but too manifest to all eyes, has justly shocked posterity. Nevertheless history has seen so few sovereigns devote to the service of a noble cause their power, and even their ambition, that it has a right, when it meets with such, to demand for them the justice of men, and to hope for the mercy of God.'<sup>1</sup>

#### ART. VI.—PESSIMISM.

1. *Die Philosophie des Unbewusstseins*. Von E. VON HARTMANN. Siebente erweiterte Auflage. (Berlin, 1876.)
2. *Pessimism*. A History and a Criticism. By JAMES SULLY, M.A., LL.D. Second Edition. (London, 1891.)
3. *The Ultimatum of Pessimism*. An Ethical Study. By J. W. BARLOW, M.A. (London, 1882.)
4. *Studies in Pessimism*. A Series of Essays by ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. Selected and Translated by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS, M.A. Schopenhauer Series. (London, 1892.)
5. *The Wisdom of Life and Counsels and Maxims*. Parts i. and ii. of Arthur Schopenhauer's *Aphorismen zur Lebensweisheit*. Translated by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS, M.A. Schopenhauer Series. Second Edition. (London, 1892.)

AN article in this Review<sup>2</sup> has already dealt with 'Pessimism and Scientific Meliorism.' We propose in this article to confine our attention to an examination of a few general features of the Pessimistic system and its practical import, for it has been well said that 'If Pessimism be true it differs from other truths by its uselessness.'

<sup>1</sup> Duc de Broglie, *L'Eglise et l'Empire au Quatrième Siècle*, tome ii. p. 130. Paris, 1856.

<sup>2</sup> April 1888.

It was not left for the nineteenth century or its fortunate philosophers to discover that existence involved, and from its very nature must continue to involve, more pain than pleasure, or even to formulate and systematize such a thesis. The Buddhist sages anticipated by centuries the whole conception, while, in all ages and climes, men, who were sore wounded by the arrows of affliction and disappointment, have said with the Preacher that they hated life, and in the season of the evil days summed up their experience of it as 'vanity of vanities.' The philosophy of Schopenhauer, admittedly borrowed from the East, has been aptly described as 'occidental Buddhism.'

The poets of all races have taken their themes from the darker and more tragic side of man's existence, bemoaned the shortness of his days, dwelt upon the sorrows to which he was subject, and the unhappy fate which so often dashed the cup of pleasure from his lips. Many a saying like that striking one, 'Call no man happy until he be dead,' may be read in the books of the philosophers.

'I am acquainted with sad misery  
As the tann'd galley slave is with his oar'

is the burden of the autobiography of many men. What more natural for a mind brooding upon misfortune to say than that pleasure was ephemeral, and that, even were it not so, the uncertainty of life's lease made the things of time a vanity? Like the poets, men of sympathetic temperament, philanthropists, lovers of humanity ready to give their lives for their fellows, have had this view of things forced upon them. The struggle against the evil forces at work in the world, bringing them face to face with the powers of darkness, induced moments of despair, hours of physical and mental weariness, when the struggle seemed to avail nothing, and they were almost ready to abandon the field to superior might.

From the first, man has recognized plainly that this world is a battle-field, where 'Ormuz still fights with Ahriman, the powers of light with the powers of darkness.'

The poets, the philosophers, the moralists, the toilers in the ranks, who could claim no distinctive gifts, have all felt in some degree the sadness, and perhaps even at times the almost insupportable misery, of life; but their counsel to their disciples or their words to their companions have been counsels to set forward the standard against the enemy, and their words, however disastrous seemed the fight, words of good cheer and hope, encouraging their brothers—it was

left for modern scientific Pessimism to sound one note never before so clearly heard, the signal of retreat.

To bring the subject under consideration within the scope of an inquiry such as this, conducted in an essay as distinct from a volume, the ground must be cleared, and the discussion restricted within certain definite limits. The first glance shows that 'Pessimism' and 'Pessimist' are loose terms of an order which may mean much or little.

The Optimists may remain unclassified, while a classification of those who are frequently but wrongly numbered among the Pessimists will serve by a process of exclusion to lead us to an accurate definition. Pseudo-pessimists may be divided into *three* classes:

I. Those persons who hold that life, under existing circumstances, involves for them more evil than good (or more pain than pleasure), but in whom hope for better fortune, or health, or some other advantage, reversing this temporary judgment, is not extinguished. This class may bear the denomination of Temporary Pessimists.<sup>1</sup>

II. Those persons—among whom a certain type of Christians may be included—who admit that the sum of evil exceeds that of good in this world, but have good hope that in a transcendental life the balance will be finally adjusted, and 'that somehow good will be the final goal of ill.'

III. Those persons who regard misery, although at present in excess of happiness, as a diminishing quantity, and, putting their trust in the progress of the race, look forward to a golden age for humanity. To this class belong the Positivists, and those scientists of the Evolutionist school who look upon mankind as in a transition stage towards a more perfected condition.

It will afterwards be seen that Von Hartmann and his school of true Pessimists consider that all such persons, whether belonging to the first, second, or third class, are victims of hallucination, not having attained to a knowledge of things as they really are.

There remains now one class—the true believers, the scientific Pessimists—who are forced both by *à priori* and *à posteriori* reasoning to conclude that life is irremediably bad, and inclines to become worse. This group holds, then, that the sum of pain outweighs the sum of pleasure, and it follows that existence is an evil.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The divisions are numerous—*Stimmungspessimismus* (Temperamental), *Entrüstungspessimismus* (Indignation Pessimists), &c.

<sup>2</sup> 'Die Summe der Unlust überwiegt im Sein die Summe der Lust, daher das Sein besser nicht wäre.'—Plümacher, *Der Pessimismus*, p. 6.

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This definition will serve to include all Pessimists proper, although, as we shall see, they are not by any means agreed among themselves as to the details of their doctrine, and sometimes not even as to the reasons for belief in it. The great Austrian poet Hamerling, for example, while to some extent concurring in the conclusions of Schopenhauer, complains that he did not go far enough—'dass er auf halbem Wege stehen geblieben ist.'

An issue at the outset is of importance. To the question, 'Is life worth living?' the Pessimist answers in the negative, because, assuming that happiness is the end after which all men strive (*οὐ πάντ' ἐφίεται*), he finds it impossible of attainment, or, at all events, outbalanced by the miseries. On the very threshold of the inquiry, then, we find the axiom that pleasure is the chief end of man,<sup>1</sup> and it follows that when this mark is not reached, although set up, life is a failure, and man is balked and disappointed. Here, then, an assumption seems to be made, to which we may or may not agree, that happiness is the chief good (without it life is worthless; its presence alone gives value to life), and that all men directly aim at it. Now it cannot be said that since all men aim at pleasure and desire it, in so doing they aim at the best, for it is conceivable that it may be in ignorance that they do so, and that with a fuller knowledge they might discover that pleasure was not indeed the highest good, but something else—'blessedness,' for example—and that even were it absolutely 'the best,' the endeavour to attain it by direct grasping might be far from the way in which it was rightly to be procured. For, as Aristotle pointed out, happiness is *the accompaniment of the exercise of a faculty*, a something not to be rudely seized or appropriated, as we take an object into the hand. Nor can Plato admit that pleasure is in itself the good, for he tells us, 'The pleasant life is more desirable with wisdom than without; but if the combination of the two be better, pleasure itself cannot be the good, for no addition can make the good itself more desirable.'

We may pass by this point, nor press the contention.<sup>2</sup> This much, however, must be made clear. Pessimism aims

<sup>1</sup> In Kantian phrase, we may admit pleasure to have 'value' but not 'dignity.'

<sup>2</sup> The ingenious 'Fallacy of Composition' by which Mill endeavours to prove 'the greatest Happiness principle' (chap. iv., 'Utilitarianism'), we shall not here touch upon. It is hardly worth while arguing with the person who believes that the benevolent man is a man 'whose selfishness happens to have taken the form of benevolence' (Bentham, Mill's philosophical father).

at the destruction of Hedonism, by a proof that happiness, the end postulated by the Hedonist, is an illusion, and can no more be reached by man than the horizon by the traveller. The shafts from the Pessimist's bow fly wide of the thinker who has never set this supreme value upon happiness, who cannot look upon his true self as 'a stream of feelings' demanding a state of feeling as the end (*Endzweck*), and who is content to pursue a line of conduct laid down in accordance with principles in which no regard whatever is paid to the probable resultant in pain or pleasure of the course of action. It is for the Hedonist and Utilitarian to look to his defence. Kant finds for us 'the idea that our existence has a different and far nobler end, for which, and not for happiness, reason is properly intended, and which must therefore be regarded as the supreme condition to which the private ends of man must for the most part be postponed.' In connexion with Schopenhauer's Essays we may briefly note two points; and first his refusal to admit that suicide is a legitimate mode of escape from the pains of existence.<sup>1</sup> It is not so, because in self-destruction is involved an affirmation of the will-to-live, a denial of which is the first duty of man. To most men, whether philosophers or men of the world, it would appear more admirable and infinitely less selfish to make whatever affirmation of the will suicide involved—and the only objection to it by hypothesis consists in this affirmation—bidding farewell in Byron's phrase,

'I have not loved the world, nor the world me,  
But let us part fair foes'—

than to insist upon wandering up and down its highways, bemoaning and magnifying in unseemly publicity the petty disappointments and aches of a mortal's lot. Contrast with this the spirit that inspires the volunteers of the 'forlorn hope,' or in Spartan mood, caring not that the field is lost, makes good to the last an honest cause, of whose defenders, though unvictorious, it can at least be said, 'Es starben den Helden-tod.'

To pass to the second point, an important section of the discussion, the possibility of fixing what has been called 'the eudemonistic unit'<sup>2</sup> and of 'summing the series,' despite the extremely incomplete account given by modern psychology of the phenomena of 'desire' and the sources and character of pleasures and pains, we may arrive at certain clearly defined

<sup>1</sup> Significant is the exception made in favour of suicide by starvation.

<sup>2</sup> Barlow, *Ultimatum of Pessimism*, p. 14.



judgments. Any attempt to compare the intensity of two pleasures, *not unlike in quality* (leaving the time or duration estimate for the moment aside), will be found by most of us a difficult task. Accomplish it and you have a subjective judgment, which it is probable your next-door neighbour will reverse. Now add the difficulty of deciding between two pleasures absolutely *unlike in quality*, of a totally different order, such as, for example, the pleasure accompanying the reading of a favourite poet, and that of eating a favourite pudding. Add also the difficulty of estimating the value of unlike pleasures of *very varied duration*, and you get a problem highly complicated, and at the most only susceptible of subjective solution. But with this solution the end is by no means reached. You have but given, as a preliminary, their value to one set of symbols with which your calculation has to be worked out, and before proceeding to which you must go through the same process as regards 'pains,' and finally draw up an equation in which you will have achieved the feat of comparing heterogeneous mental conditions.<sup>1</sup> In brief, either a fixture of the 'eudemonistic unit' or a 'summation of the series' preparatory to the mensuration proper is scientifically impossible.

Before passing on to Von Hartmann, the best known among Schopenhauer's successors, it might be well to mention the names of Bahnsen (whose *Weltanschauung* is styled 'Miserabilismus' by Hartmann) and Taubert. The first-named has carried the system to its (presumably) highest point in declaring that Von Hartmann, the discoverer of the three great hallucinations of mortal men, has himself fallen into an illusion, which consists in an indulgence of the hope that at last, far off, the suffering universe will reach rest in annihilation. Taubert, in excess of holy zeal, preaches the *Evangelium* of Pessimism. The Pessimist alone is the wise man, and holds the lamp of truth. By its aid he can do much to light up the gloomy and erring paths in which the ignorant and blind must suffer most.

Hartmann, by profession a soldier, claims for his philosophical work a merit rare, he thinks, in Germany—that it has a singleness of aim, the discovery of truth. And this because the author was not trammelled in its production by the traditions of a university chair, or by the desire to court favour with the authorities in whose hands lie the professorial appointments of the Fatherland. Like Schopenhauer, while writing attractively, he takes several ponderous volumes to

<sup>1</sup> Hartmann says they are homogeneous, differing in quantity.

expound his views, and, like him, opens with a reference to Kant ('Unconscious mental representations').<sup>1</sup> An examination<sup>2</sup> of the movements and processes of organic life, says Hartmann, results in the conclusion from abundant evidence that a large number of mental processes, as in the case of instinctive actions, and the representation before the mind's eye of ideas not voluntarily summoned, are unconscious. Materialism fails to explain many actions purely instinctive, such as, for example, the migration of birds before a severe winter, or the fear betrayed by young birds, without any experience of the danger, at the sight of birds of prey. 'Instinct,' he says, which is the spring of such involuntary action, 'is the choice of means towards ends not consciously willed, and known only by a kind of clairvoyance ('Hellsehen'). In organic growth, in reflex actions, in spontaneous feelings and impulses, in emotions, in the sudden and often unaccountable passage from joy to depression, the same action of unconscious mental states behind consciousness is clearly evidenced. The presence of the Unconscious may be felt also in art and literature. Behind the artist whom we credit with original genius stands a power that determines his hand and eye, forcing him to write or paint or compose things which are of infinite import, but the force or truth of which he himself does not fully grasp. What then is this Unconscious?<sup>3</sup> It is the unity of *Wille* and *Vorstellung*, and just as the 'Substance' of Spinoza is known through its *attributes* or *modes of thought and extension*, so through matter and consciousness is manifested the Unconscious. The relation of this *Weltprincip* to the world as we know it is thus explained. Physical science has proved matter to consist of atomic forces whose action is spontaneous, and may be (perhaps in absence of a better term) described as 'willing.' *Wille* and *Vorstellung*, then, as seen above, make up the totality of existence

<sup>1</sup> 'Vorstellungen zu haben, und sich ihrer doch nicht bewusst zu sein,' &c. (Kant, *Anthropologie*).

<sup>2</sup> It ought to be noted that with Hartmann the extreme pessimistic conclusion, as set forth in Byron's verse,

'Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be,'

—is but the foundation stone of his philosophical edifice. 'Die Philosophie selbst aber ist das namenlose Elend des Daseins—als zur Erscheinungskommen der Thorheit des Wollens—nur Durchgangsmoment der theoretische Entwicklung des Systems' (*Die Philosophie des Unbewusstseins*, Abschnitt C, Capitel xiii. 390).

<sup>3</sup> *Die Philosophie des Unbewusstseins*, vol. ii. v. and *passim*.

on both sides, that of mind as well as matter, whose identity is thus demonstrable. The single acts of volition on the part of the atoms composing matter are summed up in the Universal Will, which directs organic evolution through all its phases, up to the genesis of consciousness.<sup>1</sup> It will afterwards be seen that the 'purpose' or 'intelligence' which Hartmann is compelled for the sake of the efficiency of his *Weltprincip*, to predicate of it, proves a fatal flaw in the conception of its pure unconsciousness. While the Unconscious remains strictly unconscious we need not greatly care to quarrel with it, nor with those who rest satisfied with the jugglery of names and are content to philosophize with the empty forms of metaphysical terminology. But when an intelligence, such as we only know exhibited in consciousness, is predicated of what we have been cajoled into believing was a perfectly harmless, unconscious, noumenal reality, and we are told that the 'Will' is directed by the 'Idea' towards its deliverance in consciousness, we must ask for ourselves indulgence in a logical scepticism. It is not, however, in any mood of sceptical reserve that we receive the explanation of *the origin of consciousness* itself, in the Von Hartmann system; that explanation cannot be fitly honoured in its reception, save by bewildered smiles. Consciousness, it seems, is the result of a shock of surprise experienced by the individual mind in the entry of a sensation.

'Suddenly, upon the peace of the Unconscious with itself, organized matter breaks in, and impresses upon the astonished individual mind a conception which falls upon it, as it were from heaven, because it finds within itself *no will* for this idea, and for the first time the content of intuition is given from outside. The great revolution has taken place, the first step has been made to the redemption of the world, the idea is delivered from the will, in order to step against it in the future, as an independent might, so as to crush the power to which aforetime it was a slave.'<sup>2</sup>

This is lucid and withal poetical, and cannot but interest the reader. The monism of Hartmann is preserved by the insistence upon the fact that although inorganic matter is due to the conflict between atomic forces, *each a will*, and consciousness to a similar conflict between the wills of organic individuals, all these will forces, atomic or otherwise, are but manifestations of one and the same principle. Like Schopen-

<sup>1</sup> The world is mere phenomena without reality. 'Were the unconscious to cease at any time to will the world, the play of intersecting activities of the unconscious world would cease also to exist.'

<sup>2</sup> Abschnitt C, Capitel iii. 34, Band ii. (siebente Auflage).

hauer, Hartmann is no true discoverer in the unknown noumenal land. He finds it a desert barren of vegetation, save for the anthropomorphic flowers of his own fancy, which he has so skilfully transplanted from the garden of experience.

In his anxiety to set his deity above consciousness Hartmann makes him unconscious. But is the Conscious in any sense upon a lower scale of being than the Unconscious? In their fatuous determination to avoid anthropomorphism in the conception of God, modern scientists of certain schools make desperate efforts to discredit consciousness, merely, apparently, because it is a human attribute, or, more probably, because it cannot be adequately explained without the hypotheses of religion or philosophy, which are their pet aversions. It seems little more satisfactory to make the Supreme Power unconscious than to call it 'a something not ourselves which makes for righteousness.' And if 'a something not ourselves which makes for righteousness,' why not God? But the scientist of the school mentioned is quite inexorable, and, while insisting on his close and certain relationship to the chimpanzee, will admit of none to an intelligent Creator. We shall not stay to attempt an elaborate refutation of the theory of the Unconscious. It is generally admitted by sound thinkers that unconscious processes of mind cannot be demonstrated, and that the whole argument built upon the supposed discovery of such is an elaborate and ingenious begging of the question.<sup>1</sup> It is enough to ask of the adherent of the Hartmann theory, if there be one, of the rise of consciousness, 'How does the *ego* come to know the *non-ego*, or how does the mind hitherto unconscious come to know the opposing matter?'

The resulting practical doctrines of the later Pessimism are not altogether those of Schopenhauer. The final purpose of consciousness is to retrace, according to Hartmann, the slow and painful steps by which the consummation was reached. The laborious striving of the Unconscious which has resulted in consciousness, the struggle upwards to the light, has achieved a sorrowful success. The risen sun of consciousness has but served to illuminate this world of woe, and in the light of its garish day man sees the horror of its misery and unseemliness. In relying upon the empirical proof rather than the *à priori* demonstration of the essential wretchedness of the world, Hartmann differs from Schopenhauer. He abandons and disproves the doctrine of the negativity of pleasure, which we noticed, and asserts that

<sup>1</sup> Sully's *Pessimism*, chaps. vii. and viii. p. 194.

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pleasure and pain are homogeneous quantities of the same denomination, distinguished by plus and minus signs. (Pleasure is indirect and exhausts the nervous energy, pain in itself giving rise to consciousness.) There is, he admits, considerable difficulty in holding the scales and determining the balance of pleasure and pain. But why is this? Because, to vary the figure, the subject sitting as commissioner for valuation is liable to serious error from many causes—such as, for example, the inaccurate witness given by memory, and the personal prejudice of the adjudicator himself, resulting from unconscious bias or feeling. Love, we know, is blind, and there is no such blind infatuation as the love of life. Therefore it is that humanity is subject to illusion, the hallucination that happiness is attainable.<sup>1</sup> Of this illusion there are three stages.

The first makes bright the infancy of the individual and the race by a hope and trust that in this life satisfaction is to be found; the second supplies middle age with the consolation that the joy unattainable here on earth is reserved for heaven and a future life; the third, that of increased intelligence and the modern world, whispers the suggestion that with the advance of wisdom will increase the value of life, and that in the future, as in a far country, whither in the person of the race we press across the intervening desert, the wells of water are of a satisfying sweetness. We have already seen that Hartmann rejects the view which regards pleasure as negative, while he insists that an observation of human life will leave us without doubt that it is productive of more pain than pleasure. Rejecting the subjective test, the judgment of the individual in his own case, because he is the victim of illusion, Hartmann proceeds to draw conclusions from a general survey of human life from the spectator's point of view. He does not seem to regard the selection of the impartial spectator as at all a difficulty. We can anticipate the conclusions he reaches. Is it to be wondered at that he finds human life exactly what he has previously determined to find it—painful rather than pleasurable? Or can there be conceived a more determinedly unphilosophical, a more ludicrously unscientific, method of procedure? Without any principle of classification we find jumbled together a number of the usual circumstances accompanying mortal existence arbitrarily disposed in groups, and after a detailed and careful setting forth of the pains of life, and a similarly studious belittling or ignoring of its pleasures, the conclusion is drawn that unhappiness reigns

<sup>1</sup> The idea is borrowed by Hartmann from the Italian poet Leopardi.

supreme over all creation, that love itself brings more pain than pleasure, that sympathy is an evil, that work is merely undertaken to escape *ennui*, and that the enjoyment of friendship is nothing more than a kind of satisfaction setting free from the pain of loneliness.

We have already endeavoured to state succinctly the objections to any attempted balancing of life's ledger in the matter of pains and pleasures. It is unnecessary to estimate the value of Hartmann's 'observations' (as, in default of any philosophic dignity, they must be named). Their introduction into a professedly scientific work, except as a light interlude, or what Milton calls 'an intermingling of comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity,' is inexplicable. It might pertinently enough be inquired in this connexion, What is meant by illusion? The attempt on the part of the Pessimist to prove to a happy man that on *à priori* principles he was unhappy was no more satisfactory than the *à posteriori* proof just offered.

Hartmann has not, then, sustained his attack, at the most only effective against Hedonism, and has failed to prove with any appearance of conclusiveness that mankind has suffered, or does now suffer, from an illusion in thinking that happiness has been actually attained at the present stage of the development of the world, and is therefore attainable by the individual in his earthly life to-day.<sup>1</sup>

We may, then, describe the engagement between the Pessimist and the Hedonist as a drawn battle, for both sides claim the victory. To the impartial onlooker it must appear a defeat, or rather a repulse, for the attacking forces of Pessimism; and for this reason simply, that they have failed to carry the position.

Let us suppose, now, that some student of life has found its pages but melancholy reading, and thinks with Schopenhauer that the proper form of address should be, 'not Monsieur, Sir, Mein Herr, but My fellow-sufferer, Soci malorum, Compagnon de misères!' one who feels that he has indeed been the victim of a delusion—that life upon earth is worth living and pleasurable—what hope is there for him? dare he put his trust in the 'larger hope,' in the consolations of Christianity, in the belief in a life beyond the grave? 'Beware!'<sup>2</sup> replies Von Hartmann, 'of the second stage of the illusion, which makes happiness attainable in this transcendental life, for there is none such; it is unthinkable, and science not only knows

<sup>1</sup> The first stage of the Illusion, ii. 295, *Die P. d. U.*

<sup>2</sup> Vol. ii. p. 355, *Die P. d. U.*



nothing of it, but she proves its impossibility.' If this be so, life is indeed a 'tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury  
Signifying nothing.'

The verdict of 'science' in every sphere of thought is awaited in our days with intense and breathless attention, not altogether warranted by experience of her assertions in the past. But although the subject is vastly too wide a one to enter upon here as a side issue, an issue of such magnitude cannot be altogether overlooked. Physical science when questioned as to a future life either refuses to answer altogether or replies in an almost contemptuous negative. The Pessimist bases his denial upon the alleged *à priori* impossibility of the creation of a future better than the present by the unconscious deity, and his argument stands or falls with his *Weltprincip*. We may therefore pass it by without further notice. But the appeal is made to science, and to science therefore we must go.

What is the sum of the argument, then, denying a future life? It is almost wholly negative. The proof may be summed up thus: no evidence whatever is obtainable. Investigation of organic life and a study of its history discover nothing, save that as it came into being so it departs. The beginning and the end are alike of its very essence; birth is a prophecy of death, existence is proof of non-existence. Whether we trace the testimony of physiological facts, or approach the problem from the theological or metaphysical side, we reach the same result, an insurmountable absence of evidence, a forbidding and chilling reticence in universal nature. Moreover, the more carefully the facts are collated the more clearly appears the baselessness of the assumption, and, although sore unwilling, we are irresistibly driven to a knowledge that man, 'noble in reason, infinite in faculty, in form and moving express and admirable, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god,' is, when all is said and done, 'this quintessence of dust.' Thought and consciousness are proved to be dependent on the brain and nervous system: in health when these latter are in health, disordered with them, and destroyed with their destruction. Astronomy proves the insignificance of man, psychology that his cerebral surface is only a trifle more creased and furrowed than that of the gorilla, and geology that he is a recent appearance in a universe which existed millions of years before the trivial accident of his advent, and which will exist for millions after

his departure from the stage where he fancies himself so important a personage.

Against all this what is to be set? Little and much. Quite apart from the assurance of revelation, before we accept the terrible alternative—*Vernichtung*—it behoves us to consider. Despite the best efforts of science and philosophy, around and about our little life lies an encircling sea of mystery, limitless and unfathomable. To speak with the accent of assurance regarding human destiny is to proclaim aloud our folly in the streets; to presume to measure the moral or spiritual immensities and possibilities of the universe with the line and plummet of our earthly experience is to exalt our ignorance to the supreme seat of Deity—'to take upon us the mystery of things as if we were God's spies.' No sane man can accept as final a dictum, the fruit of knowledge it may be said, but knowledge so imperfect and insignificant in the midst of immeasurable ignorance. 'A negative presumption is not created by the absence of proof in cases where in the nature of things proof is inaccessible.' If the negative argument cannot be said to establish the scientific case, the positive goes far to disprove it. If the evolution hypothesis brings to light man's relationship to the catarrhine family of apes, and suggests that the 'bellum omnium contra omnes,' of which Darwin tells us, resulted in the production and preservation of man, the fittest vertebrate mammal, it does not fail to suggest more.<sup>1</sup>

Here is an order of things under a reign of law making for a higher development. Evolution has given birth to consciousness—a high miracle—to marvellous powers of sympathy, and even self-abnegation, to moral and spiritual emotions so remote in character from those of sense that it is one of the chief difficulties of the evolutionist philosophy to give any credible explanation of their genesis. It has prepared us, by the very magnificence of its achievement, for a further advance, and a still vaster and nobler prospect. Unless we are to be put to 'permanent intellectual confusion' we must believe that what has been reached is but promise of what is still to come,

<sup>1</sup> The 'struggle for life' is often appealed to by the Pessimist, and sympathy indulged in and asked for the losers in the strife. To which Dr. Martineau happily replies: 'This very complaint is in itself a homage to the worth of life, and no Pessimist could urge it without answering himself. Is it a cruel feature in the competition for existence that the halt and feeble lose their footing on the world, and are exiled from life? Is it an evil which they thus incur? Then the life which they miss must be a good. . . . If animal existence be not worth having, why invite our compassion for those that lose it?' (*Study of Religion*, ii. 83).

and that this march of a supreme principle of progress can never be arrested.<sup>1</sup>

Another physical law, established beyond possibility of refutation, assures us that nature, although no miser, is no prodigal, and that in the whole circle of her domain waste is unknown. Change, metamorphosis, everywhere, but nowhere loss, annihilation. If death be indeed the end, while the various component elements of the body are dissipated, but still in some other form serve a cosmic end, what of consciousness, what of thought which bent to its desires the forces which keep the universe alive and made them its ministers? Beyond mortal ken, but not annihilated nor dead,<sup>2</sup> for there is no death nor annihilation, only unending movement and unwearying change. The surrounding mystery, then, forbids the dogmatism of negation. The wide sweep of two such laws as the law of progress and the law of the indestructibility of energy are powerfully and positively suggestive that there is no final or fixed goal, but that towards an infinite perfection the individual must ever move, and that with such husbandry as that of nature we need have no fear, while she preserves and makes use of every atom and force released from its duty in the body at death, that the paramount force, the master energy, will not be saved for fitting and noble service.

These considerations are merely suggestive of the argument that may be built up from the facts supplied by science herself. They touch only the fringe of the subject, but may be taken as indicative of a vastly wider scheme of reasoning. The Pessimist's appeal to science, then, to support his dogma, on the second stage of the illusion, is inconclusive. Though willing to aid him, she can lend but equivocal help, and the answers of the oracle are ambiguous. Here, then, even by the loser in the race of life, Pessimism may be met with a good courage, and by a believer in Christianity with full certainty of victory. 'In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'

As Von Hartmann proceeds in the promulgation of his philosophy, whether from weariness or a confidence that he has already proved all that is necessary or of importance, he becomes more and more careless in the attempt to substantiate

<sup>1</sup> Fiske, *Man's Destiny*.

<sup>2</sup> It cannot be said that thought is a mere 'function' or a 'secretion' of the brain, for Professor Tyndall tells us that 'the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable,' and all modern physiologists admit that though the brain process and the thought process are *synchronous* they cannot be proved *interdependent*, nor can the brain be proved the *cause* of consciousness.

his opinions, and leans more heavily in their support upon emphatic assertion. The author of *Die Philosophie des Unbewusstseins* has an airy way of crossing the Alps of philosophical difficulty, forsaking the paths of the ordinary pedestrian climber and borne aloft on the winged words of a literary excellence. In believing that happiness will be possible for the race in the future—a belief upon which the Positivist depends for his religion, and from which, seemingly, he derives much comfort—man has reached the third stage of the illusion.<sup>1</sup> The establishment of this statement gives Von Hartmann little trouble. The increase of culture from which the humanitarian hopes so much can only bring an increase of misery, for it involves a completer knowledge of the world, already proved to be essentially painful. As the intellect emancipates itself from will man is disillusioned, and an observation of history shows that progress, the fruit of discontent, brings forth a plentiful crop of the same. Development may increase happiness, medicine may cure disease, invention and art may increase luxury, but all in vain. The increased happiness due to development is accompanied by a vastly greater increase in misery, diseases multiply more rapidly than remedies can be discovered, and the augmentation of luxury and comfort to certain classes resulting from the arts is more than counterbalanced by the increase in the population, the greater proportion of which must remain barely capable of self-subsistence.

We are not greatly concerned to defend the humanitarian Positivist from the attacks of his Pessimist enemy, though that attack would not,<sup>2</sup> we think, be irresistible, and the Meliorist may be admitted to have some scientific basis for his beliefs.

One might have supposed that when the whole matter had been so clearly demonstrated nothing would or could have remained save to die quickly, and have done with the tormenting mockery of life. The determined reluctance of the Pessimist to quit the life he so much hates is a remarkable phenomenon. Having proved that happiness and culture cannot go hand in hand, Von Hartmann abandons Happiness as an end (*Endzweck*), and makes choice of the worship of Culture, forsakes Venus, the pleasure of life, for Minerva, the wisdom of life. We should ourselves have been in full agreement with the Pessimist had he made choice of wisdom in the first instance; but to pay ardent court to the divinity of

<sup>1</sup> *Die P. d. U.* ii. 368.

<sup>2</sup> As Mr. Barlow points out, the social eudemonist, if he thinks the case against 'culture producing happiness' proved, should aim at *Wieder-erthierung* (*Ultimatum of Pessimism*), pp. 47, 108.

pleasure while her charms were fresh, and only forsake her for her rival when those charms began to fade—of such conduct have we not a natural right to complain? It seems not, for a tremendous undertaking is associated with this infidelity. In the development of *culture* the World Spirit becomes conscious of itself, and the struggle in which all men perforce engage is but the hotbed where this choice plant is grown (*ein Mistbeet voll Culturdünger*). Hence the heroic task of sacrificing himself and his descendants to what Hartmann himself calls 'the insatiable Moloch of the evolution principle' is the highest moral duty. This decision, justifying a continuance in life and a propagation of the species, is reached after a deal of metaphysic, and an examination and rejection as inadequate of many doctrines, including 'das Princip der sittlichen Weltordnung,' and theistic and utilitarian ethics. What, then, is the beginning and end of the whole matter? This Supreme Being, like Prometheus upon Mount Caucasus with the vulture at his liver, is the victim of undying pain. The universe is the result of his struggles and blind striving to free himself from his misery; it is 'ein schmerzhaftes Zugpflaster, welches das all-eine Wesen sich selbst applicirt, um einen inneren Schmerz zunächst nach aussen abzulenken und für die Folge zu beseitigen.'<sup>1</sup> Inspired by this conception, Hartmann

'Seems to grow in every limb,  
To feel the thews of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart,'

and prophetlike preaches the gospel of self-renunciation. Man's aim must be a full surrender of himself to the course of the world, enduring as best he may the increased misery of his condition as the sphere of culture widens, sacrificing himself to glut the maws of the aforementioned 'insatiable Moloch of the evolution principle;' for by so doing he makes more light the burden of pain borne by the Supreme Unconscious, of which he is himself a part, and hastens the happy hour when, with the emancipation of intellect, the will to live is crushed out, the bubble of the universe bursts, and

'This unsubstantial pageant, faded,  
Leaves not a rack behind.'

When this joyful consummation is reached, the evil dream of existence will be passed, and the dreamless sleep of nothingness will never again be disturbed. The goal of evolution will be reached in the 'cosmic universal negation of Will.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Barlow's *Ultimatum of Pessimism*, p. 81.  
<sup>2</sup> An illusion of Hartmann's, says Bahnsen!

It is pleasant to know all this ; but what criticism of it can be seriously offered? Save, perchance, that it must take rank as the most remarkable cosmogony ever invented by man. If this be not a veritable 'whoring after strange gods,' that phrase is without a meaning.

The philosophers from the first have been busy with theories of evil. It has seemed necessary to harmonize the ideas of a Supreme Good-willing God and of evil and misery. Among modern philosophers, Leibnitz put forth the most elaborate explanation. Evil is physical, metaphysical, or moral, and may be understood as corrective or punitive, inseparable from finite existence, and not a reality, but a mere absence or limitation of good ; and Hegel took the same view, that pain was the necessary result or accompaniment of finite existence. It matters not whether our object be an endeavour to reconcile the ideas of a moral government of the world and the pain inseparable from life in the world, or a mere mathematical calculation regarding the overplus of pain or pleasure, it is to be noted at the outset *that a large mass of the evil usually included in the calculation must be omitted from the account.* The sufferer from self-inflicted pain receives little sympathy from his fellows, and when the Pessimist's case against existence comes to be formulated, the plaint against the pain of existence as a whole must be struck out of the pleadings until it be modified into a much less comprehensive charge by the omission of all mention of pain due to sin, folly, or culpable ignorance which partakes of the character of one or both.<sup>1</sup> Whatever our definition of 'sin' may be, and however far removed from that of Christian ethics, it is admittedly responsible for a vast amount of the unhappiness of life. The belief long since found utterance that 'one sinner destroyeth much good,' and modern science is witness that in this, as in many other matters, she must adopt the words of Scripture to express her most profound and settled convictions. The natural depravity of the criminal, we are told, is due to a constitution derived from vicious antecedents, and the 'iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children.'<sup>2</sup> The most deadly forms of disease known in

<sup>1</sup> It is, of course, impossible to discuss here Necessitarianism, or that doctrine of motives which makes ridiculous our admiration, love, and reverence for good and noble lives by removing merit or demerit from conduct. Some responsibility, sufficient for the argument, is admitted by all and recognised in the rewards and punishments of society.

<sup>2</sup> 'To judge from the threnodies of the modern Pessimist, he is chiefly impressed by the *miseries* which vice and wrong produce.



our own day are those inherited and due to a taint in the blood, not seldom springing from dissolute or reckless lives lived perhaps a hundred years ago. The pain and sorrow flowing directly from such sources cannot be set down in the indictment against existence, with an air of injured innocence and righteous indignation. Mankind is all one family. We live under laws which, beneficent if obeyed, are retributive if despised. Man is to a great degree the master of his fate, the 'captain of his soul.' As he learns the secrets of nature, she yields to him the power that knowledge brings. Thus, he has imprisoned the lightning and arrested the course of the devastating plague. The lesson is an obvious one. Pessimism has done some service in impressing upon us the fact that the world is not created as a mere pleasure-palace. There is no suggestion made anywhere in heaven or earth that man's chief end is 'to walk all day, like a sultan of old, in a garden of spice,' but there is abundance of evidence that no effort is without result, that all labour invested as capital is secure, and cannot fail to yield a just return. As we have seen, it is the Hedonist alone, regarding as he does 'a stream of feelings as his life-goal,' who need greatly trouble himself at the conclusions of the Pessimist, or buckle on his armour to give him battle. Let it be granted that in the world misery *is* in excess of happiness, what then? Are we therefore to sit down in sackcloth and ashes, strew dust upon our heads, and, rocking to and fro, chant in a minor key, until death stay our song, the paralysing music of despair? Or, as alternative, 'hatching vain empires,' and nerved by a knowledge of the utter agony of the Supreme, in which we ourselves have a share, shall we yield us to the service of the race, in the sad hope of a possible happy annihilation? It is too much to ask of us. The Pessimist has slain happiness, pleasure is an illusion, the dead corpse can never be galvanized into life again; but as we have never declared ourselves the votaries of pleasure, we must be excused from marching in the funeral procession, or joining in the dirge by the grave.

We must therefore insist upon a rigorous exclusion from the Pessimist indictment of much that it contains, and in connexion with this issue the limitation of the demand for happiness has a place. 'To the demand for happiness in a sentient creature,' says Dr. Martineau, '*some limit* must be set, inasmuch as the creature is finite, and by hypothesis has a nature terminable in time, restricted in range, imperfect in

Would he then prefer that they should produce happiness?'—Martineau, *Study of Religion*, ii. 105.

quality.' It is with some natural impatience, therefore, that the demand 'give, give,' should be received. The sane man is fully aware that pain is a necessary counterpart to pleasure, in a finite creature, and that both serve important and beneficent ends. The very setting up of an ideal, as we see the more clearly the more we consider pain in its relation to our moral nature—the very setting up of an ideal is to invite the companionship of sorrow. It is in grief at our own shortcomings that we pay the price of aspiration, and make choice of the narrow and arduous path of ascent and achievement, instead of the broad and easy valley road, to traverse which is neither difficult nor glorious :

'Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !  
Be our joys three-parts pain !  
Strive and hold cheap the strain ;  
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !'<sup>1</sup>

When we come to make search after a sufficient reason for the genesis or prevalence of a Pessimistic philosophy, we find that it is the direct and natural outcome of a worship of pleasure, a species of fetish worship to which a certain class is always liable—the class of men that is accustomed to look upon all religion as superstitious folly, and hope in a future life as 'a low and pernicious belief.'<sup>2</sup> 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall' is a maxim for life keenly expressed and drawn from a deep acquaintance with human nature. There are few men without some religion, and not seldom is the scoffer at the creeds which have sustained humanity in its search for light the victim of a grosser credulity and a more infantile superstition. That man who bows himself in the temple of pleasure is no less a religionist than the Christian. To conceive of life as a race for happiness in which he who eyes the goal most steadfastly and makes most exertion to reach it must, or ought to be, proclaimed winner, is to betray an almost pathetic incapacity for the study of man's environment and his history. It is, we think, a profoundly significant fact—and one cannot wish it otherwise—that to aim at happiness is to miss it. The real illusion from which men suffer, the fatalest of all illusions, is the setting up of this mark and concentrating their best efforts upon its attainment.<sup>3</sup> And yet happiness is cheaper than we think it,

<sup>1</sup> Browning, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*.

<sup>2</sup> Hartmann.

<sup>3</sup> Hartmann is not far wrong if he takes the 'first illusion' in this sense,

did we become purchasers of it in the right market. Pay for it we cannot in the current coin of any realm; it is a commodity not exposed for sale in the streets or bazaars of any city or land; but if we tender for it honest lives and pure sympathies, it is rarely denied us. It comes unexpectedly enough when our expenditure seemed but slight; and though we dare not make it the object of our quest, yet in the endeavour to procure it for another, or when we are resolved to sacrifice its possibility for ourselves, it slips unlooked for back to dwell with us, and there is no loss of it felt by another. Happiness consists in the realisation of the soul—*ἐνέργεια ψυχῆς*—it is the accompaniment of action. As Kant pointed out, it is impossible to determine with certainty what would make any man happy; the empirical constituents of happiness can never be welded together into a whole; the search for the *idea* of action which would make a rational being happy is futile, and no 'imperative,' therefore, commanding a pursuit of happiness exists. The imperative which calls to duty, to rightness of life, to the work that lies nearest our hands, is of quite another order from the empirical counsels to seek pleasure; it makes no promises and holds out no illusive hopes. It is peremptory because divine, and divine for man because rational.

Take, then, that view of things which holds that the worth of the world lies in its *moral and spiritual result*, and our speculative troubles are, if not at an end, a surprisingly lighter burden.

Looked at from the point of view of physiology, or any kindred science, pain is an evil and nothing but an evil, a more or less serious derangement of a sensitive organism, tending towards its destruction. We are not concerned here with the pain endured by the lower animals during life through want, or at death, nor are the data respecting them sufficiently determinable to permit of any addition by their use to the argument of Pessimism. So far, however, as the penetrating sagacity of the materialist carries him, he can discover nothing in the suffering endured by humanity but that its existence is in itself convincing proof of the absence of any moral governor of the universe. 'The idealist scholar alone, who closes his eyes to the real truth, or the priest who tries to keep his spiritual flock in ecclesiastical leading-strings, can any longer tell the fable of the "moral ordering of the world." It exists neither in nature nor in human life, neither in natural history nor the history of civilization.'<sup>1</sup>

and wiser than either the Egoistic or the Universalistic Hedonists. But it is not at any time, we fear, his meaning.

<sup>1</sup> Haeckel, *Evolution of Man*.

This is clear and explicit. We need not look to the Evolutionist to help us to a philosophy which recognizes in pain a disguised good, or will 'see some soul of goodness even in things evil.' And yet is such inconceivable? We cannot but think that the pains of life are no heavy price to pay for its privileges.

'Ease and prosperity may supply a sufficient school for the respectable commoners in character, but without suffering is no man *ennobled*.'<sup>1</sup>

The more highly constituted the organism, say the Pessimists, the more sensitive to pain: but they omit to add, the more capable of achievement. Under the economy of earthly existence (and for finite intelligences to set about the framing of other and better may fairly be regarded as audacious fatuity) through the whole range of organic life we may judge with accuracy of the capacity and nobility of the organism by its less or greater sensitiveness. The vegetable kingdom suffers not, neither does it enjoy.<sup>2</sup> In the animal kingdom the joys and sorrows are those of sense, and the brute creation is relieved of all the suffering due to reflection, but it is also without the higher hopes and consolations that wisdom brings. Standing upon a height commanding a vastly wider field of vision, the child of a psychical no less than of a physical development,<sup>3</sup> whose thoughts travel through eternity, 'still searching after knowledge infinite,' ready, had he but the wings, with which we believe death will equip him, to make far journeys into the unknown, man suffers that he may achieve.

#### ART. VII.—THE VERNEY PAPERS.

*Memoirs of the Verney Family during the Civil War, compiled from the Letters and illustrated by the Portraits at Claydon House.* By FRANCES PARTHENOPE VERNEY. In two volumes. (London, 1892.)

THERE is no more fascinating study than that of the private records of bygone generations, especially when, as in these recently published papers of the Verney family, they belong to one of the most eventful periods of our national history.

<sup>1</sup> Rothe's 'Stille Stunden,' quoted by Martineau in *Study of Religion*, vol. ii. p. 101.

<sup>2</sup> The cabbage may fairly be said to enjoy Nirvana.

<sup>3</sup> Fiske, *Man's Destiny*.

We like to hear what commonplace people were thinking and feeling in those stormy days, to know what kind of lives they led while the great struggle was going on, tearing families and friends asunder, and bringing strife and misery to the quiet fields and peaceful homes of England. Every passing allusion to public events, every mention of the different actors in the scene, is of value, since it enables us to realize the atmosphere in which these men and women lived, and the force of that public opinion which their words and thoughts, their feelings and convictions, were helping to form.

The great houses of England are richer, perhaps, in these precious records than any others in Europe. They have for the most part escaped the ravages of foreign invaders and the fury of armed mobs, which have swept over France and Germany, Italy and Spain. But while the treasures stored up in our ancestral homes have in most cases been preserved from these perils, they have been exposed to others of a scarcely less disastrous kind. Neglect and ignorance have done their worst. Manuscripts of the most priceless value have been turned to the basest uses. At Wroxton the letters of a chancellor of Henry VIII.'s time were thrown away as waste paper; and fragments of his writing were recognized in a carpenter's paper cap. In another house, where some cupboards were cleared to make room for some jam and soap, the parchment of a Knight of the Garter three centuries ago dropped out. 'Oh! that's only a bit of the old paper which the housemaids have to light the fires,' was the housekeeper's remark.

At Claydon, the Buckinghamshire home of the Verneys, pictures, papers, and books were treated much in a similar fashion after the ruin of the owner in the last century. When the present baronet, Sir Harry Verney, came to live there, he found the family portraits, painted by the hands of Vandyke, of Jansen, of Walker, and of Lely, stacked in outhouses. One of them had been fastened over a hole in the wall of the apple-room to keep out the rats, another was found in a loft over the pigstye, and several papers had been gnawed by rats or destroyed by damp. Fortunately the great mass of family records had been carefully preserved. There was at the top of the house a wainscoted gallery forty feet long, full of boxes on trestles containing literally acres of parchment, charters and pardons, terriers and rent-rolls, dating from Henry VII.'s time, 'Mercuries' of the Civil Wars, early editions of plays and poems, and literally thousands of letters relating to the private affairs of the Verneys from the days of Sir Ralph, Lord

Mayor of London, in 1465, down to those of Mary Verney, Baroness Fermanagh, who died unmarried in 1810.

Before long the extraordinary interest of the collection was discovered, and in 1845 Mr. Bruce edited Sir Ralph Verney's 'Notes of Proceedings in the Long Parliament,' and in 1853 another volume of 'Letters and Papers of the Verney Family,' for the Camden Society. The publication of any more documents was interrupted by Mr. Bruce's death, and at the time of her marriage, in 1858, Lady Verney found the great mass of papers still in disorder. She soon began to read and set them in chronological order, and in spite of years of suffering and ill health, as well as frequent interruptions, persevered steadily with her task. When she died, the first volume of the present work was almost finished, and the preparation of the second was sufficiently advanced to be completed by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Verney, assisted by the Honourable Frederica and Catherine Spring Rice. The result of these combined labours has proved thoroughly satisfactory. Lady Verney's well-known literary abilities and experience naturally fitted her for the work which has, we feel, been a labour of love from first to last. These men and women of the seventeenth century live again in her vivid and picturesque narrative. The gallant-hearted Sir Edmund, who fell at Edge Hill clasping the royal standard in his dying hands, the serious and high-minded Sir Ralph, his good mother Dame Margaret, and his noble wife Mary Verney, are personages in whose welfare we take the keenest interest. The joys and sorrows of their troubled lives have become as real to us as if we had seen and spoken with them ourselves. We follow their fortunes through these anxious years and become familiar with all their thoughts and ways. We understand their perplexities and share the cruel pangs which death and separation so often cost them. We realize the strength of the convictions which parted father and son, brother and sister, in the great struggle, and own the might of the love which could sweeten the bitterest trials.

Lady Verney devotes her first chapters to a description of Claydon House, and of the four separate villages bearing this name and belonging to the Verney estate. Steppul or Steeple Claydon, the largest of the four, was reckoned a populous town in the Conqueror's day; Botolph Claydon, a corruption of Botyl, a hamlet or inclosed place, and Est or East Claydon, have each of them an old manor-house standing in the midst of black and white timbered cottages and tall elm trees. But Middle or, as it is called in ancient deeds,



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Middel Claydon is by far the most important of the group. For here in the heart of the rich Buckinghamshire grass-country stands the great house which has been the home of fourteen generations of the Verney family. Claydon House was rebuilt on a splendid scale by Ralph Lord Verney in the last century, but the form of the ancient manorhouse may still be traced in the present building, and a pencil sketch of the seventeenth century gives us a good idea of the gabled front and tall chimneys, which were at that time its most conspicuous features. The 'fine gardens,' in which Sir Ralph took such delight, where he planted vines and fig-trees, Persian tulips and melon-seeds, on his return from exile, and grew the 'quickenberry trees' which he presented to Charles II., are still remarkable for their beauty and extent. The family portraits, by the hands of Vandyke and Jansen, which were rolled up for safety or carried abroad during the Civil Wars, once more adorn the walls, and have been carefully identified by Lady Verney, with the help of old lists and descriptions. Close by, within a few yards of the house, stands the little fourteenth-century church dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels, which has been during centuries the burial-place of the Verneys. The priests' door, at the top of a flight of stone steps shaded by yew trees, is close to the library windows. Within are brasses and monuments to Verneys of every age on the south side of the chancel; the busts of the Standard-bearer and his spouse, and of their son Sir Ralph, the parliamentary member, and his sweet-faced wife 'Lady Mary,' as she is called, look down from the imposing tomb which Sir Ralph caused to be executed in Rome as a lasting memorial of his love and sorrow.

The first Verney connected with Claydon was an older Sir Ralph, a wealthy merchant of London and stout Yorkist, who was Lord Mayor in 1465, and received grants of various forfeited lands in Buckinghamshire from King Edward IV. He bought the manor of Middle Claydon but never lived there, and let the house on a lease of a hundred years to the Giffard family. Several of his descendants occupied posts at Court under our Tudor sovereigns; and young Edmund Verney, who became the head of the family in James I.'s reign, was attached to the person of Prince Henry at an early age. A fine picture of this prince, ascribed to Mireveldt, is still at Claydon House, and bears witness to the affection which Edmund Verney bore to his master, of whose death he spoke twenty-seven years afterwards as the greatest sorrow he had ever known. In 1611, a year before this melancholy

event, Sir Edmund had received the honour of knighthood, and in December 1612, being then twenty-two years of age, he married Margaret Denton, the daughter of a friend and neighbour, Sir Thomas Denton, whose fine old house at Hillesden, with its stately church and elm-avenues leading up the hill to its gates, could be seen from the Claydon estate. The bride was only eighteen years of age and one of a very large family, but she brought her husband a good fortune, and proved an admirable and devoted wife. There is a charming portrait of her, wearing a white smock trimmed with lace and a large jewel hanging to a chain round her neck. The face is gentle and thoughtful, the expression in her eyes full of tender melancholy, and she rests her brow on her left hand, as if she too were oppressed with the burden of the times and the cares of her large family. When she married, Claydon was still let to the Giffards, and her parents agreed to give the young couple 'four yeares' boarde.' So Margaret remained at Hillesden, where eight of her twelve children were born; and Sir Edmund spent his time partly with her, and partly at his house in Drury Lane, in attendance at Court. For, a year after his marriage, he had been appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Prince Charles, and in that capacity accompanied Charles and Buckingham on their memorable journey to Spain in 1623. The reception which they met with at the Catholic King's Court did not commend itself either to Sir Edmund's refined tastes or to his Protestant principles. The houses were without glass or chimneys; the dirt in the streets and houses 'did almost poison us'; the ladies there painted so thick and palpable 'you would think they rather wore vizards than their own faces!' And to crown all, they 'went to church,' and heard a Latin sermon from a Jesuit who called Queen Elizabeth 'the daughter of lust and adultery, whose mother was begot by none but Satan,' and spoke of King Henry VIII.'s soul as lying chained in the 'bottomlesse pit of hell' (i. 80). Charles himself soon gave up his suit in disgust, and returned home, declaring that he dared not even order the glasses of his carriage to be opened without consulting the Junta of divines to whom every point in the marriage treaty had to be referred.

On the death of James I. Sir Edmund was made Knight-Marshal of the Palace to the new King, but neither this post in the household nor yet his personal attachment to his royal master prevented him from showing a 'very uncourtly' sympathy with the popular party, when he was returned for Aylesbury in the Parliament of 1628. It was above all the religious

question which appealed to him and to other country gentlemen of his type. His strong Protestant feelings led him to look with horror on Laud's reforms, and he took an active part in bringing over Archbishop Usher from Ireland to preach 'right doctrine' at St. Paul's Church in Covent Garden, subscribing liberally to the fund required and receiving the Archbishop in his own house.

Sir Edmund was indeed an excellent example of the English squire of the seventeenth century, who, in Carlyle's words, 'believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a great and awful fact.'

'The prominent interest in religious over political questions, even the most absorbing,' writes Lady Verney, 'is extremely remarkable both in Sir Edmund and in his son Sir Ralph; it was not only that the liberties of England at this time were believed by them to hang as much on one as on the other, but that being men of the world, living the ordinary life, at Court, in Parliament, in business, in war, sharing in the pleasures and the occupations of the world, whether in town or country, they were among those (and there were many) who truly cared to carry out their ideal of a higher life above all things, although without the smallest pretence at sanctity over and above their neighbours' (i. 99).

Yet there was nothing of the fanatic or bigot about them. They mixed freely in the pleasures of life, took delight in all knightly pursuits, in dancing, music, fencing, and hawking, and, as we see in their portraits at Claydon, wore their hair falling on their necks according to the common fashion. Sir Edmund especially is described as 'a redde and compleat man for the pleasures of ladyes.' When he appeared at Court in his 'Isabella satin suit, ornamented with silver and gold buttons,' still preserved at Claydon, or followed his master on his royal progresses 'in a crimson satin dublet and cloak lined with pinked plush,' he seemed the very model of a gentleman and courtier. His chivalrous bearing and high spirits made him a favourite with the great ladies of the Puritan party, such as Lady Barrymore and Lady Sussex. This last-named lady especially plays an important part in the Claydon annals. Originally one of the Yorkshire Wortleys, she first married Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley, a neighbour and intimate friend of the Verneys, and after his death in 1631 became the wife of the aged and infirm Earl of Sussex. An active and energetic woman, taking a keen interest in politics, and looking with suspicious eyes on the King and on his French Queen, Lady Sussex found the 'sade, retired life' she led at Gorham-bury with 'my olde Lorde,' very little to her taste, but she

nursed him well and faithfully until his death in 1643, and consoled herself meanwhile by keeping up a lively correspondence with her friends at Court. She trusts Sir Edmund, or when he is too busy to write, his son Ralph, to give her all the latest news, and refers to them in all business matters. They have to help her make her will, to order her carpets and curtains, sometimes even her gowns, and find a good '*mache*' for her daughter Nan Lee. One day she writes to Sir Ralph about her coals, which it appears are very bad, another time she asks him to choose 'a fasyonable mofe [muff] for one as tale [tall] as your wife,' or else desires him to buy 'a hansom sattin cote for her prity godson,' his own little boy Edmund. The pattern of the sky-blue satin that she sent may still be seen at Claydon pinned to the scrap of paper on which her many commissions were written down. Its colour is as brilliant as ever, and forms a strange contrast to the old brown letters among which it has lain for so many years. Her spelling is even worse than that of the other great ladies of her day, which is saying a good deal. It takes some time to recognize in such words as 'Oyskescher' Yorkshire, 'Sentar-bones' St. Albans, 'Linges linds fildes' Lincoln's Inn Fields. She writes 'a maisis mee' for 'amazes me,' speaks of 'Mr. Bakon,' the Chancellor's nephew, 'the hoper hose' (the upper house), and describes the burial-place of the Earls of Sussex at Boreham in Essex, near their residence at New Hall, as 'borom,' parish church to 'nue hale.' She is very particular too about her portrait, which, by Sir Edmund's express wish, is painted by Vandyke, although Lady Sussex herself thinks it is money 'ill bestowde.'

'Put Sir Vandyke,' she writes to Ralph, 'in remembrance to do my pictuer wel. I have sene [seen] sables with the clasp of them set with dimons [diamonds]—if thos that i am pictuerde in wher don so, i think it would look very wel in the pictuer. . . . i am glade you have prefaled with S<sup>r</sup> Vandike to make my pictuer lener [leaner], for trully it was too fat. if he made it farer [fairer] it will bee for my credit—I see you will make him trimme it for my advantige every way.' Again: 'I am glade you have made S<sup>r</sup> Vandike mind my dres. when it is don i beseech you pay him for it, and get a hansom frame made to put it in, and then present it to my lady and your father from me, but the frame I will pay for. . . . Let me know, i beseech you how much i am your debtor, and whether Vandicke was contente with the fifty ponde' (i. 259).

Even supposing the value of money to be about four and a half times what the same sum represents at present, 'fifty ponde' is little enough for a full-length picture, as it is

described in the old lists, 'in a blew goune with pearle buttens.'

After the death of her 'goode old Lorde,' Lady Sussex married Lord Warwick, the admiral of the Parliament's fleet, and once more played a prominent part in London society. But she grieved sorely over Sir Edmund's death, and proved a good friend to Ralph and his wife to the end. 'As I thinke you the best of men,' she writes, 'so the best frinde [friend] I have next your good father and mother' (i. 243).

From the year 1530 we have much fuller details of the family history of the Verneys. The letters increase as Sir Edmund's ten children grow up, and the eldest son, Ralph, is old enough to write letters himself. They were a most affectionate family, and all of them indefatigable letter writers. The sons at school and college complain bitterly if a week or two pass without their hearing from their father or elder brother. Ralph himself preserved every scrap of writing, notes, answers to invitations, bailiffs' accounts, and traders' bills. Often there are as many as four or five hundred letters belonging to a single year, and up to the date of Sir Ralph's own death, in 1696, Lady Verney counted as many as thirty thousand letters. Claydon was now once more the Verneys' home. There Dame Margaret and her yearly increasing family spent most of their time, while Sir Edmund rode down from town whenever he could spare time. In 1634 he took one of Lord Bedford's newly built houses in the Piazza of Covent Garden on lease, with coach-house and stables behind. The house, it is particularly stated in the lease, was partly wainscotted, and the chief rooms were furnished with the latest improvements in the shape of 'shuttynge windowes' and 'stock-locks,' which last were removed from the doors and 'kept loose in the closet' when the apartments were not in use. But there was no sewer as yet in the new district, and Sir Edmund expressly stipulated that if he were unable to live there 'with any convenyency' he might give up the house at six months' notice. Macaulay's account of the new square at this period certainly does not sound very attractive. The market was held close under the doors, fruit sellers screamed, carters fought, and cabbage stalks and rotten apples lay in heaps on the thresholds of great lords' houses. The duties of his office kept Sir Edmund constantly at Court, and the sumptuous suits of cloth of gold and laced and embroidered purple satin, required for Court festivals and masques, were no light burdens for a man like Sir Edmund, whose estates were already heavily encumbered. On one occasion, when he ac-

accompanied the King to be crowned at Edinburgh, the knight-marshal's fine clothes cost him the sum of 260*l.* of money at its present value! Neither were Sir Edmund's attempts at improving his income by taking shares in a patent for hackney coaches, or in a plan for reclaiming fen lands, altogether successful. But in spite of these many anxieties Sir Edmund kept his joyous heart and cheerful temper unchanged. This gallant courtier and fine gentleman was never so happy as when he could escape from town and get back to his 'very loving wife' and to the four young sons and six little girls who found him such a tender father. Here in the woods and green meadows of this quiet home he loved to devote himself to country pursuits, to see to the 'pleaching of the hedges' and the making of the hay, to visit his 'nags and geldings,' his colts and greyhounds, and hunt the stag in Whaddon Chase. He was an excellent landlord, kindly and considerate towards his farmers and cottagers, eager to find comfortable places for the servants who left him, and always ready to do a good turn to a dependent or neighbour whenever he had the chance. His letters concerning the letting of the farms and general management of the estate are full of interesting details, and it is curious to find that the rent of land in those days was decidedly higher than it is at present. Some of the fields at Claydon which still bear the same names and can be easily identified were let by Sir Edmund for 500*l.* and 600*l.*, whereas even some thirty years ago, before the great fall in the value of land, the rent paid for them was only 450*l.*

In all these matters Sir Edmund's prime helper and adviser was his eldest son Ralph. Born at Hillesden on November 9, 1613, the heir of Claydon was married in May 1629 to Mary Blacknall the orphan heiress of Abingdon, then a child of thirteen. The large estates which she had inherited from her father made her a 'greate mache,' and Sir Edmund did not obtain the prize for his young son without considerable opposition from one of her guardians, who was anxious to marry her to his own son, and whose relations tried hard to make the girl repudiate the marriage after the nuptial ceremony had been solemnized.

'Good Aunt,' wrote the little bride to the only relative who had favoured the Verney suit, a Mrs. Wiseman, 'besides the desire I have to hear of youre health and my Uncle's, I think it fitt to acquaint you that now I am married, in which state I hope God will give mee his blessings and make it happy to mee.' She then says she was anxious the marriage should be 'privately done, and soe it



was . . . . As I had your loving advice to it, soe I assure myself I shall have your prayers for the good success of it' (i. 117).

The aunt in reply desires her niece to honour the Verneys as her parents, 'for so now they be, and God will give a blessing upon you.' She adds that Aunt Libb, who had been so anxious to marry the heiress to her son, has sent her word that 'shee hoppeth that I shall repent the mach as much as anything that I ever ded, but I have a betere beleafe.' Lady Verney on her part wrote kindly to Mrs. Wiseman from Claydon, hoping she will visit her there, where, although 'you will not find a wedding feast, yett I will assure you of the heartiest welcome I can give. Mr. Verney,' she adds, 'is gone to Courte, but presents his love and service' (i. 116). The bride also went back to her relatives for two years, until, in August 1631, her young husband was allowed to claim her as his wife. Ralph, who was then nineteen years of age, was pursuing his studies at Magdalen Hall, where his father's friend, Lord Clarendon, had been educated, and which retained a Puritan reputation, while Magdalen College had become a strong Royalist centre. He remained here about two years, riding over twenty miles to his home whenever he could get leave of absence, sometimes in such a storm of rain that his tutor Mr. Crowther laughs at him for his zeal, and warns him not to abandon his studies for Hymen's pleasures, but ever to bear in mind that 'the sweetness of a kiss will relish better after the harshness of a syllogism' (i. 118).

The marriage, which had been brought about in this high-handed fashion, turned out a very happy one. The child-wife whom Ralph brought to Claydon that summer was not only blest with the sweetest and brightest nature, but with a rare amount of good sense and high principle. In all the difficult relations of her early wedded life she showed a wisdom and good feeling which won all hearts. 'Mischiefe,' as her brothers and sisters fondly called her, soon became not only, as the old tutor calls her, Ralph's 'sweetest comfort,' but a favourite daughter to both Sir Edmund and his wife. Her father-in-law's affection for his good daughter Mary finds constant expression in his letters, and when Lady Verney died in 1641, everyone condoles with Mary for the loss of her beloved mother. She was the joy and life of the whole house, the peacemaker to whom the unruly younger brothers, 'the selfish Henry and the scape-grace Tom,' turn in their troubles, while Edmund, the best of them, remained warmly attached to her throughout his life,

and never speaks of her but as 'my sweetest sister.' There is a graceful portrait of Mary Verney, taken by Vandyke in 1636, shortly before her eldest son's birth, wearing a blue satin gown looped up with pearls, and a fringe of fair curly hair; but her best likeness is said to be the fine bust in Middle Claydon Church, which was executed in Rome, after her death, from a miniature. This gives a pleasant idea of her face, which, if not exactly handsome, is full of good sense and sweetness, and agrees well with all we know of her character and conduct.

During the next ten years the young couple formed part of the happy family circle at Claydon, only moving to Covent Garden to spend 'the terme' or season with Sir Edmund when his duties kept him at Court. From his earliest years Ralph was his father's friend and adviser in all business matters, especially in everything relating to the management of the estate. The relation between the two was very touching. Sir Edmund with his buoyant spirits and gay jokes was by far the younger man, and in his merry letters he often rallies Ralph on his lack of horsemanship, little taste for sport, and over-caution. But he has the most absolute confidence in his son's judgment, and is perfectly happy as long as he has him at hand to settle his affairs. When Ralph asks leave to accompany Lord Arundel on his embassy to the Emperor's Court, Sir Edmund replies that he cannot possibly spare him. If Ralph goes abroad who will settle his business, look to the farms, and manage the affairs at Claydon? Ralph's character was certainly the very opposite to that of his father. His goodness and unselfishness were beyond all praise. 'You have a son truly good,' wrote Lady Sussex to Sir Edmund; 'I pray God make him happy every way, for I thinke ther cannot bee a bettir yonge man' (p. 127). He had no mean share of practical abilities together with the most indefatigable industry. But he was timid, over-anxious and scrupulous in all his dealings, with none of Sir Edmund's dash and brilliancy. His letters at this period of his life strike us as somewhat formal and precise for a youth of his age. He rejoices in the high-flown compliments and wise maxims then fashionable. One letter full of long and elaborate phrases, carefully copied out from several foul copies, bears the words, 'This was never writ to anyone.' As Lady Verney remarks, it was evidently reserved for some transcendently important occasion which never came. Yet there is something very attractive in the portrait of 'Raphe' Verney, with his long hair and deep collar of exquisite lace, which Cor-

nelius Jansen painted in these early days. The face is singularly gentle and thoughtful, the features not unlike those of his father, but with none of the knight-marshal's brave and martial bearing. Ralph's appearance, on the contrary, bears witness to the delicate health often mentioned in the letters. He has caught his mother's sad and wistful look, and seems haunted by a prophetic foreboding of coming woes. Troubles, indeed, came early to him. Before he had reached the age of twenty he was a father, and his first child had been baptized one day and buried the next, and he and his wife were both dangerously ill of smallpox. A second daughter, born in 1634, died before she was four years old.

'Ralph,' wrote Sir Edmund to the young father, who was absent from home when his little Anne Maria was taken ill, 'your sweete child is going apace to a better woorld: shee has but a short time to staye with uss. Make all convenient haste to your good wife who wants your comfort, yet come not too fast, for that maye heate your bludd; and that maye give an end to all our comfort. As ever I shall intreat anything from you, take care of yourselfe, for this is a dangerous yeare for Heats and colds. The God of Heaven bless you. Your loving Father, Ed. Verney' (ii. 8).

The third child, a boy called Edmund, born on Christmas Day, 1636, was so delicate that he had to be sent for his health to Hillesden, and brought up there by his great-grandmother, Lady Denton. He was Lady Sussex's godson, and a great pet with his young uncles and aunts. In those days, it must be remembered, a very large proportion of children died in infancy, and it is quoted as a wonderful proof of Dame Margaret Verney's judicious management, that ten out of her twelve children lived to grow up in spite of the 'whippings,' the vomitings and sweating pills, the purgings and blood-lettings which figure so largely in the family records. The physic of the day, Lady Verney justly remarks, was of a truly murderous description—bleedings, caustics, cuppings are common at every age and in all possible states of health. Another curious feature was the extreme pitch to which mourning was carried. Not only was it the custom to send black to all intimate friends as well as relatives, but everything belonging to a widow or widower must be black. The furniture and walls of the rooms must be hung with black, the saddles and bridles must be covered with black. We hear of a 'black coche' which is borrowed for the time, and, worse than all, there is the big black bed and hangings which travels about whenever there is a death in the family, and is lent in turn by Sir Edmund to all his friends and relatives. An excuse

is made in a letter some years later for throwing a white coverlet over the bed of a young Verney widow who is ill and cannot bear the sight of black cloth.

Besides Ralph, Sir Edmund had three younger sons, two of whom, Tom and Henry, turned out very badly, and were by no means worthy of the stock from which they sprang. Tom was an incorrigible idler, boastful, extravagant, and always in debt. Again and again his parents packed him off to Virginia or the Barbadoes, with an expensive outfit and introductions to friends abroad. Each time he returned home at the end of a few months, penniless and in debt. He never writes a letter without asking for money, expects Ralph to make his peace each time afresh with his father, and when all other resources have failed begs of his mother and grandmother. When his father sends him down to Claydon to be out of mischief, he complains that he is so miserable he will take a rope and make away with himself, and the servants are warned not to lend him money. There is no end to the 'slippery tricks' and 'dirty pranks' he plays on his too generous and confiding relative. For he is the most smooth-tongued and plausible of villains. 'To see Tom's letters,' writes his uncle, Dr. Denton, the king's physician, 'you would thinke him a saint or a preacher at least.' It is always the same story. He borrows money of old Aunt Ursula, and for a time he appears 'cliquant and in wonderful equipage both for clothes and money,' and then he is thrown into prison for forging his brother-in-law's name to a bill, and writes penitent letters and makes piteous appeals to Ralph for help. And so on to the end of the chapter. Nor was Henry, the youngest of the four brothers, a much better specimen. From his boyhood he had a passion for horses, and whether he is serving in the Low Countries under the Prince of Orange, or is staying at Claydon, his thoughts are all of racing. He wins a race at Breda, and writes anxiously from the Hague for news about the Brackley Steeple Chases. He returned to England with Queen Henrietta Maria, and was apparently ready to fight for whichever party held out the best hopes of advancement, but ultimately obtained a company in the Royalist army, where he fought gallantly enough, and on one occasion fell into the enemy's hands. After his release, which he owed mainly to Ralph's efforts, we hear of him now at Claydon and now in town, according to Dr. Denton, 'leading the life of a wandering Jew,' and always worrying Ralph and his wife or Will Roads, the old steward at Claydon, for money. He died unmarried in 1671, while Tom, who had several

wives, buried all his brothers and most of his sisters, and finally died, without leaving any children, in 1707.

The third brother, Edmund, was more like his father than any of the four sons. Like him, he was as brave and impetuous as he was loyal and tender-hearted. The same high sense of duty and honour marked his short career, the same warm and loving spirit breathes in his letters to his parents and brothers. And, like his father, this gallant youth fell a victim to the royal cause, being murdered in cold blood by Cromwell and his friends after the taking of Drogheda in 1649. 'Sir Mun,' as the old retainers at Claydon affectionately call him, seems to have been a bright, charming boy, a favourite with all. At sixteen he was sent to Winchester, and at the end of his first term we find him writing in a schoolboy hand to his elder brother Ralph, begging to be allowed to come home for Christmas.

'I hope to see you at Crismas, if my mother goeth not to London, as I believe she will not. If you please, do your best endeavours that I come. I shall acknowledge myself much beholden.'

And in his next letter he explains :

'The Commoners custom and the Childrens are not alike. The Children cannot goe home without the consent of the Warden, the others need only that their parents should desire their coming ; our stay is but three weeks—the earnestness of my stile makes my father, I feare, mistruste that I neglect my time, but it is not soe' (i. 157).

From Winchester he went on to Magdalen Hall, where it is amusing to find the Proctors taking advantage of the King's visit to enforce the wearing of short hair, which was soon to become the Puritan badge. Edmund begs to be allowed to come home for a few days so as 'to elude this severity,' which he believes 'will last but a weeke,' and save his long love-locks. A few months later we find his tutor writing to Ralph, to complain of certain misdemeanours on the young man's part, which appear to have been as common among Oxford undergraduates two hundred years ago as they are to-day. 'He hath in a strange manner (for what reason I know not) absented himself from my lectures, and likewise from prayers in the Hall.' More serious complaints follow, and Sir Edmund is sorely distressed by the tales of unpaid tavern scores, and of the bad company which his favourite son has been keeping. Ralph, as usual, comes to the rescue, and poor Mun writes very penitent letters, confessing that he has wasted his time at Oxford, not from any hate he bears to

learning, but from his 'own facile nature, soe apt to be drawn the worst way.' Ultimately the boy's genuine goodness of heart and real love for his home and family brought him to his senses. He left Oxford, and after spending some time at Hillesden he accompanied his father in the expedition against the Scots in 1639. 'Mun,' writes Sir Edmund with much satisfaction, 'beareth himself very well.' During the civil wars he served with distinction in Ireland, 'behaving very gallantly and gaining much love' (ii. 136). His enthusiasm for the royal cause and intense devotion to the King's person breathes in all his letters, and it was a bitter grief to him when Ralph, the brother he loved and respected 'so infinitely,' took up arms against the Lord's Anointed. But his love for Ralph survived even this strain. 'Though I am tooth and nayle for the King's cause,' he writes to him just after their father's death at Edgehill, 'and shall endure soe to the death, whatsoever his fortune be, yet sweete brother, let not this my opinion (for it is guyded by my conscience), nor any report which you can heare of me, cause a diffidence of my true love to you' (ii. 137). The career of the generous young Cavalier proved his words to have been no empty boast.

In March 1644 he received the honour of knighthood in reward for his services—'him who was usually called Mr. Mun,' wrote the old Claydon steward, 'is now Sir Edmund'—and held the post of lieutenant-governor during the siege of Chester by the Roundheads. When the town surrendered, after a gallant defence, he marched out with the honours of war, and won fresh laurels fighting in Ireland under Lord Ormonde, whom he calls 'the noblest and gallantest gentleman that ever your eyes beheld.' It was in the forlorn hope led by the same brave general in 1649 that he died, slain, at the age of thirty-two, by the treachery of the rebel leaders. 'I do not believe,' says Cromwell, writing to Bradshaw immediately after the surrender of Drogheda, 'that any officer escaped with his life. . . . This hath been a marvellous great mercy. I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone' (ii. 346).

But, to continue the family history in due order, we must go back to 1640. That year both Sir Edmund and his son Ralph sat together for the first time in the Short Parliament, the father for Wycombe, the son for Aylesbury. When the Long Parliament met, six months later, they were both returned again without opposition, and Ralph, who was knighted about this time, from the first threw in his lot with Pym and Hampden. His 'Notes' of the Long Parliament, taken down



in the House, are one of the most valuable records that remain of these stormy and eventful proceedings. Sir Edmund meanwhile found himself in a difficult and painful position, torn in two by the conflict between his political and religious sympathies on the one side, and his personal attachment to Charles, and the sense of honour and loyalty which he owed the King, on the other. When the inevitable moment came, and a choice between the two parties had to be made, he flung in his lot with the King, like Falkland, Caernarvon, Sunderland, and many other generous souls, who would never consent to draw the sword against their royal master. On August 22, 1642, the King set up the royal standard at Nottingham, and delivered it into the keeping of his faithful servant, Sir Edmund Verney, who said, as he accepted the charge, 'That by the grace of God' (his common expression, remarks Lloyd), 'they that would wrest the standard from his hand must first wrest his soul from his body.' But his heart was heavy with gloomy forebodings. He had lately lost his wife, Margaret, Lady Verney, who died, after a very short illness, at Covent Garden, in the midst of the debates of the Long Parliament. The fatigues and anxieties of the last few years, the perpetual money difficulties at home, and the necessity of leaving her young children at Claydon, to be with her husband in town, had evidently told upon her health; and we may be glad to feel she was spared the miseries of the coming time, and 'taken away from the evil to come,' before the death of her husband and the burning of her old home at Hillesden. But the blow fell heavily on Sir Edmund, and he never recovered from the shock. 'Your father,' writes Lady Sussex to Sir Ralph, 'i finde is full of sad thoughts.' And his old friend Clarendon records how he said to him at Nottingham.

'My condition is much worse than yours, and will very well justify the melancholick that I confess to you possesses me. You have satisfaction in your conscience that you are in the right, that the King ought not to grant what is required of him; and so you do your duty and business together. But for my part I do not like the quarrel, and do heartily wish that the King would yield and consent to what they desire; so that my conscience is only concerned in honour and gratitude to follow my master. I have eaten his bread and served him near thirty years, and will not do so base a thing as to forsake him; and choose rather to lose my life (which I am sure I shall do) to preserve and defend those things, which are against my conscience to preserve and defend. For I will deal freely with you, I have no reverence for the Bishops, for whom this quarrel subsists' (ii. 126).

But the worst of all was to find himself estranged from his beloved Ralph; for, to the distress of Sir Edmund and all his family, Ralph had taken the oath of adherence to the Parliament, and neither his father's grief nor his brother Mun's and cousin Doll's impassioned appeals could make him swerve an inch from what his conscience held to be right. 'I for my part,' wrote Doll Leeke, one of Sir Edmund's Irish nieces, to Mary Verney, 'wish for no more men but your husband, and I do so hartily desire him that I dreame of nothing els. I am confident that he will come. I pray tell him so, and present my serves to him' (ii. 99). All Sir Edmund would say in his letter to Lady Sussex was, 'Madam, he hath ever lane near my hart, and truly he is ther still.' But after the beginning of August there are no more letters from him to this dear-loved and much-trusted son. Ralph himself was sad enough, the more so that he already feared the more violent spirits on his own side, and felt doubtful whether, as Lady Sussex puts it, his party was not going 'too hye.' The kind old lady did her best to console him as to the 'unhapye difference,' and assures him again and again that 'a littill time will make all well agane between his father and himself, and his affecyon to you ase deare and harty as ever.' 'If you had falede,' she adds, 'in any thinge of duty or love to him, it had bene some jost case of exceptyon, but in goinge the way your consince telles you to be right, i hope he hath more goodnes and religione then to continue in displeuer with you for it' (ii. 107).

But the father and son never met again. A month after this letter was written Sir Edmund Verney fell at Edgehill, gallantly defending the standard which he could not save. The ring which he wore, given him by the King, and containing his miniature, as well as the worm-eaten effigy of his hand, which was found clasping the standard it had grasped in life, are preserved as precious heirlooms at Claydon. Men of all parties lamented his loss, and he was truthfully described by Lloyd as

'one of the strictness and piety of a Puritan, of the charity of a Papist, of the civility of an Englishman; whose family the King his Master would say, "was the model he would propose to the Gentlemen," whose carriage was such that he was called "the only courtier that was not complained of"' (ii. 127).

To his children the loss was irreparable, and poor Ralph was broken-hearted. To add to his grief he found himself beset with difficulties—unable to satisfy the pressing claims

of his father's creditors, or to obtain payment of his sisters' portions, which had been secured on the Alnage (a tax on woollen cloth) in return for a loan made by Sir Edmund to the King. As usual, both his brothers, Tom and Henry, were clamouring for money, and looking to him—the one to obtain his release from the Fleet, the other from the confinement in which he was detained at Portsmouth. And now, to add to his distress, in August 1643 he was required as a Member of Parliament to sign the Solemn League and Covenant drawn up with the Scots for the establishment of the Presbyterian system. This Sir Ralph's conscience would not allow him to do. In vain his best friend tried to induce him to sign, and pleaded the example of Sir Harry Vane, Mr. James Fiennes, and others, who had hesitated at first, but one by one had 'come in.' In vain he is warned of the risk he is running, of the dark threats of prison, and worse, held out to those members who are obdurate. Nothing can alter his mind. He has counted the cost, and is aware that his only hope of safety will be in flight.

'The wrench is great : it is like the dividing asunder of soul and body ; he has only to walk up St. Margaret's to sign his name in the chancel, but there is never a halt in his resolution. "For my own part I am resolved," he says, "that innocency shall be my guard, and then whatsoever I suffer I can bear without repining. . . ." The new "pretty house" (where he had lately settled) in Lincoln's Inn Fields, his strong parliamentary interests, the ordering of his and his wife's estates, which he did so well and enjoyed doing, the business for his friends whom he loved so tenderly, was all to be abandoned. His uncomplaining heroism is very remarkable ; he never alludes to any of the sacrifices he is making ; they seem to him quite simple ; he must do what he thinks right, and nothing outside has the slightest effect upon his resolution' (ii. 168).

So he made all necessary arrangements for his departure as secretly as possible, obtained a pass for himself and his wife under the name of Mr. Ralph Smith, and, after many vexatious delays, finally crossed to Rotterdam and settled at Rouen. His two elder children, Mun and Peg, accompanied their parents, but little John, 'a sossy boy' of three, remained at Claydon with his aunts, who were loth to part with his company in these desolate times, and begged so hard to keep him that Mary gave a reluctant consent, and did not see the little fellow again for four years. It was indeed a sorrowful little household of women and children, sadly unlike the once happy family party that were gathered together at Claydon under the protection of the old steward, Will Roades. Ralph tried hard

to do his best for the six orphaned sisters left in his charge. The eldest, Susan, was barely twenty-one when her father died; the youngest, unruly little Betty, just nine. Cary, the fourth daughter, had been married, a year before her father's death, when she was only fifteen, to the eldest son of Sir Thomas Gardiner of Cuddeston, Solicitor-General to the Crown, but in July 1645 her husband was killed, fighting for the King, in a skirmish near Oxford, and the poor young widow and her infant child took refuge at Claydon with her sisters. A protection for Claydon House had been obtained early in the war, both from the King and the Parliament, but this did not save Sir Ralph's sisters from frequent visits from the Lord-General's troopers and trained bands, whose presence, in Pen Verney's words, made it 'extreme uncouth living.' Tom, who, as well as his other brothers, Captain Edmund and Major Henry Verney, occasionally spent a few days at Claydon, describes his sisters as subject to the 'affrights of rude soldiers in rushing in att all houres both by day and night,' and hardly able to eat a single meal in peace. Sir Ralph's horses were carried off, his fish-ponds dragged, by these lawless visitors. But we hear the same story everywhere. Lady Sussex suffered equally from the depredations of Royalist soldiers, and lived in daily terror of a visit from 'prince ropperte, who they say hath littill mercy when he comes.' What with daily fear of being attacked and plundered, and the difficulty of getting any rents, these were bad times for all concerned. No wonder poor Sue Verney, Ralph's eldest sister, became ill with fright and anxiety. 'I am extreemly yeallow, my Aunt Leeke did think it might prove the jandors. . . .' And when she is told by the doctor that 'it procceds all from mallincolly,' the poor girl adds naively, 'I did thinke as I should never abinne sick with that' (ii. 176). Happily she was safe in town with her Aunt, Lady Leeke, when her five younger sisters were present at the siege and burning of Hillesden.

This fine old house, only three miles from Claydon, which had been a second home to all the Verneys, had been fortified by a Royalist garrison early in 1644, and a few months later was besieged, taken, and burnt to the ground by the Parliamentary forces under Sir Samuel Luke and Colonel Cromwell. Sir Alexander Denton and Tom Verney, who had come to see his sisters, then on a visit to their uncle, were taken prisoners with the other officers, and many of the garrison were cruelly slaughtered. The ladies were somewhat roughly although not badly used by the soldiery, and Pen Verney describes how they lost everything. 'I was not left scarce the

clothes of my back.' And in this condition the sad little band of women and children walked across the fields, weeping as they went, to take refuge at Claydon. Sir Alexander himself died in the Tower, overwhelmed by grief at the destruction of his house and the ruin of his family, and the loss of his eldest son, Colonel John Denton, who was killed in a gallant attempt to recover Hillesden from the rebels. Ralph wrote to his uncle from Rouen full of concern for that 'good young man that you and I did love soe well,' but not without envying him his fate. 'Hee lived and died most gallantly, and questionlesse is now most happy.' For his part, he is quite of his cousin Doll's opinion that these 'are miserable times we live in, and sartainly those are happiest that goes first.' And to his brother Edmund he wrote in a still sadder strain, how sorely he was afflicted 'for the ruine of sweet Hillesden, and the distresses that hapened to my aunt and sisters.' In the midst of these tragic events we hear of two romantic love stories which sprang out of the siege. Colonel Smith, the gallant Royalist commander of the garrison, fell in love with Sir Alexander Denton's fair daughter, Margaret, and pursued his courtship in the Tower with so much success that he married her and afterwards succeeded in making his escape. At the same time Sir Alexander's sister Susan, an elderly spinster, inspired a rough captain in the besieging army, one Jaconiah Abercrombie, with tender admiration. 'Tis him as did first plunder Hilsden,' observes her sister, Mrs. Isham. Strange as was this wooing, he married her on the spot; and being killed in a skirmish a year later, was buried with the long series of Church and Royalist Dentons under the shadow of the beautiful old church at Hillesden.

Meanwhile, Sir Ralph and his wife and children were spending dreary months in exile, far away from their beloved Buckinghamshire home.

'Only one member of the House of Commons,' says Mr. Gardiner in his 'History of the Civil War,' 'amongst those who had remained at their posts at Westminster after the first months of the Civil War—Sir Ralph Verney—refused the Covenant at the end of 1643, preferring the miseries of exile to the soiling of his conscience.'<sup>1</sup>

His resolution was assailed on all sides. His best friends told him the course he had taken would leave him 'no hope of indemnity on either side, but certaynty of greate losse and blame from both' His brother Henry politely observes that

<sup>1</sup> Gardiner's *Great Civil War*, ii. 10.

'Ralph has played the bird called the goose.' And Doll Leeke wrote to Mary Verney :

'I have heard severall parlyment men call your husband a delinquent. Some say he has 3 thousand pound a yeare, and that they resolve to have it suddenly. All the mischief that they can do him, he must expect, which apeare to me a straing cruilty and an ill reward for his good opinion of them' (ii. 213).

Her words were but too true. That same year, 1644, an ordinance was issued by Parliament naming Sir Ralph a delinquent, and in the following September he was voted out of the House of Commons, which he calls 'one of the greatest and most inexpressible afflictions that ever befell me.' His friends advised him to come home and compound, but to do this he must first take the Covenant, and that he could not do. So the exiles remained abroad, and Blois became their headquarters from the summer of 1645. Ralph's chief solace was the letters he received from his friends in England, and the books which his uncle, Dr. Denton, sent out to him. Milton's *Iconoclasta*, Bishop Andrewes' two manuals, 'Hooker his 6 and 8 Books,' are among his studies at this time; and his uncle advises him, 'if he would doe a good worke, to translate Canterbury [Laud] and Chillingworth their books into French, for certainly never any books gave a greater blow to papacy than these two' (ii. 222). Sometimes the requests for books and groceries are curiously blended together: 'I pray send me,' writes Sir Ralph, 'the harmony of confession of faith of all Churches, and let me know the price of new currants and raisins. If you can, help me to Dr. Vane's book entitled, "The Lost Sheep is Found"' (ii. 285). Mary occupied herself teaching her children. They have French and dancing lessons, and are soon to begin music. Mun is to be taught to 'play the gittarr and singe'; Peg is to learn the lute. She finds time to keep up her own music, and is engaged on so elaborate a piece of embroidery that when a year later she goes to England, Ralph writes that if her business in London is to take her as long to finish as her 'wrought sheete,' he must not expect her back at present. Housekeeping cares, too, filled much of her time and thoughts. This was by no means always an easy task, as the exiles found. The French page they engaged was up to all sorts of pranks, and before long the 'graceless boy' had to be dismissed. The two English maids they had brought with them grumbled at foreign living, and begged to go home.

'I know noe English maids,' wrote Ralph, 'will ever bee content



to fare as these French servants fare. No English maide will bee content with our diet and way of liveing. For my part, since this time twelvemoneth, I have not had one bit of Rost meate to dinner, and now of late, I rost but one night in a weeke for Suppers, which were strange in an English maide's opinion' (ii. 225).

They look about for a French maid, but 'it is hard to find one here of our religion;' and when a 'civill wench, who playes the lute, and is well clad and well bred,' applies for the place, she turns out raw to service, and 'full of the Itch.' Cleanliness, as Lady Verney remarks, evidently ranks very far in Sir Ralph's eyes after godliness, for he is much more concerned to inquire into her theological opinions, than to recommend the use of soap and water! In the end both the English maids Besse and Luce remain, and learn French; and Besse declares that she will stay with her master and mistress if they are half a dozen years abroad—an assurance which so delights Sir Ralph that he presents her with a 'pair of trimed gloves' worth five-and-twenty shillings.

Lady Verney herself was a notable housekeeper, famous for the excellent bread she baked. She carries a portable oven for roasting apples back to England with her, and orders raisins and currants for Christmas puddings from Amsterdam. 'Sirrups of violets' and 'a firkin of country butter' are, it is amusing to find, sent out to Blois from Buckinghamshire; and when Mary goes home, Ralph begs her to bring him some of the old sack from Claydon. Mary's English friends, on their part, even in these troublesome times, are just as anxious for the latest Paris novelties, a black calash or hood, such as is now the fashion, wooden combs or 'fannes' which are bought at the Palais Royal for two francs apiece; and Sir Ralph is begged to inquire in Paris for those 'little brushes for making clean of the teeth, most covered with sylver and some few with gold twiste, together with some Petits Bouettes [boîtes] to put them in' (ii. 235). Our old friend, Lady Sussex, in spite of frequent protestations that she is reduced to beggary, cannot help writing to Mary: 'Swite madam, if you make any stay in Paris and see any prity thinges that is not to chargable, fitt for my waringe being a wido, send me worde.' And her daughter, Nan Lee, will make no new clothes till she hears what the 'new fashones in Pares [Paris] be,' and asks Mary to buy her a 'prity coulred stoffe,' and 'bestoe 30 shelings in anie prety thing for my head, to sote me out a litell' (ii. 235).

But Lady Verney was now to turn her thoughts to weightier matters. Ralph's uncle Dr. Denton, and his other

friends, strongly advised that Ralph's wife should come over to England and plead with the Parliamentary Committee for the removal of the sequestration of Claydon. 'Women,' observes the shrewd old Court physician, 'were never soe useful as now;' and 'if she can but bring her spirit to a soliciting temper and sometimes use the juice of an onion to soften hard hearts,' much may be effected. It cost Ralph a hard pang to let his beloved 'Mischiefe' set out alone on this perilous errand, and his letters during her absence are full of grief at what he calls their 'fatall separation' and of anxiety on her account. The brave woman landed in England at the end of November 1646, and did not rejoin her husband in France until April 10, 1648. During those weary months she was busily engaged, in spite of illness and suffering, of delays and hindrances of every kind, in her husband's cause. She applied herself with characteristic spirit and tact to the difficult task, seeking out foes and friends, waiting on Lords and Commons in turn, administering 'French toys' in one direction, hard money in another to timid members and their wives. One day she has to stand up for her husband's rights against the men who owed him money, another she has to meet his creditors and satisfy them as best she can. Now it is Lady Warwick—'Old men's wife' as she is called in the cipher agreed upon between Ralph and Mary—and her 'vinaigre-faced husband,' who are cold and slow to help, and have to be cajoled into better humour, now the cowardly brothers Tom and Henry, who torment her with their insolent threats, and of both of whom, she tells Ralph, she has a worse opinion than she has room to express. And in the midst of all these toilsome efforts and wearisome delays she gives birth to a son at her lodging in town on June 3, 1647. 'The honest Doctor,' as she calls him, who remains through all 'Mischiefe's' devoted servant and helper, writes to tell Sir Ralph the good news, and Mary adds in her own hand, 'I have borne you a lusty boy.' Even before the child was born, there had been a loving dispute over his name between the husband and wife. If it were a girl Ralph insisted it should be Mary, but he demurred strongly to a boy bearing his name, which was only likely to bring him ill fortune. Mary, however, had her way, and the babe was christened Ralph on June 17. Sir Ralph sent her many directions about the ceremony, begging Mary not to give needless offence to the State, 'for soe it bee down with common ordinarie water and the right words used, the child well be well baptized.' And he begs his wife on no account to put off receiving Holy Com-

munion at home, if she cannot get to church before her confinement. 'My Budd,' he adds, touchingly, 'this is a Greate Worke, therefore chuse a time when you have least Businesse, that you may consider it more seariously' (ii. 260). We have also a charming little French letter, which Mary's ten-year-old boy addresses to his mother on this occasion. Miss Peg, it appears, had wished for a sister, and pouts when she is told of her little brother's arrival:

'Madame ma bonne mère. Mad<sup>lle</sup> ma sœur est extrêmement courroucée contre vous par ceque vous avez eue un garçon et non pas une fille. Je prie continuellement pour vous comme mon devoir me le commande. Vous baiserez pour moi Monsieur mon petit frère. Mad<sup>lle</sup> ma sœur vous baise humblement la main quoique vous l'avez grandement désobligée' (ii. 266).

By August, Mary managed to get down to Claydon, but the visit was a very sad one. There were soldiers quartered in the house when she arrived, and the state of the furniture and general confusion was lamentable to see. The linen was all worn out, the feather-beds were eaten with rats, the musk-coloured stools spoiled, the dining-room chairs in rags. The rector and agent had quarrelled hopelessly, and Ralph's own sisters had repaid his efforts and anxieties on their behalf by more than one shabby trick, carrying off Mary's best-wrought sheets, her green furniture and side-saddle, and having a battle royal over the 'great looking-glass' which the old steward and housekeeper had stoutly refused to give up. Three of the girls, Susan, Peg, and Pen, had married in the course of the last twelve months; and although Sue's husband, Mr. Alport, was lodged in the Fleet for debt a week or two after the wedding, and Peg's husband, Sir Thomas Elmes of Green's Norton, is described as a 'cross humoursome boy,' yet as far as money and position went they had not done badly, considering the state of the country and their forlorn condition. But Mary was severe both on her sisters-in-law and their husbands, and complains in her letters to Ralph of their wild conduct and ill behaviour, and declares that 'never in her life did she see and hear of soe much indiscretion as is amongst them.' Mary or Mall is, on the whole, the best of them, 'very playne, but thrifty and willing, and with a great deal of wit.' Lady Verney was in hopes of finding her a husband during her stay in town, but her plans were disappointed, and Mall did not marry for several years to come. As for Betty, she was 'the worst-natured and wilfullest of them all,' and after both Ralph and his wife had taken endless trouble for her welfare, she was sent to school, where Ralph

hopes she may be taught religion, and is much disconcerted when Dr. Denton remarks in a letter that his wife has been to see her, and finds that 'Betty is Betty still.' A year's schooling, however, produced a marvellous change for the better, and the rebellious girl ended by settling down into a well-conducted woman, and marrying Charles Adams, clerk, of Great Baddow in Essex.

The one bright spot of Mary's visit to Claydon was her meeting with her little John, who had grown into a 'very gallant boy,' and never left her side, trotting about the house and singing as she drew up inventories with Mrs. Alcock or pored over Will Roades' accounts. He and little Ralph were left at Claydon when she returned to town in October to present her husband's petition to Parliament. Here a fresh trial awaited the poor mother, and within a week after her return to London she received the sad news of the baby's sudden death at Claydon, and almost at the same time heard that her dearly loved little daughter Peg had died at Blois of an attack of fever. Even then the brave wife's courage did not fail her, and while her own heart is 'breaking with sorrow' we find her writing consoling words to poor Ralph, whose courage had utterly collapsed. His deep piety, however, proved his best support, and he and his wife consoled themselves by remembering the blessedness of their dear child's end and her eternal happiness. Once more Mary returned to her task, and at length on January 5, 1648, her efforts were crowned with success, and the sequestration was taken off. 'God,' she wrote to Ralph, 'is strongest when we have least hope.' She had done her work nobly, but she never recovered from the prolonged strain of the visit to England, and after her return to Blois her health failed rapidly. All through the following year she became gradually worse, and Ralph watched her with ever-growing anxiety.

Terrible news came from England. First that of the King's trial and execution. For some weeks we are told there was a general stoppage of all letters to France, and it was voted 'a capitall crime for any to speak, preach, or write against the present proceedings.' Well might honest Dr. Denton write, 'We are in the maddest world that ever we mortals sawe.' Then, in November of the same year, came tidings of the massacre of Drogheda and of Sir Edmund's death, and deeply was that gallant young Cavalier lamented by the little household at Blois. On December 13 we find Sir Ralph writing to a neighbour: 'I was such a blockhead that I forgot to tell you that on Satterday next (my wife being ill) a friend will give

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us a sermon and the Sacrament (after the honest old way at home), and if either yourself or son please to communicate with us, you shall bee very welcome' (ii. 413). As the spring days lengthened Mary became weaker, until on May 20 she passed quietly away at the early age of thirty-four. We find the following entries in Sir Ralph's calendar of letters :

'15 May, 1650. I writ Dr [Denton] word I received his letter, but could write of no businesse, Wife beeing soe ill.'

'22 May, 1650. Oh my . . . my deare deare.'

A few days later he adds the following words :

'Friday the 20 May (at 3 in ye morning) was the Fatall Day and Hower. The disease a consumption. . . . I shall not need to relate with what a Religeous and a cheerful joy and courage this now happy and most glorious saint, left this unhappy and most wicked world' (ii. 414).

The body was embalmed, but there were many difficulties in the way before it could be removed to England. At length, however, a safe-conduct for the coffin was obtained, and Dr. Denton and a few other relatives and friends saw it reverently interred in Middle Claydon Church on Nov. 20, 1650. Ralph's grief proved as lasting as it was profound. 'Since my deare Wife's death,' he wrote to his uncle, 'I have bid adieu to all that most men count their happiness. Ah! Dr Dr, her company made every place a paradise unto me, but she being gone, what good can be expected by your most afflicted and unfortunate servant' (ii. 423). And long afterwards, in a letter advising his sister Margaret, Lady Elmes, to be reconciled to her husband, he paid a touching tribute to the memory of his beloved Mary.

'Give me leave,' he writes, 'to set before your eyes my owne deare wife that's now with God. You know she brought a farr better fortune than my Estate deserved, and for her guifts of Grace and nature I may justly say she was inferior to very few, soe that she might well expect all reasonable observance from mee, yet such was her goodnesse that when I was most Peevish, she would be most Patient, and as if she meant to aire my frowardnesse and frequent follies by the constancy of her forbearance, studded nothing more then a sweet compliance. But perhaps you may thinke I was a better husband than your owne; alas, if that were soe, 'twas she that made me soe, and I may thanke her silence and discretion for your goode oppinion of me, for had she (like soe many other wives) divulged my faults, or in a proud disdainfull way dispised me for my pettish humours, 'tis tenn to one I had beene found more liable to censure than any other man' (ii. 424).

He proved the reality of his affection by the faithfulness with which he honoured the memory of his lamented wife during forty-six years of widowhood. At the end of a few years he came back to England, 'to keepe company with the ghostes' in the deserted halls of Claydon. He was still an object of suspicion to the Lord Protector, and was imprisoned in St. James's Tennis Court for seventeen weeks in 1655. After the Restoration his affairs improved, he rebuilt his house, adorned the gardens, and was again returned to Parliament, where he sat in 1680, among the very few Whigs, observes Lord Macaulay, 'who found their way there.' But he disapproved of Charles II.'s arbitrary measures, and in 1688 his name was struck off the roll of magistrates for Buckinghamshire by James II. just before the Revolution. After William III.'s accession he served again in Parliament, and was looked upon with more favour at Court, but he kept his country tastes to the end, and spent the greater part of his time at Claydon. There he died in 1696, 'loved and honoured' writes his niece, 'by all the country round.' The letters at this period describe him as a 'very fine gentleman,' and one lady observes, 'I cannot hope my son-in-law should have the manners of Sir Ralph Verney' (ii. 428).

So well has Lady Verney done her part, and so deep is the interest with which Sir Ralph and his family have inspired us, that when the end comes we are loth to part from him, and close the book with a sense of genuine regret. We long to hear more of these last years of the good knight's life, of his travels in Italy, and of his return to Claydon. We should like to read some more of those admirable letters of his, revealing, as they do, a singularly noble and faithful nature. There are plenty of them, we know, stored up among the treasures of the old Buckinghamshire house, and we may in due course of time hope to see the publication of some more of those interesting memorials. We are only sorry to think that they will not be given to the world by Lady Verney.

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#### ART. VIII.—OXFORD AND OXFORD LIFE.

*Oxford and Oxford Life.* Edited by J. WELLS, Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College, Oxford. (London, 1892.)

THE conditions which go to make up Oxford life are so complex, and at the same time so variable, that it is, one may



almost say, impossible to produce any account which will give an accurate picture of it for more than a short time. The volume before us is indeed, practically, a new book, though the last edition, which it supersedes, was only published six years ago. Of the nine chapters of which it consists, five, we are told in the Preface, are absolutely new, and at the same time those chapters which had a more special interest, and dealt with the mode of preparation for the different 'schools,' have been removed, so that the bulk of the present edition is about half that of its predecessor.

There are comparatively few well-to-do families in the country which have not an interest of a more or less personal character in the life of the University, either from past, present, or possible future connexion with it. And to all these Mr. Wells's book will appeal on account of its vigour, its seriousness, and the true picture it gives of 'Oxford in the Present.' There are certainly a few minor points on which the present writer, as a resident tutor, would differ from some statements made in Mr. Wells's book, but they are, after all, unimportant, and he has no hesitation in saying that the book gives an excellent general account of Oxford life, much more likely to leave an accurate impression than the hasty visit of the traveller, or the often unfavourable contrast drawn by the old member who has gone down between the Oxford of his day and the Oxford of the present, a contrast which is based very often on somewhat shadowy reminiscences.

The purpose of the present writer is to traverse, to a large extent, the same ground as is traversed by Mr. Wells and his fellow-contributors, in the certainty that there are very many readers of this Review who will be glad to have a second opinion on 'Oxford in the Present.' Nothing will be said of 'Oxford in the Past,' the chapter with which the book opens, and very little will be said of the two concluding chapters, which deal with women's education at Oxford, and with the very important question of University Extension. The main portion of this paper will be concerned with the very numerous points of interest which are raised by the central chapters in the book.

The first thing to which reference may be made is the general ignorance of Oxford and Oxford life which is met with even where the subject is being discussed, as in the London newspapers, very much *ex cathedra*. A recent instance of this is the discussion of a short time back on Oxford expenses, when it was assumed as true that the revenues of the colleges went in maintaining the stock of common-

room port, and the iniquity gravely censured. Less important, though sometimes amusing, and sometimes galling to personal ambition, are the mistakes of the fair sex on this subject. One lady of our acquaintance gravely assured us, wishing to enhance the reputation of a friend, that he was an M.A. and a B.A., as if the former degree were possible except through the latter, or meant anything more in respect of intellectual attainment—though why it should not mean something more is inexplicable. We can recall, too, the not unnatural indignation of a Hertford Scholar on being congratulated for having won a scholarship at Hertford. Rather more serious was the Cambridge man's assertion that a first-class in Honour Moderations was not a greater honour than a first in the Previous examination at Cambridge—a mistake which will, however, perpetuate itself so long as the *Times* continues to devote a column to this Cambridge *pass* examination. A more serious form of ignorance is that shown by parents of their sons' life and progress during their university career. One knows how anxiously the school report is scanned, and how its arrival is dreaded by the youth conscious of a wasted term. And yet, as soon as this last and crowning stage of education is reached, parents seem utterly unmindful of what is happening in their sons' college career. It is only the consciousness that parents are ignorant of the difference in habits and ways between life at Oxford and life at home which allows that difference to be as marked as it often must be. One finds indeed, by experience, that few threats have such an immediate, though of course transient, effect as that of a letter home. Of course, school reports cannot be continued, even in a modified form, nor is it desirable that they should be; but there are many cases, one cannot but think, in which a timely inquiry and a carefully worded answer would be an effective check on a career which threatened to tend downward.

A gloomy start this, it will be said, of a discussion on Oxford and Oxford life, and yet what one wants to prevent or—for that is impossible—to diminish, is the continuous waste of possibly useful careers that one sees around. When one sees, as one does see, such stress being laid, and rightly laid, on the advantages of an Oxford career, those who are on the spot cannot but ask, 'What of those who have been ruined by it?' Fault has been found with Mr. Wells's book for its pessimistic tone, and to that criticism the reply was made that if stress was laid on some of the defects of Oxford life it was merely with a view to their removal. A

sense of the existence of defects, and those grave defects, without any clear idea as to how they can be removed—a sense of the responsibility of the position without any clear idea as to how the duties involved can be adequately discharged—these things must tend to make a pessimistic spirit. An undergraduate once said to the writer, in reference to the remark that So-and-So did not seem to be improved since he came up, ‘Who does improve?’ And another’s theory as to the way in which a man was the better for his career at Oxford was that, after he went down, he generally realized what a fool he had made of himself at college, and proceeded to profit by that awakening. If these be too gloomy pictures to be true, they will at any rate be some excuse for a somewhat pessimistic attitude. Nor is the retrospect always more cheering. An Oxford Don tells the story of a man well on in years, of whom he asked what had been his occupation at college. ‘Did you row?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you read?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you play cricket?’ ‘No.’ ‘Well, what did you do?’ After some hesitation the answer came, ‘I walked about with dogs.’

The fact is that there are grave initial difficulties which prevent a man from starting on his Oxford career in the temper of mind which will cause him to make most use of it. In the first place, far more come up to a University than ought ever to come, or than are ever likely to derive much advantage from it themselves, while, at the same time, this class is calculated to do a good deal of harm to those with whom they associate. How much wiser would it be if parents would recognise this, and either not send their sons up at all, or would remove them when they learn, as they soon might learn, that the ordeal involved in the excessive liberty of University life has been too hard. It is this wholesale pitch-forking of youths into University life, with little or no regard to their bent or character, which is one of the chief causes of the number of failures. Another initial difficulty is that such a very large proportion, even of those who may be considered as above the average in intellectual powers, have no definite idea when they come up to the University as to what their path in life is to be, or what they would like it to be. They will not or do not, in a large majority of cases, look beyond the three or four years of their Oxford life. We will suppose, however, that the first decision has been made, and that it has been determined that the youth shall come up to College. If so, the next step is to decide at what College the name is to be entered, and the book before us rightly declines to give any advice in regard to choice between different Colleges, nor

shall we attempt the invidious task. The considerations which will determine the selection are very often purely personal or accidental: thus, a son will be sent to his father's College, or, if this be not, for some reason or other, thought advisable, he may go where some school friend has preceded him. Sometimes sentimental reasons will weigh, and these will take a Wykehamist to New College, or an Etonian to King's. If none of these be the determining principles of the choice of College, what will probably come into the mind will be the expensiveness, or the 'tone' of the College, or probably a combination of these. Here it may be well just to give the reminder that there is in practice very little difference between what the cost of living *may* be made at one College and what it *may* be at another. Much—in fact, one might almost say all—will depend on the habits and care of the undergraduate. The general average of course will vary between the different Colleges. It will be very easy from such a book as the *Student's Handbook*, published by the Clarendon Press, and carefully kept up to date, to get all necessary information as to expenses. It remains to say something as to the 'tone.' This is just the thing which a resident tutor finds it most difficult to define. He knows very well his impression of his own College, but he has no material for comparison of his own with another College in this respect. The opinion of the writer is that the tendency towards uniformity and the disappearance of marks of distinction between individuals has shown itself in Oxford no less than elsewhere. To this point it will be necessary to recur when we come to speak of the tone of undergraduate life generally. Here it may be sufficient to remind our readers that ten or even five men can give a College a reputation for rowdiness which is more easily acquired than lost. There are Colleges in Oxford at the present moment which still keep a reputation for rowdiness gained when that was the distinguishing mark of a few, which are certainly not more noisy than other Colleges which then deserved, and still keep, the reputation for being quiet.

But suppose the College has been chosen. There may still be one bar to entrance in the requirement made by certain Colleges that Responsions should be passed before residence. It is the tendency more and more for this examination to be thus passed. It is, however, probable that this has drawbacks, and the chief drawback, as it seems to us, is this, that the freshman with Responsions at the end of his first term is more likely to settle down to steady work than he is with Moderations (we are here speaking of the passman)

at the end of his fourth. It must be admitted, however, that the requirement that Responsions should be passed greatly simplifies the teaching work of the College.

When we consider the ordinary life of the undergraduate in residence—for to this point we have now come—it will be, for purposes of clearness, most conveniently discussed under the two main divisions which are given in the volume before us, though we must remind ourselves that there are portions of the ground lying between them which may fairly be claimed by both. We mean, of course, the intellectual and the social sides of his life. In connexion with the first a very vast and complicated machinery has been created by Commissions and Statutes; and legislative changes made by the University itself within the province of which it has been allowed control are always devising some new real or supposed improvement. There can be little doubt that the tendency in all these changes is towards specialization in every department, and towards a moving backward of the date at which such specialization may begin. For ourselves we would fain go back—and in this we are not alone—to the period before the middle of this century, when *Literæ Humaniores* and Mathematics were the only two Honour Schools. In that case the number of schools which a man might take *after having got his degree* might be multiplied indefinitely. At present, of course, this is done by a very small number of men, who, having got their degree in *Literæ Humaniores*, proceed to the Schools of History or Theology; or, having taken a degree in Mathematics, go on to Natural Science. But inasmuch as it is at any rate unlikely, and probably impossible, that any such retrograde step will find favour with a majority in Oxford, it is waste of time to discuss the 'might have been.' Let us therefore turn to the actual. We shall take the intellectual side first, for there is a lingering tradition that it is that side which ought to take precedence of the social, and not *vice versa*. Under this head we shall consider first of all the examination system in its various parts so far as points of interest occur; then we shall consider the teachers in their various capacities of Professors (and the allied class of Readers) and College Tutors; and then we shall turn to the taught. Lastly, we shall say something as to the value of the University Degree, which is the goal, at any rate in Oxford, towards which all are aiming with greater or less degree of success.

In the first place we have learnt from Mr. Wells's volume, and we have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the calcula-

tion, that there are 'over four thousand different ways in which the B.A. degree can be obtained.' We are glad indeed to learn that the complicated system which as tutors we have to struggle so continuously to master in the annually published and revised *Examination Statutes*, is capable of such varied interpretations. If this be so, it will be obvious at once that there are considerable difficulties—especially with an ingenious and determined pupil who has some idea of his own inclinations and aims (*o si sic omnes!*)—in making the best possible selection. Indeed, some provision has been found necessary to prevent an undergraduate from finding himself, at the end of three years, in a *cul de sac*, which would necessitate his starting again wholly *ab initio*. Thus, to give one instance, an undergraduate may wish on coming up to read for Science. With that readiness to allow premature specialization to which reference has already been made, he is allowed to begin reading Science so soon as he has passed in Responsions and in an additional subject attached to the same examination which is of very little difficulty, and is excused from having to pass Moderations. He may then pass the Preliminary examinations in Science which must precede the Final Honour examination, and then fail to get a class in this examination. If he does this he would, till a little while ago, have had to count all he had done as wasted from the point of view of a degree, and would have had to go back to Pass Moderations. This he still has to do, but he may now count the two preliminaries as two-thirds of his *Final* Pass examination, although as a matter of fact they were passed before an examination which the ordinary passman must pass *before* he can take any part of his *Final* Pass examination. Such an anomaly is, however, necessary, if a great hardship is not to be done to one who may have been wrongly advised to go in for an Honour examination. This is an instance of the sort of difficulty that may arise, and the only way in which it can be met. It has been already noticed that there are, as a matter of fact, over four thousand avenues by which a man may reach his degree, but at the same time there is, in practice, nothing like the variation that these figures would imply. The tutors find it necessary both in the Pass and Honour examinations to urge their pupils along certain lines on which the necessary help can be given. Thus in the *Literæ Humaniores* School the first period of Roman history and the later period of Greek history are, we believe, rarely offered, and in the Theological School the period which deals with the Papacy in the eleventh century is hardly ever taken. The



same remark applies with even greater truth to the Pass schools, where more regular and continuous assistance is required.

There are two allied questions of principle which may next be noticed in regard to the examination system as a whole, and they are these, firstly whether we ought to have passmen up in Oxford at all; and, secondly, whether it is preferable that a weak man should attempt and be contented with a low class in an Honour school, or should not rather get the good which can undoubtedly be got from a Pass school. The first of these will be at once seen to touch a very critical point; for if we are to get rid of our passmen, that will mean a very serious diminution, probably amounting to at least one-half, of the present number of residents. It is felt, however, and with a certain amount of truth, that there is a great danger of the general standard of intellectual interest and energy being considerably lowered by the constant presence and influence of a large number whose thoughts are avowedly directed, except at certain intervals of high pressure, to other objects than intellectual advancement. Such a drastic change as this proposal would involve is not likely to be carried out, nor do we think that, if practicable, it would be desirable, but at the same time the very proposal, with the obvious sacrifices it involves from a pecuniary point of view, indicates the existence in certain quarters of considerable dissatisfaction with the present state of things. The second of the two cognate questions just mentioned is a much smaller one; the answer to it has, unfortunately, to be given before the facts are at hand which would determine the answer, for the answer depends to a large extent on the character of each individual, and knowledge of that is a gradual process. On the one hand, it is a serious responsibility to urge an undergraduate to read for an examination in which he may, even after using his best efforts, be ploughed; and yet, on the other hand, it is annoying to see a man with fair powers lounging through a Pass school, for the writer can recall cases of a passman finishing all his examinations in two years, and having a year longer to stay in Oxford, in order to complete the statutable three years' residence. It is not, therefore, possible to give an answer of general application to this minor question. An undergraduate, some years after going down, stated that he had not enjoyed his early days in Oxford, because it was not till the end of his third year that he succeeded in convincing his tutor that he was not clever, and only then did he begin to enjoy his university life. Some

tutors, we feel bound in honesty to add, are taken in at a much earlier stage, and the result is, we suppose, a corresponding prolongation of the enjoyable time.

One or two attempts have been made in recent times, but as yet with no practical result, towards making the subjects in the Pass schools more interesting to those who have to study them, and in this way rousing, if possible, some enthusiasm. It is difficult, for instance, to rouse much enthusiasm in the passman over a speech of Cicero, nor does he very much care—when his examination is over—whether Milo killed Clodius, or *vice versa*. But we fancy it will not be much more easy, at any rate after a time, to kindle enthusiasm over any substitute which may be suggested, as, for example, Geography. In the Final Pass schools no doubt more interest is shown, especially in subjects like the Ethics of Aristotle or Political Economy, which require to be understood before they can be mastered in such a way as to satisfy the examiners. There can be no doubt that the Final Pass schools do represent a serious piece of work, and—with bated breath be the invidious comparison made—it is asserted that it is more difficult to take a Pass degree at Oxford than at Cambridge. One more word about the examinations, and that shall be as to the way in which they are carried out. No one who knows anything of the machinery—and what follows is especially true of the Honour examination—can fail to be struck with the pains that are taken to arrive at a just result. In the Honour school of *Literæ Humaniores*, for example, each question has an ‘appreciation’ as well as the whole paper, and that not merely in marks, but in a verbal record of the impression it produced on the mind of the examiner. Most of these examinations involve a serious pecuniary loss to the University: for in the school of which we have just spoken, for instance, the entrance fees of the candidates will amount to 150*l.* or so, while the payment to examiners—and that not an extravagant one—amounts to 500*l.* One criticism—and this time to the credit of Cambridge—which may be made on some of the examinations, is that fewer examiners are employed than can cover the subjects which candidates may and do offer. In the History school an extra examiner has recently been added, but the Theological school remains an offender in this respect. It can hardly be expected that three men can continuously be found who are between them able to cover the whole field of theology in such a way as to appraise satisfactorily the work done in such various departments of that field. We might have

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said something as to the question of Greek, but it has not been fought at Oxford, and for this we possibly have to thank the result of the same battle as fought at Cambridge. We might also say much as to the question of a proposed English Literature school, now quietly agitating a large number at Oxford. But we will say little. We will regard the agitation as something more than the desire to provide an able professor with the pupils which at present he lacks. We will admit at once, and probably many of the opponents of the school will admit at once, that it is a subject which ought to be recognized in the University *curriculum*. It is with the way in which it is to be introduced that we quarrel. Encourage it by prizes as much as you will, or, if only it were possible to make it a 'post-graduate' school, make it so. What seems to us the right solution is to make it more important in the Modern History school, where it is already recognized, and so to avoid making more complex the already cumbrous system of examination, and yet to encourage it amongst the very class of students with whose work it is most naturally associated, and to whom it will be most useful in after life.

But we must pass on and leave the examination system, in order that we may say something as to the various methods by which men are prepared for it. There are probably few more important questions than the value of Professors and their lectures, and a certain amount of complaint is frequently heard that Colleges should be taxed heavily, as in many cases they are, for the payment of men whose practical utility as teachers is denied. This practical utility, it must be added, is measured by the value of their lectures from the point of view of the schools, or, which comes to very much the same thing, by the numbers attending their lectures. However excellent a Professor's lectures may be, it must be admitted that unless they bear at any rate indirectly on the work of examinations in prospect, or unless—as in the case of some theological Professors—attendance is compulsory, the audience is limited in numbers. But, in our opinion, however discouraging this small attendance may be, it is the *duty* of a Professor to lecture on important parts of the subject assigned to him, whether they have any connexion with the examinations of the University or not. Another important duty, belonging to Professors has hardly received as much recognition as it should have done, though here and there are one or two marked exceptions. It is, we conceive, the duties of Professors, as the chief representatives of their particular branches of study in the University, to direct the work of the teachers

in their several departments, and so to provide that there be no waste of labour by two or three being engaged on a corner of it which may be unimportant, or may be already over-crowded. That the Professors, either by lectures or by informal meetings and discussions, should teach the teachers has hardly been recognized by them as much as it ought to have been. To this end they ought to lecture at a time when teachers can go. The 'Readers' rank as somewhat subordinate to those who 'profess to have read,' but in many ways the remarks made above with regard to Professors may be applied to them. A word may be said in passing on the custom, fortunately not common, of Professors or Readers undertaking the work of College Tutors. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent their doing this work and doing it well, but an abuse at once arises when the lectures which a man is bound by statute to deliver as Professor or Reader are made by him to do duty, in one and the same term, for the lectures which he ought to deliver as tutor. This we believe has been known to occur.

We pass from the Professor and the Reader to the College Tutor. His duties are twofold. In the first place he has to lecture, and to his lectures, as a rule, members of other Colleges are admitted. Secondly, he has to give private individual instruction to those intrusted to his care. In regard to both of these points something may be said. Under the present arrangement of lectures, established some twenty years ago, the lecturers of the various Colleges combine, so as to ensure that economy which comes from division of labour, and at the same time to cover to as large an extent as possible the different subjects which may be offered by an enterprising undergraduate. At present it can hardly be said that the result is satisfactory. The school in which these combined lectures are best organized is commonly thought to be the History school, and next to that comes the Theology school. The Law school has little or no organization, and the schools of *Literæ Humaniores* and Honour Moderations, which are the largest, and therefore need the most organization, are reported to be chaotic; and, indeed, when one casts one's eyes down the list of lectures for the term, and sees four or five, or more, lecturing on the same subject, and other subjects unrepresented, one realizes that better arrangements are possible. Both for the reason already mentioned, and also because in practice to send men to lectures out of College involves *ipso facto* a considerable diminution of personal supervision, this question of combined lectures is receiving a

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certain amount of attention. It has been suggested that payment for lectures should be made proportionate to the attendance, and controlled by the Boards of Studies which are supposed at present to control the lists. This, though somewhat cumbrous, might in practice be found effective. One other alteration which might be insisted on is that each College should contribute something to the lecture list. What sometimes happens in practice is that a College not having on its own staff of Fellows one qualified to teach a particular subject, engages some one from another College to look after the students in this branch, be it law, theology, or history. It pays the superintendent a certain sum, generally 5*l.* a term for each pupil, to give individual teaching, but does not in many cases do anything to support the lectures of which its members get the benefit. This is a real practical difficulty in the combined lecture scheme as it is at present arranged. We pass on to the individual teaching. This in many Colleges is confined to pupils reading for honours. Essays or questions are brought once in each week at least, and difficulties solved or left unsolved as the case may be. Mr. Wells lays great stress, and rightly, on the value of this particular feature of Oxford training.

A word may be said here as to the need and amount of private coaching. This will vary very much in the different schools. In the Pass schools, with rare exceptions, it ought not to be necessary. It is made necessary by the difficulty felt by the College lecturer in obtaining that attention which is given more readily to the private coach, partly because, with that instinct common to all humanity, men value more that for which they are paying a special price, and, secondly, because it is thought that the private coach has made a special study of the wiles of the examiner, and is more competent to anticipate and defeat them. In most of the Honour schools it may be said that the amount and the need are both diminishing. In the Law school, either because of the greater need in that subject of individual attention, or because of the disorganization in the lecture list of which one hears complaints, there is a good deal of private coaching. By a curious coincidence, though we cannot help thinking the case an exaggeration, it was in regard to this school that a complaint was made in the course of recent correspondence on Oxford to which we have already referred.

It remains for us to say something of the taught. Here one cannot help making a general criticism on the unfavourable opinion of the value of school education which the

amount of resultant knowledge leads one to form. Either the material or the methods, or both, must be lamentably at fault. But, accepting the facts as they stand at the beginning of a man's University career, we must not attempt to deal with his school antecedents, but go on to discuss the last point suggested for consideration in connexion with the intellectual side of University life, the value of a University training and degree. Mr. Wells concludes his Preface with words which, we suppose, must be taken in a somewhat qualified sense, and had better be left in unanalysed vagueness: 'To know Oxford is to love her, and to love her is itself a liberal education.' To dissect and name the component parts of the subtle influence which the three or four years of University life must in many cases exercise would be a profitless, and even, perhaps, a sacrilegious, occupation. Mr. Pemberton in his chapter on 'Social Life at Oxford' returns more than once to the subject, and in summarizing our statements at the end of this article we may have occasion to quote his words. If we turn from the indefinite to the definite and tangible value which can be set on an Oxford degree as a help to success in any of the many lines which are open to men of fair ability, we are obliged to confess that it is small. In some cases—as, for example, where men are going to be ordained—it still sets a stamp on a man the absence of which would be noticed, though at the same time we have to draw attention to the fact that the Oxford degree has in large measure ceased to carry with it that certificate of refinement and culture which gave it its chief value in the eyes of the world at large. If a man is intending to be a schoolmaster—a profession towards which, as Mr. Wells complains, so many drift—a University degree is still indispensable, at any rate in the better classes of school, and when the supply exceeds the demand to such an extent as to reduce the cost of the luxury to the present low price, it may be questioned whether men do well to continue to rush into it as they do. Mr. Wells has been criticized for his statements on this point, but we can endorse their accuracy. It has been stated to the writer by schoolmasters that they can get as many first-class men as they like for salaries very closely approximating to those figures which Mr. Wells gives. In the other professions, such as the legal ones of solicitor or barrister, it is possible that additional status is given by a University degree, and certainly the time passed at Oxford is made to count towards the time necessary before the rank of solicitor or barrister is attained. From the obvious difficulty which men on coming to the end of their stay at Oxford find



in obtaining employment, it may be questioned whether, except in the cases just named, the Oxford degree *as such* affords a man any very great assistance in life.

We have still a very important side of University life to touch, and that is what we may call the general, as opposed to the intellectual, side. Mr. Pemberton, in the opening lines of his chapter on 'Social Life,' says that University life in England differs from University life elsewhere in this respect, that 'in other countries men, or rather boys, go to the University to learn. In England they go to develop.' We should have preferred to draft the last sentence, 'they are sent to develop'; for development, at any rate conscious development, implies a definite ideal, and yet Mr. Pemberton, a few pages later than that which we have quoted, says: 'Of any definite ideas of work or life the average undergraduate is, as a rule, devoid, very often to his advantage [why?], and nearly always to his mental comfort.' However, we must admit that if University life is the last stage in our system of education, development, not merely intellectually but spiritually and physically and socially, is, or ought to be, the central feature of the whole life. Now we have already said something of the intellectual atmosphere. It remains for us to say something of those other sides to which we have just made reference. Of the spiritual development, and the helps provided by Oxford life for that, Mr. Gent speaks, and some parts of what he has said are certainly open to criticisms which he has endeavoured to meet in a letter to the *Guardian* (March 15, p. 441). It is extremely difficult in Oxford, as elsewhere, to measure the vigour and depth of the religious life, but there are not wanting signs which make one take a hopeful outlook as to the future of Oxford in this respect. At meetings for the discussion of religious or social questions the attendance is good, and the interest evidently great. Another sign which may be regarded as encouraging is the number of younger Fellows of Colleges who are either themselves ordained, or at any rate as laymen support the cause of religion. Some other points are not so encouraging: for example, there is not the strong feeling that there should be against roll-call as such (for in many Colleges roll-call is an alternative to chapel), so that during the weekday mornings the College Chapel is comparatively empty. It has been said that one cannot expect attendance in chapel on weekdays, but one may, at any rate, say that when a choice has to be made between chapel and roll-call the result should be in favour of chapel. Indeed, the experience of Oxford strongly supports

the movement that was made a few months ago in reference to more definite religious teaching at schools. An undergraduate said to the writer a little while ago: 'Of course I come to chapel, but I don't know why it is right to go.' It is more definite teaching on such points as these that we want at school. As we have already said, it is difficult to estimate the religious condition of life in Oxford. In most ways, it may be said that it is at any rate not unfavourable to the future of religion in England. In a powerful article in this Review published just twelve years ago, attention was drawn to some of the consequences which were likely to follow the changes then being introduced into Oxford, more especially in connexion with the religious life and influence of the University. Many of those anticipations have, alas! been verified. And yet it remains true that, as an undergraduate recently observed to the writer, there is no place where there are more helps provided for one who wishes to lead a religious life. It remains true that there are very many on the teaching staff of the different colleges who recognize the importance of true religion as well as sound learning. It remains true, if Mr. Wells's figures are approximately correct, that about one-third of all who take a degree at Oxford take Holy Orders. And while these things are so, one cannot take a wholly despondent view, however much one may regret—and who will not?—that Oxford has lost, at any rate for a time, that close connexion with the life of the Church of England which, as the writer of the article just referred to points out, was the original intention of the pious founders of Colleges, and the traditional heritage of many centuries. In one point we cannot give a very satisfactory account of Oxford in this respect. The point to which we refer is the observance of Sunday. From one or two points of view it has been noticed recently; and perhaps in answer, or at any rate in excuse, it may be urged, unsatisfactory as the argument undoubtedly is, that it is in keeping with the attitude of an increasing number of people towards that day. The Sunday coat and hat at any rate used to mark a difference between that and other days. In some Colleges, even still, there is, we believe, a prejudice in favour of such a habit. But dress is not the only point. Boating on the river, even in flannels, has become much more common, and seems likely to establish itself as a tradition. Late breakfasts are no novelty, but they show a selfish disregard for the wishes of College servants or lodging-house keepers, as the case may be, for whom they make morning service an impossibility. There seems also, among the residents, to be a growing tendency towards

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dinners on Sunday evening. It is so convenient to have London friends from Saturday to Monday, and for their benefit these entertainments are arranged.

When we turn to the social side we are face to face with a number of interesting points not unimportant for the welfare of the University. One of the most frequently discussed is the question whether we have not exceeded the limit in regard to athleticism. There can be no doubt that we have too much athletic interest to have sufficient room for intellectual claims to have their due recognition. It is not merely the amount of time spent on athletic occupations of which we complain : it is of the superior value which the society of Oxford sets on the performances of the athlete as compared with that of the scholar. So long as this is the case—and Mr. Wells speaks of it as an established fact—so long we suppose the over-athleticism will continue. Indeed, the athlete realizes that it is very often more important for him to get his 'blue' than it is for him to get his first-class, or at any rate as important, if, that is to say, he is working for a public-school mastership. Another ground of complaint against the athleticism of University life is the very extravagant scale on which its expenses are carried out. Thus it will probably be news to many that the amount of money spent on the University Boat Race, in connexion with the training of the Eight, the boat they use, and incidental expenses, may be reckoned by hundreds each year ; and, as Mr. Wells remarks, the tradition of the place is against economy, so that the efforts of the reforming treasurer are not always welcome to those for whom he acts in that capacity. Similarly, in connexion with the University Cricket Club, the sums on each side of the account amount to more than 1,000*l.* for eight weeks' play. It should be noticed in reference to the points to which attention has been drawn, that this does not include the amount of expense incurred by *College* cricket clubs or boat clubs, except in so far as they contribute to the amount in their capitation fee. Some idea of what is spent on games may be gathered from the terminal subscription levied on almost all undergraduates. This may be estimated at 3*l.* a year for each undergraduate, and we shall probably be then well below the mark ; so that something like 6,000*l.* a year is spent up here in subscriptions to games every year, *i.e.* in twenty-five weeks of every year. It need hardly be said that this amount may well be raised to 10,000*l.* before we get the full total expended, including personal expenses, &c. It is here that reform must be introduced if the expenses are to be cut down below their present

high figure. On this point of expenses in Oxford, Mr. Wells has been criticized for his statement that they 'have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished,' and yet we must once more express our general agreement with him against his critic. Nor is it merely in games that we meet with these expensive habits—poor training for the man who, when he leaves Oxford, will have in very many cases to live on the proverbial 'crab and the carrot'—it is the same in regard to his life in general, which seems characterized by a recklessness of expenditure which astonishes many, and which only an irresponsible undergraduate can afford. And irresponsible indeed he often is, for parents very often make an arrangement with their sons to pay their 'battels,' and give them a certain amount for pocket-money as well. They have failed to realize that they are not checking the expenditure as they imagine; for nowadays, in very many Colleges, stores are established, where it is possible to get luxuries of all sorts, tobacco, wine, and even spirits, which are now in too frequent demand. These stores, we believe, were started for the benefit of undergraduates; and yet we have come round to question whether the ease with which things can be thus procured, and paid for by parents in 'battels,' has not tended to increase a consumption which may have been checked by the anticipation of tradesmen's bills in the future. In one College the writer, if his memory serves him aright, has had the turnover at such stores—for luxuries alone, be it remembered, kitchen charges not being here included—stated to him as 6,000*l.* per annum. It must in fairness be added that this was at one of the largest Colleges. We have thought it right to mention these things, and as a practical suggestion, we would advocate parents making their sons an allowance, and not paying their college bills; and we would fix this allowance at a fairly liberal sum, for the whole benefit of University life is not derived unless there be some margin available for entertainment or for games. If we are asked to name such a comfortable sum—the vacations, which cover half the year, being left out of consideration—we should say 160*l.* We have said something of the extravagant expenditure of under-graduates. It will not be wholly fair if we pass over in silence the older members of the community, and especially the society-life and expenditure of North Oxford. It is no doubt true that a large number have private means, and it is true also that the attractions of Oxford society-life have brought a large number of residents to the place who have no connexion with the University, and no special reason for living anywhere, and so

choose a place within easy reach of London where there is plenty of excitement for, at any rate, a large part of the year. We cannot blame them. But we do say that the tendency for which they are largely responsible is not in the direction of increased work and quiet living.

We do not want to go into the details of those other parts of Oxford life which gather round wine-clubs and the like. It is very difficult to get an exact idea of what, from the Dons' point of view, is an undercurrent of University life, and it is perhaps more difficult still to express oneself in a way which will not be misinterpreted. It is right, at any rate, to mention that a certain amount of anxiety in regard to drunkenness exists, and it is certainly not unknown that a man should say he sees no harm in it now and then. Gambling and betting are things which seem from time to time to pass in waves over a college, and then to disappear. There is on record the story—let us hope it is unique—of an undergraduate who lost 1,200*l.* at cards on a Sunday morning. High play, it may be said, is in the main confined to a comparatively small number.

To pass to another point of general interest coming under the head of social life, it is necessary to draw attention to the decline of regard for appearances which characterizes the undergraduate of the present day as compared with his predecessor of a few years ago. Mr. Pemberton speaks of 'the tendency towards decorum, so marked a feature in modern Oxford,' and this language we can only explain by the fact that Mr. Pemberton has ceased to be resident; the only other explanation possible being that he is arguing solely from his own experience at All Souls: and is it possible to apply the terms less or more to the decorum which always reigns in that College? In fact, it is one of our chief accusations against the Oxford life of to-day that it seems increasingly departing from decorum, and that its manners are anything but Chesterfieldian. This is apparent, first, in the garb which one meets in the street or in College. Everyone now—not merely the professional oarsman—thinks it necessary from time to time to walk about in flannels which show an expanse of bareness at the knee. Other instances of slovenliness are the discarding of the college cap in favour of a cloth cap or 'billycock,' the wearing of slippers at lectures, and even the donning of white flannels with a gown. Smoking in cap and gown was increasingly overlooked, but the Proctors of this year have—wisely, as we think—enforced the old penalty anew. We hardly think that one can reach a more incon-

gruous combination than that of the pipe and the surplice, which we have seen. To appeal to a sense of the fitness of things and that 'decorum' to which Mr. Pemberton refers is to appeal in vain. One longs from time to time for the primness of days gone by, when such things as we have mentioned would have been almost criminal. It is not merely in such personal things as we have mentioned that we seem to see a change for the worse. One sees things done which would never be done in polite society. A lady of the writer's acquaintance stated one day that she had endeavoured in vain during a prolonged walk to get the inside of the path in passing undergraduates. Is this the result of that intercourse with feminine society which, whatever else in the way of dissipation and social relaxation it has brought, might at any rate have been expected to bring refinement of manners? Nor does the present-day undergraduate show that sense of respect towards his elders which was certainly not lacking in days gone by. The older residents in Oxford notice this change with regret as one of the signs of the times. How far removed from us seem the days when the Head of a College waived off in a deprecating manner even a favourite undergraduate because he was not provided with the white tie which was regarded as indispensable for admission to the august presence. It is not only with undergraduates that these forms, which one cannot but regret, have a tendency to disappear. Time was when the Deans of Colleges presenting their candidates for degrees wore white ties and black coats; but now the flaring red tie may be seen even there. Time was, we suppose, when all Heads of Colleges who were Doctors wore their bands; but now there are many offenders. Time was when preachers before their University wore their bands, and we are glad to know that this vanishing custom has been preserved for us awhile by all preachers receiving an opportune reminder that bands are necessary. For ourselves, a while ago, we had been inclined to laugh at some of these quaint survivals, as we thought them, of a more formal and less natural age. Now we see that here, as in so many other things, these *minutiae* of dress at any rate went with polish of manner, and we try to prevent the disappearance of the former, illogically perhaps, lest the latter should utterly disappear from among us. This attitude of careless disrespect of undergraduates towards their Dons, whence has it come? It may perhaps be explained as a result of the excessive familiarity with which Fellows of Colleges have come to associate with undergraduates in reaction from those times when an attitude of too dignified 'aloof-

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ness' was an error in the other extreme. But somewhat in that direction the pendulum must inevitably swing, if the balance is to be redressed. We are inclined indeed to question whether the 'tone' of undergraduate life generally is as satisfactory as it should be. During the last few years the disregard of appearances has manifestly increased, and so also has the spirit of disorder. We are not referring now to exceptional occasions like the last night of the Eights or Torpids, but to the very frequently recurring need for the interference of the disciplinary authority of the College to prevent noise which disturbs those studies for which the Colleges were primarily intended.

All these defects to which we have referred may have been difficulties for a longer period than perhaps one is aware, but they are at any rate strongly marked at the present time; and even at the risk of seeming to cut off the branch on which one is sitting it has been thought right as it were to shake off the dust thus publicly, not in any pessimistic spirit (though to the *Guardian* reviewer of Mr. Wells's book we shall seem even more pessimistic than Mr. Wells himself) but rather that we may put on record our ever-present consciousness of difficulties for which we can but hope a remedy will be found.

We have not allowed ourselves space to say much of that chapter in Mr. Wells's book which deals with the extension of University influence outside Oxford. We can only say that the increased importance of that side of University life is shown by the fact that the chapter dealing with it in this edition is three times as long as it was in the last, and that it is receiving in Oxford itself as much recognition as it could ask or wish. It is not with the future, or with the past, that we are mainly concerned: it is with the present: it is with the comparison between what Oxford is and what it might be as the final training-place for men who on leaving it are to take their place as independent and responsible beings. The habits of carelessness, extravagance, idleness, which are too frequently met with there, are not the habits which we want to foster in those who are to be good citizens. It is not in the lack of interest shown by those in authority that we can find, as perhaps it might have been found years ago, the root of the evils that exist. Nay, rather it may be that an excessive interest and care both on the intellectual and the social sides have caused a lack of independence and a freedom of manner which have produced invertebrate and uninteresting offspring. We are conscious of having said strong

and unpleasant things in this paper, but it is better than the smooth things and the deceits in which we might have indulged had we intended to pat on the back an institution which needs no patronage, instead of trying to point out where the defects lie which are not yet too long standing to be removed. It would have been possible to paint a picture of Oxford life in brighter colours, but instead of doing that we would ask for a keener realization of what University life is meant to be, and we would ask parents to strengthen the hands of those who are indeed conscious of their responsibility by a greater interest in the life of Oxford and a clearer sense of the difficulties of the position. It would not be out of place, and would be helpful, if some one who feels capable of honestly doing so would either in this Review or elsewhere put in the brighter side of the picture, and, if he can, refute or modify the statements made in the preceding pages.

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#### ART. IX.—EXPERIMENTS IN DANTE TRANSLATION.

1. *The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri*. Translated into English Verse by the Rev. HENRY BOYD, M.A. (London, 1802.)
2. *Dante*. Translated into English Verse by I. C. WRIGHT, M.A. (London, 1854.)
3. *The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri. (Purgatorio, I.-XXVII).* An Experiment in Literal Verse Translation. By CHARLES LANCELOT SHADWELL, M.A., B.C.L., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. With an Introduction by WALTER PATER, M.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. (London and New York, 1892.)

OF the making of translations of the *Divina Commedia* there appears to be no end. It was reasonable to suppose that after the numerous versions of the poem, in whole or in part, which have lately been published, particularly during the last decade, some considerable time would elapse before the appearance of another; and the more so because the supply must be already far in excess of the demand. For although it may be true that the students of the original are steadily increasing in number, we imagine that the same cannot be said of the readers of the translations. Here, however, is Mr. Shadwell upon us with his 'experiment in literal verse translation' of

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the first twenty-seven cantos of the *Purgatorio*, and priding himself upon having discovered a fresh model for an English version of the *Commedia*: 'nothing quite like which,' says Mr. Walter Pater in his eulogistic Introduction to the volume, 'has yet been done for presenting Dante to English readers, in union with the attractiveness of metrical form and a scholarly care for English style.' This remark is somewhat hard upon the many translators in English *terza rima*, all of whom Mr. Pater ignores, although he describes himself as but a general reader, having no special knowledge of Dante, and says that it is for the general reader that translations are made. Especially is it hard, we think, upon Mr. Haselfoot, whose version, together with that of the late Dean Plumptre, we reviewed in our issue for January 1888, and regard as the representative *terza rima* translation. It, however, if known to Mr. Shadwell at all, must be content to share in the sweeping censure which he passes upon the use of that metre in English. Further on we shall discuss that censure; suffice it at present that we enter our protest against Mr. Pater's implied assumption that attractiveness of metrical form and scholarly care for English style are incompatible with the adoption in English of Dante's own metre. However that may be, we can quite understand how a fresh translator should aspire to be the first to use another and unusual form of verse. It must be pleasant to be able to say, 'L'acqua ch'io prendo giammai non si corse.' And, indeed, another translation in *terza rima*, after so many barks have sailed over that course, would hardly have a sufficient *raison d'être*.

Mr. Shadwell, rejecting any but a rhyming metre, and, as a consequence, both prose and blank verse, embarks his venture in the metre of Andrew Marvell's *Ode to Cromwell*, undeterred by the perilous resemblance between it and one of Sir Walter Scott's,<sup>1</sup> and by the failure of Conington's translation of the *Aeneid* into the ballad metre of *Marmion*. He may well call this an 'experiment.' As such it challenges, and deserves to receive, a thorough consideration. This we

<sup>1</sup> We refer to the six-lined stanza used occasionally in *The Lord of the Isles*, of which we take a specimen from Canto I, xxi.:

'The helm, to his strong arm consign'd,  
Gave the reefed sail to meet the wind,  
And on her alter'd way,  
Fierce bounding, forward sprang the ship,  
Like greyhound starting from the slip  
To seize his flying prey.'

If the fourth and fifth lines in this were omitted, we should have the metre of the Marvellian stanza.

propose to give it; and inasmuch as it is by no means a first experiment in the same field—understanding by such an experiment the use of a rhymed metre other than *terza rima*—we think that we shall usefully illustrate the discussion by devoting some preliminary attention to those two of Mr. Shadwell's predecessors, Boyd and Ichabod Wright, whose translations we have placed with his at the head of this article.

In passing we may remark that Mr. Shadwell puts Wright in the same category with Cayley and Dean Plumptre, as a translator who has adopted the *terza rima*; although he qualifies the statement by adding that Wright has done so 'less exactly' than the others. But to designate as a versifier in *terza rima* of any sort one who has by deliberate artifice—of which more hereafter—discarded triple rhyme altogether, is an abuse of language. Wright belongs to the experimenters, and as such we shall discuss him.

Dante, as Mrs. Meynell has said with far less truth of Mr. Coventry Patmore, is 'the capturer of an art so quick and close that it is the voice less of a poet than of the very Muse.' We know from the *Canzoniere* and from his careful disquisitions upon the different sonnet metres in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, that he spared no pains in making his varied poetical work the perfection of art. Above all, in the *Divina Commedia* he has selected a metre so 'per legame musaico armonizzato'—to use his own words, quoted by Mr. Shadwell from *Conv.* i. 7—as to be beyond all comparison most exquisite and fitting for its exalted theme. This well-known passage from the *Convito* contains Dante's unqualified disapproval of all translation whatever of poetry. 'Nothing,' he says, 'which is harmonized by the bond of the Muse can be translated from its own language into another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony.'<sup>1</sup> Every translator, therefore, must feel in some sort an offender. But he who reverently bears in mind that the Master by using *terza rima* gave the most exquisite arithmetical symmetry and coherence to the whole structure of the poem; and, in particular, that he attached profound mystic importance to the number 3, which is the key-note that pervades the whole; will rightly conclude that he himself 'men biasimo accatta,' by retaining it in his translation, than he would by using another metre. We will consider, later on, the objections urged by Mr. Shadwell to the use of it in English; but, these notwithstanding, we hold that it is, in our language as in the original, the supreme medium for the embodiment of Dante's conceptions. We

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Price Sayer's translation.

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may compare the metre to a strong chain of the finest steel, each link in which is of uniform size, strength, and symmetry. The unit link is the single *terzina*; all are harmoniously inter-linked, each being held fast by rhyme as well with that which next precedes as with that which next follows; and by this means they all 'di su prendono e di sotto fanno.' The cohesion and continuity of the whole thus effected is of the essence of the nervous force and sustained energy of the diction; and the retention of the metre by a translator, though it may involve more care and labour than would an 'experiment,' gives him, *pace* Mr. Shadwell, an immense safeguard against the tendency to interpolate 'padding' and the recourse to paraphrase, expansion, or excision, which, as we shall see, become of necessity the besetting sins of one who discards it.

To exemplify the justice of these remarks let us now introduce our readers to Boyd's experiment in translation, which may be regarded as a typical instance of the pitfalls which await a straggler from the true poetical path in this matter. Not that it is without occasional passages of much grace and sweetness; but in these we generally look in vain for any trace of Dante, springing as they do fresh from the translator's own brain. Taking, however, the work as a whole, we could give no truer description of it than is incidentally provided for us by the author himself in his version of *Purg.* xvii. 1-6:

'Ricorditi, lettore, se mai nell' Alpe  
Ti colse nebbia, per la qual vedessi  
Non altrimenti, che per pelle talpe;  
Come, quando i vapori umidi e spessi  
A diradar cominciassi, la spera  
Del Sol debilmente entra per essi.'

'If thou that hear'st my song hast ever stray'd  
Where Alpine heights extend their giant shade  
O'er many a realm; where fogs obscure the sky,  
Which, like the mole's dim curtain, blocks the sight,  
Thou saw'st how, through the gloom, the orb of light  
With faded splendour meets the pilgrim's eye.'

His song does indeed consist of fogs and gloom so dense as almost totally to eclipse that 'orb of light' which Dante kindled. And just as in the stanza that we have cited he wholly leaves out the point of Dante's comparison, viz. that it is only when the mists begin to disperse that the orb can be seen at all, so in his practice he hardly ever lifts the fog in which he envelops the clear and sharp-outlined sentences which he professes to be translating.

This unfortunate result seems to us to be inseparable from his choice of the six-line stanza, consisting wholly of ten-syllable lines, but unsymmetrical by reason of being unequally divided into a couplet and a quatrain. The consequence is, that although his intention to make the stanza the equivalent for two Italian *terzine* is obvious, it perpetually either falls short of or exceeds that limit, and as often has to be padded out with matter to which the Italian text is a stranger, in order to keep within it. Reverting to our comparison of *terza rima* to a well-linked homogeneous chain, we may say that instead of this we have in Boyd's metre a set of links of unequal size, shape, and strength: some of extreme tenuity, others unduly massive—all tainted with alloy, and though put in sequence, yet utterly detached and isolated. He does not make any pretence indeed to continuity, but prints each stanza under a separate number.

As an instance in which he is at his best as an original poet, and at his worst as a translator, let us take the following:

'Vedi colà un Angel che s' appresta  
Per venir verso noi: vedi che torna  
Dal servizio del dì l' ancella sesta.'—*Purg.* xii. 79–81.

'*Cherubic pinions rustle in the gale ;  
See, where an Angel comes, on easy sail !  
And now, since Phosphor closed the gate of night,  
The sixth fair handmaid of the moon has spun  
Her hourly task, her sister has begun,  
And catches from her hand the web of light.*

He has here expanded one *terzina* into an entire stanza by means of the 'padding' which we have printed in italics. So much of this padding as is included in the first two lines perpetrates a mistake which we have noticed in some of Gustave Doré's illustrations to the *Purgatorio*—that, namely, of assuming that the Angel warders of the respective Purgatorial circles fly through air to the Poets, instead of, as is the fact, being stationed on the Mount. Also, whereas Dante says that the Angel is 'bestirring himself to come towards them,' Boyd describes him as coming 'on easy sail.'

In some of his expansions of the original he descends into bathos, in others he shows atrociously bad taste.

'A guisa di leon quando si posa.'—*Purg.* vi. 66.

'As a couchant lion eyes  
*His thoughtless victim, when he means surprise.*

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'Sette P nella fronte mi descrisse

Col puntón della spada.'—*Purg.* ix. 112, 113.

'Seven *deep-distinguish'd* marks his trenchant blade  
Upon my *gore-distilling* front portray'd.'

'Tropo è più la paura ond' è sospesa

L' anima mia del tormento di sotto,

Che già lo incarco di laggiù mi pesa.'—*Purg.* xiii. 136-138.

'A deeper lot than yours I dreaded more,

Where Pride's fallen bands, *around the groaning shore,*  
*Measure the circles of the waning moon.'*

'Maria corse con fretta alla montagna.'—*Purg.* xviii. 100.

'“O Mary! to that sacred hill,” they cry'd,

“How fast your eager feet the journey ply'd,  
*To hail your pregnant friend.”*’

Boyd was in holy orders and chaplain to Viscount Charleville. To him he dedicated his work, and in the preface lets us plainly see that it was his pride '*cum magnis vixisse.*' And in his verse he carries his feeling of profound deference for greatness to ludicrous excess. We take leave of him for the present with the subjoined extracts, which well illustrate this foible:

'O anima, che vai per esser lieta

Con quelle membra con le quai nascesti.'—*Purg.* v. 46, 47.

'O thou that bear'st thy high-distinguish'd clay

(A guest stupendous) to the realms of day.'

Such is his high-flown rendering of the greeting given by some spirits to Dante. What a discordant note does such flattery strike!

He is fond of the expression 'distinguish'd man,' which he puts also into the mouth of La Pia, addressing Dante, in l. 130 of the same canto:

'When you revisit earth, distinguish'd man.'

So in Canto xvi. 139, 140, of 'il buon Gherardo':

'His daughter's fame, perhaps, may cast a light

On this distinguish'd man. He's Gaia's sire.'

As a counterfoil to this adulation take, lastly, his rendering of *Purg.* xi. 73, in which Dante expresses nothing more than that he was constrained to stoop in order to hear Umberto speak beneath the load which was purging him of pride:

'Ascoltando, chinai in giù la faccia.'

'I stoop'd my ear to this *degraded* man.'

Boyd's translation was published in 1802. Cary's, in blank verse, succeeded it in 1805, and his straightforward precision is in refreshing contrast to the sinuous meanderings of the other.

But it is time that we turn to the second experimental translation which we have chosen for consideration—that of Ichabod Wright. This need not detain us long, because it so closely approximates to *tersa rima* metre, and is so carefully and conscientiously executed, that it marks an enormous advance upon Boyd's much-wasted labour. Indeed, but for the misdirected ingenuity which led him to do away with the triple rhyme, and, consequently, with the nexus of his *terzine*, we should have had nothing but praise for Wright's performance. As it stands, we are constrained to regard it as a failure, in so far as it falls short of the stately and harmonious rhythm, moving smoothly 'si come ruota ch' egualmente è mossa,' which it suggests without achieving :

Ipsa ingens arbos faciemque simillima lauro,  
Et, si non alium latè jactaret odorem,  
Laurus erat.

Let us transcribe, as a good example of his level merit, his rendering of the two *terzine*, *Purg.* xii. 79–84 :

‘Lo yonder, hastening towards us on his way,  
An Angel comes ; and the sixth handmaid now  
Returneth from her service on the day.  
With reverence deck thy looks, that he may deign  
His willing guidance up the mountain's brow :—  
This day, bethink thee, ne'er will shine again.’

This version is closely literal, with the exception that ‘thy looks,’ in the fourth line, only half translates ‘*gli atti e il viso*’ in the original. Its superiority to Boyd's can be seen at once, so far as the first three lines are concerned, by comparing it with his, before quoted. The other three equally hold their own against his continuation of the passage, for which we have not room. And, generally speaking, there is no fault to find with Wright's *terzine* taken singly. Only when they are looked at in connexion is the flaw in their composition apparent. Triple rhyme is avoided, at the expense of the loss of continuous rhythm, by the device of keeping all the rhymes within the compass of two consecutive *terzine*. A new pair begins a new set of rhymes. The device employed is to change the *terza rima* metre by making the second of six consecutive lines rhyme with the fifth instead of, as in that metre, with the fourth and sixth. Thus there are three sets

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of double rhymes in each set of six lines, viz. those between the first and third, the second and fifth, and the fourth and sixth respectively. To revert once more to our comparison with a chain, we may say that instead of one interlinked throughout, we have in Wright's metre a series of links joined two and two together. Moreover, the ear is offended by the failure of the fourth line to rhyme with the second, and by the unwonted and unacceptable rhyme between the second and the fifth. The versification goes on in jerks, and utters as it were a constant protest against its aberration from the better way of *terza rima*.

But if Wright's metre must be pronounced a failure, what are we to think of Mr. Shadwell's, to which it is time that we should now advert? *In limine*, however, we must demur to his assumption that the concluding six cantos of the *Purgatorio* do not belong to the imaginary course of the purified soul after death. Some of the incidents in them may, no doubt, be meant by Dante as applicable only to himself individually; but the soul's taste of both Lethe and Eunoë before it can be rendered 'puro e disposto a salire alle stelle' is, according to him, most certainly a necessary part of the disciplinary processes of the Mount for every

'umano spirito che si purga,  
E di salire al ciel diventa degno.'

Mr. Shadwell, stopping short with Canto xxvii., ignores the function of Beatrice, 'il cui bell' occhio *tutto* vede,' to supplement the guidance of Virgil, who, seeing only 'quanto ragion qui vede,' cannot pass into even the terrestrial Paradise, and who from the first had warned Dante that God 'non vuol che in sua città per [lui] si vegna.' Let us also clear the way by examining Mr. Shadwell's reasons for discarding *terza rima*. These are (1) that it is not an English metre, never having been used by any English poet for original composition, having an unfamiliar structure, and surprising and displeasing the ear by the recurring 'rimes' (*sic*).<sup>1</sup> But surely the recurrence of alternate rhyming lines has nothing un-English or offensive to the ear about it. Nor is the structure, consisting of ten-syllable heroic lines, unfamiliar. To quote Mrs. Meynell again: 'To the English ear the heroic line is the unit of metre.' And it is too late in the day to object that a metre is not indigenous which has been acclimatized to our poetic soil by

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Shadwell's scruples against importing a metre into a language not its own have not deterred him from the *tour de force* of changing Arnould Daniel's address to Dante at the end of Canto xxvi. from *terzine* into Marvellian stanzas, retaining the original Provençal tongue.

so many translators. If Mr. Shadwell thinks that the third rhyme displeases the ear, we consider that he administers a somewhat Hibernian cure for this by substituting the endless pairs of jingles of which his couplets are made up. In Dante's *tersina* there is but one rhyme; Mr. Shadwell's stanza transforms the three lines into four, arranged into two couplets, '*rimisque fatiscit*'—if we may be allowed an expression suggested by his mode of spelling—by putting two 'rimes' in the place of the one. But, further, he says (2) that the difficulty in *tersa rima* of finding three 'rimes' suitable to the meaning becomes much greater in translation, and frequently compels the rejection of the true sense, owing to the triple ending. The first half of this proposition may be conceded, but only shows that a *tersa rima* translator must take greater pains than another; and we maintain, as to the other half, that the exigency of the triple ending is by no means necessarily incompatible with the retention of the true sense, nor does it as of course lead to the further evils to which Mr. Shadwell alludes and which we will refer to hereafter.

Turning now to Mr. Shadwell's Marvellian stanza, we must express our utter dissent from his assertion that it has in it a common principle of structure with a *tersina* of Dante's, which more than compensates for the change of metre.

We hold, on the contrary, that it is quite as much out of touch with Dante as was Boyd's stanza, and this for a reason which is not far to seek, viz. its division, like Boyd's, into two unequal parts. It seems strange to us that Mr. Shadwell should adduce this unequal division as an argument in favour of Marvell's stanza, on the ground, as he alleges, that the concluding short couplet is peculiarly well adapted for introducing a subordinate or dependent clause of a sentence, such as Dante frequently places in the third line of the *tersina*. For ourselves, speaking from long and close acquaintance with the *Divina Commedia*, we can only say that we regard each line in each *tersina* throughout the poem as of equal weight and importance, and that the alleged instances to the contrary which Mr. Shadwell relies upon do not in any way alter that opinion. In proceeding to contend that Marvell's four lines are of equal capacity with Dante's three, Mr. Shadwell again ignores the cardinal fact of their unequal division. In making the comparison it is most essential to remember that a literal translation of one of Dante's lines produces an English ten-syllable line. Marvell's stanza contains twenty-eight syllables, distributed in two couplets. The

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first of these consists of eight-syllable lines, and thus contains sixteen syllables in all. It therefore is shorter by two feet than it ought to be, in order to include the strict translation of two of Dante's lines, the function which Mr. Shadwell assigns to it. The second couplet, of six-syllable lines, contains twelve syllables in all, *i.e.* two syllables, or one foot, more than is necessary for the translation of Dante's third line. Inasmuch as the capacity of the first couplet thus falls short of, and that of the second exceeds, the requirements of literal translation, the inevitable result is that in the first couplet omissions or mistranslations are constantly met with, and that Dante's third line is expanded into the second couplet by some weak or redundant interpolation, which is called for, not merely in order to fill up the couplet, but also because of the obligation to transform the original line into the rhymes which, when split in half, it refuses to yield spontaneously. On Mr. Shadwell's very first page we find an apt instance in point. The *terzina* in canto i. 7-9,

'Ma qui la morta poesia risurga,  
O Sante Muse, poichè vostro sono,  
E qui Calliope alquanto surga,'

is thus rendered :

'Awake, dead Poesy, and inspire  
The servant of the Muses' choir :  
And let Calliope  
Arise and sing with me.'

The invocation, in the first of these lines, to a dead thing to rouse itself from slumber is one which Dante would never have written. Neither does he call upon this dead thing to inspire him. He invokes the Muses, since, he says, he is theirs—not their servant—to make his poesy rise again as it were from death. Nor was 'the Muses' choir' in his thoughts, which were fixed upon the 'holy Muses' themselves. And lastly he beseeches Calliope, in particular, to elevate his style. The padding '*and sing with me*,' substituted for a translation of '*alquanto*,' is unwarrantable, because Dante proceeds in the following *terzina* to proffer that request in words which Mr. Shadwell rightly translates, thus inflicting on his readers a repetition in every sense of the term. Let our readers compare Mr. Haselfoot's rendering of this passage :

'But here may Poesy from death arise,  
O holy Muses, since I am your own ;  
And here Calliope in loftier wise  
Follow my chant.'

We proceed to adduce a few more examples of Mr. Shadwell's enforced interpolations for the sake of rhyme :

'Che molto poco tempo a volger era.'—Canto i. 60.

'There was short time to run  
*Ere he was quite undone.*'

'Che purgan sè sotto la tua ballia.'—*Ib.* 66.

'Who 'neath thy charge *begin*  
*To cleanse themselves from sin.*'

[The spirits not only 'begin' their purgation but continue it, in some cases for hundreds of years.] Compare, with this, Canto ix. 113-14 :

'fa che lavi,  
Quando sei dentro, queste :  
'See, when thou art within,  
To wash them *thou begin.*'

In Canto ii. 131 'lasciar lo canto' is expanded into

'Leaving *in their affright*  
The song *that did delight.*'

Frequently one of the first two lines of a *terzina* has in whole or in part to be used in the final couplet of the stanza ; and in that case the padding is shifted into the first couplet. We come upon a glaring specimen of this artifice very early in the book, viz. the rendering of Canto i. 25-7 :

'Goder pareva il ciel di lor fiammelle.  
O settentrional vedovo sito,  
Poichè privato sei di mirar quelle.'  
'Seemed heaven was in their flamelets glad :  
*Ah ! how their absence doth make sad*  
*The widowed northern sky,*  
*Where none may these descry !'*

At other times the third line of a *terzina* is brought wholly into the first couplet, and one of the other lines is turned into the entire short couplet, as is the case in the translation of Canto ii. 94-6, which we have not room to quote. In fact, diffuseness and dislocation are everywhere conspicuous.

Mr. Pater, in his scholarly Introduction, says : 'The metre of Marvell's Ode itself strikes the note of a dignified plain song, capable, however, on demand, of a high degree of expressiveness.'

We are not concerned to dispute the justice of this remark as applied to Marvell's own composition ; and far be it from us to assert that it might not be true of Mr. Shadwell's,

Someti  
grievou  
Virgil r

Here, no  
'Judgme  
reverenc

'

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were he to write an original poem in the same metre. But we think that in this translation he strikes the note of a song, plain indeed, but hardly dignified. In the straits of the second couplet '*la navicella del suo ingegno*,' so far from attaining a high degree of expressiveness, is constantly running aground. Witness such feeble jingles as the following, which we take at random<sup>1</sup>:

- 'And let Calliope  
Arise *and sing with me.*'  
'Conducting him where he  
May thee both hear and see.'  
'I prayed of him that he  
Would pause and speak with me.'  
'Art thou not still with me,  
Am I not guiding thee?'  
'If thou but deign to be  
Mentioned below *of me.*'  
'It cannot be that mine  
Should aught deny to thine.'  
'Twas *even* thus my Guide  
To his demand replied.'  
'The better heirship none  
Hath in possession.'  
'Who dealeth deadly harm  
With sting that tail doth arm.'  
'Pale I became as though  
Doomed into pit to go.'  
'Then Virgil *fixedly*  
Fastened his eyes on me.'  
'Thy head it should not *scald*,  
*Nor* by one hair make bald.'

Sometimes, moreover, these unfortunate short couplets sin grievously against good taste. Thus, Canto i. 73-75, where Virgil reminds Cato of his suicide, is translated,

- '... 'Twas no pain  
In Utica thy death to gain,  
And put thy robe away  
To shine at Judgment Day.'

Here, not only does the omission of the definite article before 'Judgment Day' deprive the mention of that '*gran dì*' of all reverence and solemnity, but death is assimilated to the

<sup>1</sup> In these extracts the words in italics are interpolations.

putting away in a wardrobe of finery to be worn at a subsequent festival. Still worse is the rendering of Canto xx. 22-24, in which Hugh Capet is made to apostrophize the Blessed Virgin in this wise :

‘How poor wert thou,  
We by that hostelry may know,  
*Whereto thou didst consign*  
That holy load of thine.’

The final couplet more fitly describes the despatch of a parcel by carrier than the Nativity.

Equally inapt phraseology occurs in the translation of Canto iv. 139 ; ‘Cuopre la notte già col piè Morrocco’ :

‘Night . . .  
Hath o’er Morocco set  
*The covering of her feet.*’

Not to mention the atrocious rhyme in this couplet, surely ‘the covering of her feet’ is a very different thing from Dante’s ‘her covering foot.’ A taking-off of shoes is suggested rather than an advance.

We pass on to consider another point in which the rules which Mr. Shadwell lays down for the right use of his metre prove too arduous for him in practice. He says that

‘if the whole English stanza can be put in the place of the Italian *tersina*, the translator has the great advantage of being able, where necessary, to rearrange the matter of the paragraph *within the limits of the stanza*, instead of being obliged, as the translator into blank verse or *terza rima* generally finds himself, to give an equivalent for the original line by line.’ (The italics are ours.)

In practice, however, so far from restricting each stanza to the corresponding *tersina*, he often forces part of a preceding or following *tersina* into it, and not only so, but expands the stanza into two. Considerations of space prevent us from printing the Italian original of Canto xi. 103 and 106-9, but the reader who refers to Mr Shadwell’s volume will find it opposite his version. He will then see that the portion of line 103 ‘che fama avrai tu più’ is translated as the first line of the stanza which belongs to the following *tersina*, beginning at line 106 ; and two stanzas are employed in the translation of that *tersina*. In many instances a single Italian line is expanded into three English, e.g. Canto xiv. 151 : ‘Onde vi batte chi tutto discerne’ :

‘Whence ’tis that He who seeth all  
Chastiseth you below  
*With buffet and with blow.*’

And Canto xvi. 145, 'Così tornò, e più non volle udirmi :

'Therewith he turned *him from his place,*  
*Even as he spake,* nor bore  
 To hear me any more.'

Without the italicised 'padding' the original in these passages would be literally translated.

There are no fewer than ten pages in which Mr. Shadwell devotes seven stanzas to the translation of six *tersine*. They will be found at pp. 42-3, 58-9, 80-1, 158-9, 204-5, 236-7, 248-9, 252-3, 302-3, 384-5. At pp. 72-3 and 318-19 five *tersine* are expanded into six stanzas, and at pp. 192-3, 208-209, 348-9 and 364-5 four are expanded into five. In all of these the spaced-out Italian *tersine* on one page are symbolical of the Procrustean elongation to which they are subjected in their English equivalents on the opposite one. Of course, in each of these cases there is an expansion of one *tersina* into two stanzas. We must here transcribe perhaps the worst specimen of the many from which we select it. The lines in Canto xvii. 58-60,

'Si fa con noi come l' uom si fa nego ;  
 Che quale aspetta prego, e l' uopo vede,  
 Malignamente già si mette al nego,'

are turned into the two following stanzas :

'He doth by us as we would do  
 By our own selves ; for *even so*  
 Who sees *his brother's* need  
 And *takes thereof no heed,*  
*But waits to give the boon he ought*  
*Until with prayer he be besought,*  
 Already doth *he* choose  
 Unkindly to refuse.'

Singularly enough, this long expansion minus the padding in italics not only makes sense but is a faithful translation. Yet Mr. Shadwell complains that the *terza rima* translator is driven to have recourse to 'padding.' 'Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?' And what 'padding' is there in the corresponding English *tersine*?—

'He uses us as man himself would use ;  
 For he who waits entreaty, seeing need,  
 Inclines his mind already to refuse.'—WRIGHT.

Or

'His care for us with man's self-care may vie ;  
 For he who waits for prayer, beholding need,  
 Is harshly steeled already to deny.'—HASELFOOT.

We are tempted to ask Mr. Pater how far he regards such passages as this as 'singular in' 'minute and sensitive fidelity almost to the very syllables of the original.' No doubt the original is there, but hidden like a grain of corn in its husk. How can such a mode of translation—again to use the words of Mr. Pater—'include a certain literal exactness,' except in the sense that the greater in quantity—not quality—includes the less? It is Boyd's method over again. Compare his version of *Purg.* xv. 97-101 :

'Are you the sovereign of this mighty State,  
*Those sacred towers*, whose title caused debate  
 Among the gods? whence Science boasts her rise?  
 Vengeance on him who dared *before my face*  
 To clasp my daughter in his rude embrace,  
*And fill her heart with anger and surprise!*'

Here, just as in Mr. Shadwell's lines now under consideration, if we strip away the husk we find the grain.

Now a few words as to Mr. Shadwell's practice in the rearrangement of the matter of a *tersina* within the limits of his stanza, when he *does* keep it within them. He says that this is a great advantage 'where necessary.' A careful collation of many instances in which he has had recourse to it convinces us that the necessity arises, in nine cases out of ten, from the exigency of the metre or of rhyme, rather than from a difference between English and Italian idiom. And he usually so splits up and transposes the original context that we feel as if we were spectators of the pulling to pieces of a fine mosaic and the putting together of it again at random and in such wise that the pattern altogether vanishes.

We have only room for two examples :

'Disparmente angosciate tutte a tondo,  
 E lasse su per la prima cornice,  
 Purgando le caligini del mondo.'  
 'So, but not equal torment knowing,  
 Clean from the world's foul darkness growing,  
 Round the first ledge went they  
 Up on their weary way.'—Canto xi. 28-30.

and

'Buio d' inferno, e di notte privata  
 D'ogni pianeta sotto pover cielo,  
 Quant'esser può di nuvol tenebrata.'  
 'The gloom of hell, or night beclouded  
 'Neath beggared sky, where all is shrouded  
 By pall that hides from sight  
 Every planet's light.'—Canto xvi. 1-3.

We also maintain that a translator in *terza rima* is under no such obligation as Mr. Shadwell assumes to give an equivalent for the original line *by line*. Line *for* line no doubt he must adhere to, but that is quite compatible with occasional deviation from the exact sequence of each line. That he is precluded from such breaking up of original lines into fragments as Mr. Shadwell perpetrates, is, we think, a distinct advantage to him.

In further confirmation of our thesis that Marvell's stanza is wholly unfit to represent Dante's *tersina*, we must now direct attention to faults and blemishes of style in Mr. Shadwell's translation, the blame for which, we are convinced, does not lie at his door, but is attributable to the bonds and shackles in which he is held fast by his metre. The most conspicuous of these is his constant omission of an article, pronoun, or other word necessary to the sense. As specimens of such omissions take the following, in addition to that we have already commented upon, viz. 'To shine at Judgment Day':

'If Heavenly Lady moves and leads.'

'Their chanting changed its course  
To O prolonged and hoarse.'

'Where lay a mighty stone  
Before we had not known.'

'More negligent an air  
Than Sloth his sister were.'

'Yet on our sight as Sun doth press.'

'He wills from Him we claim  
His gift of whom it came.'

'As turn in disarray  
Whom sudden fears dismay.'

'The day on voyage sped,  
Farewell to friends was said.'

'the love for mine  
Was showed I here refine.'

'In tones to reach the ear  
Of those were never there.'

'About the door he dealt,  
That I contentment felt.'

'I bowed my face, his words to hear :  
And one, not he was speaking there.'

'And haply one doth live  
Both from their nest shall drive.'

'As is in Gospel shown.'

We have also marked innumerable passages where words forming a material part of the original are left untranslated and ignored. We have only space for one instance :

‘Rivelando alla mia buona Constanza  
Come m’ hai visto, ed anco esto divieto ;  
Chè qui per quei di là molto s’ avanza.’  
‘To my good Constance all revealing  
My sentence here which they  
Yonder may do away.’—Canto iii. 143-5.

Where ‘come m’ hai visto, ed anco’ is not translated at all, and the last line is mistranslated.

A further conspicuous blemish is the frequent departure from Dante’s invariable usage of indicating in so many words who is the speaker when any utterance is made or referred to. See, as a typical instance of this fault, the rendering of Canto x. 88-93, in the middle of the dialogue between Trajan and the suppliant widow.

Once more ; although Mr. Shadwell, as we have seen, can amplify Dante to any extent, he is equally an adept in cur-tailing him. For instance :

‘Nè la nostra partita fu men tosta.’  
‘And we as swiftly went.’—Canto ii. 133.  
‘A che guardando il mio Duca sorrise.’  
‘I saw my Leader smile.’—Canto xii. 136.  
‘E questa sola di là m’ è rimasa.’  
‘And she is all of mine.’—Canto xix. 145.

We must also refer to a mannerism which jars upon the ear of one familiar with Dante’s style. If he repeats the same word, he does so either for the sake of explanation, as for instance in *Inf.* iv. 65-6 :

‘passavam la selva tuttavia,  
La selva dico di spiriti spessi ;’

or of increased emphasis, as in the fine invective of St. Peter, in *Par.* xxvii. 22-3, against Pope Boniface VIII. :

‘Quegli ch’ usurpa in terra il luogo mio,  
Il luogo mio, il luogo mio.’

Mr. Shadwell, however, introduces such reiteration *passim* where none exists in the original :

‘Which by the flame divine were nursed,  
That flame abroad which shed  
A thousand lights hath fed.’



'The seed of true belief withal,  
The seed by message sown.'

'A gate I saw, three steps upon,  
Three steps of diverse hue each one.'

But in a passage where repetition *is* material, there having been no previous mention of the Angel in question, he omits it:

'Già era l' Angel retro a noi rimaso,  
L' Angel che n' avea volti al sesto giro.'

'Now the sixth circle we had gained:  
Our Angel guide behind remained.'

Canto xxii. 1-2.

Lastly, we feel bound to notice some instances in which Mr. Shadwell seems to us to have sacrificed the sense to the tyranny of rhyme or metre. In Canto i. 48: 'Venite alle mie grotte' is translated 'Ye venture to my cell.' 'Grotte' are the 'craggs' of the Purgatorial Mount. In the next line 'mi diè di piglio' becomes 'gave command.' Line 58: 'Questi non vide mai l' ultima sera' is rendered 'This one *not yet sees evening die*.' We doubt whether any general reader would understand that this is meant for 'has never yet seen his last night' (as it stands it suggests, rather, the close of twilight as distinguished from 'il salir di prima sera' in *Par.* xiv. 70). And in line 105: 'Perocchè alle percosse non seconda' is translated 'Except to blows it yield,' instead of 'Because it yields not to blows.' There is a line supposed to translate Canto vi. 92:

'E lasciar seder Cesar nella sella;'

'For Cæsar's seat the saddle leaving;'

which we own our inability to comprehend. In Canto vi. 149 we find Dante's 'quella inferma' changed into a man, perhaps because 'woman' contains one syllable too much:

'Thy likeness thou would'st find  
In some sick man reclined;'

a mistake which recalls that of Boyd, who turns Pope Adrian V.'s niece, Alagia, into a nephew, in *Purg.* xix. 142-4:

'I have one nephew, (if Lavagna's line  
Have spread no taint through his degenerate blood),  
He well may yet deserve the name of good.'

We have by no means given an exhaustive list of such inaccuracies. With one more we leave the subject:

'io son essa che lutto,  
Madre, alla tua pria ch' all' altrui ruina.'

Canto xvii. 38-9.

is rendered

'Who grieve for thee, my mother,  
More than for any other.'

It should be

'Who mourn thy fate, O mother,  
Before that of another' [viz. of Turnus].

We have yet to mention that Mr. Shadwell further lays to the charge of a translator in English *terza rima* the use, in addition to 'padding,' of inversions and complications of grammatical structure, and of archaic and uncouth expressions not justified by the original. But so far as inversions and complications are concerned, compare such passages of his own as the following :

'That both my eyes and breast  
So sorely had distressed.'

'My going stayed it not.'

'Who within us believes  
Soul upon soul there lives.'

'Its spur that never gives  
Except where pity lives.'

'That flame abroad which shed  
A thousand lights hath fed.'

'Yea, blest are they whose soul  
Shall comfort all control.'

Not seldom we come upon an inversion which might easily have been avoided. Take as an instance :

'Next on my fancy high descended,'

where 'high' agrees with 'fancy,' and is in awkward juxtaposition with 'descended.' The line might have run correctly and smoothly as

'On my high fancy next descended.'

As to archaic expressions, we find him using such words as 'mesny,' 'empery,' 'tressure,' 'forthdid,' and 'fordone.'

Our previous extracts furnish ample proof of his use of expressions which, if not uncouth, are certainly not justified by the original; but we must specify two more here. The first of these is the translation of 'Salve Regina' in Canto vii. 82: 'Hail Queen and Mother'; the second that of Canto xiii. 50-1:

'Udi' gridar: Maria, ora per noi,  
Gridar: Michele, e Pietro, e tutti i santi.'

'We heard them cry, as we drew near,  
 "Pray for us Mary, *Mother dear*,  
 Michael and Peter pray,  
 And Saints *in Heaven away*."

In the last passage the short couplet is also a perversion of the sense of the original.

We must be permitted one more comment, and it is this. Although it is but fair that some licence in rhyme should be conceded to a translator, there is less excuse for laxity in that respect when two, not three, lines only have to rhyme. And we think that Mr. Shadwell presumes somewhat on his readers' forbearance, when he makes 'top' rhyme indiscriminately with 'up,' 'slope,' and 'hope;' 'climb' with 'him;' 'folk' with 'rock;' 'sight' with 'relit;' 'none' with 'possession;' 'gazed' with 'displeased;' 'were' with 'artificer;' 'hills' with 'Marseilles;' 'soul' with 'foul;' 'weigh' with 'impalpability.' We might cite many more such rhymes. There are, moreover, frequent passages in which a false rhyme might have been avoided by the exercise of a little care; e.g. if in the translation of Canto ii. 67-8,

'The souls to whom my breath did give  
 Warning that I *was yet alive*,

'as yet did live' had been substituted for the last three words.

But we must conclude. In going most carefully, and more than once, through Mr. Shadwell's volume, the thought has constantly occurred to us

'Forma non s' accorda  
 Molte fiato alla intenzion dell' arte,  
 Perch' a risponder la materia è sorda.'

We admire the art which has enabled Mr. Shadwell to acquit himself so well as he has with such unpromising materials; while we regret that he should have used them. But so true is it (to invert one of Dante's own similes) that 'not every wax is good, although the seal be good,'<sup>1</sup> that we cannot but feel that he has tried in vain to imprint himself worthily upon a subject matter which will not take the impression. In his choice of metre he has wandered from the right way upon a track less crooked and bewildering than that trodden by Boyd, but yet one which leads no whither. In the interest alike of the transcendent original Poem and of our own 'vulgaris eloquentia,' we have been constrained to make an emphatic protest against this attempt to couple the one with an

<sup>1</sup> See *Purg.* xviii. 38, 39.

incongruous form of the other. We trust that our noble English language may be saved from the repetition of any such experiment. Give us, say we, the translations of the past, if this be the literal translation of the future.

#### ART. X.—THE PROSPECTS OF THE IRISH CHURCH UNDER HOME RULE.

1. *A Bill to Amend the Provision for the Government of Ireland, 1893.*
2. *Report of the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland for 1892.*

THE general character of this Bill is in the hands of every British statesman to weigh and to criticize, under the penalties of party failure and the more awful responsibilities which the patriot with a conscience must feel. To our part it belongs to consider the measure in its relation to the Church of Ireland. We desire to perform our task in no narrow spirit; and it ought to be possible for us to do so. For on the one hand that Church is united in the closest of bonds with our own Church of England; while on the other its course of action has been in many points, and even in its general direction, so little to our taste that our apprehensions for its future are not the offspring of indiscriminate admiration of its present. Ucalegon has not been the least troublesome of neighbours; but it would indeed be an extreme of animosity to view the fire in his house without emotion.

Although the political clauses of the Bill are beyond our province, yet the nature of the wrongs it is intended to correct and the spirit it tends to evoke are the very things which churchmen above all must understand. Let it then be well grasped that the question in hand is nothing less and nothing other than the rehabilitation of a race.

The distinctions of race have so long ceased to enter into English political contests that many may forget their power and importance. As we look back upon the primary settlements of history and on those prehistoric movements which are the basis of history, we find that race is everything. Even still it is capable of energies which no other distinction can evoke. In the latest contests between England and France the interests of commerce and of class, the sympathies of industrial union, and the antipathies of trade rivalry, were

small incentives in comparison to the competition of a race with its ancient foe. We all know that in this particular the fire still burns after the peace of three-quarters of a century. And if, which may God forbid, a war should again arise, the old motive is capable of springing up in the body of each nation with more than its ancient power.

Within a nation like England, where society has been fused, the competition of races is no longer observable. Perhaps it is still secretly at work. The Abbé Sieyès at the beginning of the French revolution published a pamphlet of great celebrity called *Qu'est-ce que le Tiers-Etat*, in which he unveiled under the persons of the *noblesse* and the people the historic forms of the Frank and the Gallo-Roman. Perhaps under our contests the antipathies of Saxon and Norman may still work unknown. But if so they are hidden sources of disease not worth attention in comparison to the immediate causes, such as the distribution of wealth and power, the relations of capital and labour, and the numerous other questions which agitate our social system.

Many of these interests are of such a kind that in nature men must feel them. They exist in Ireland as elsewhere, and the great question of the poverty of the poor is never asleep in that land. But race is there behind every form of rivalry and discontent. It embitters every recollection of military defeat and political oppression, and every experience of social difference. Religious controversies add virulence to the war of races; but even if we could imagine the religion of all parties the same, the race difference would still exist. Before the Reformation the religion of both was the same, but the race distinctions were as marked and as fruitful of enmity as now.

Therefore, if we desire to estimate the evils which Home Rule is intended to cure we must go back as far as the Norman conquest of Ireland under Henry II. It was the natural sequence of the Norman conquest of England a century before. The conquering race displayed the same strong qualities in the one case as in the other; the same tyranny, cruelty, courage, and the same Roman tendencies in religion. The difference between the two Norman conquests, which made a success of the one and a failure of the other, did not lie in any greater gentleness of the treatment which the Saxon received above the Celt. Quite the reverse. Although we must doubtless allow something for the peculiar persistence of Celtic character, yet the great point was that Ireland was never as thoroughly conquered as England had been. Abundance

was effected to destroy Celtic civilization and to fill the natives with hatred of their conquerors, but not enough to amalgamate or to train them.

This was the hopeless failure four centuries old which the Reformation came to aggravate. The wars of religion in Europe were so virulent as to split asunder nations of the same blood; what effect would they have in Ireland upon races already divided. The English settlements in Ireland became hostile garrisons, and the Cromwellian conquests bore a special character of high-handed contempt which taught a lesson both of fear and hatred which could not be forgotten. It is impossible to read the Cromwellian records without a horror of their insensibility to native rights. Man cannot dispossess the beasts of the field of their haunts with less sense of injustice than the Puritan displayed for the Celt.

It is carefully to be noted that the alienation of the immigrants from the original possessors was not a bad habit which they learnt in the country. On the contrary, the peculiar attractiveness and charm of the native character, in spite of all its drawbacks, had a proverbial power of drawing the stern Englishman into its likeness. The Statute of Kilkenny in pre-Reformation times is a record of the repugnance with which the Government viewed any such movement of conciliation.

It was uniformly the case that strong and turbulent men, the *enfants perdus* of great English movements, were transported to Ireland before they had found their level in the greater society. In Ireland they formed an advance guard occupying a dangerous post. As often happens, their danger kept them extreme. They represented in an exaggerated form the spirit which was the spirit of England when they left it, just as some of the peculiarities of the Irish accent are really old English pronunciations retained. And for England to abandon them now would be a traitorous act. They have not succeeded in gaining the native Irish; a sad and humiliating remembrance for them. We will even allow it to be their crime. But England has no right to punish them for it. She sent them out for no such purpose. They preserved for her that supremacy which they were bid to guard. And to leave them now to the mercy of the Celt would be on a great and ruinous scale the same crime as the abandonment of Gordon at Khartoum.

The difference of the races which occupy Ireland is no welcome subject to our thought or our pen. The attraction of the Celt and the recollections of the wrongs which he has

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endured affect us deeply. It pains us deeply to hear anyone say that there are two nations in Ireland, and, if goodwill could effect it, our hearts' desire is that there should be but one. Nor indeed is it true that there are two nations in Ireland. There are two races; but a race is but the making of a nation; to deserve that name it must have a constituted government, an independent position in the world. The Celt and the Saxon in Ireland together do possess this national character. But most of it belongs to the Saxon, and Home Rule will not give it to the Celt. It will, on the contrary, make the absence of it more conspicuous. Will a race whose country is garrisoned by the army of another people, whose legislative powers are limited, whose liberties do not extend to making war or peace as they please, deserve the name of a nation? Surely not.

We hear the true aspirations of the Irish Home Rulers in the eloquent words of Mr. Sexton, when he describes the claim which he favours as

'the claim of a nation that has struggled and suffered for 700 years, that has gone through the pangs and pains of political persecution, that has suffered all that misgovernment could devise and execute—the agony of the penal days, the pain of enforced ignorance, the pangs of exile, and the plunder and confiscation of their property, the decay of their population, every conceivable form of misrule, injustice, and discontent that a pampered and a paltry faction should endeavour by threats of violence to encounter the claim of the nation when this was recognized by the conscience of the British people.'<sup>1</sup>

This quotation will suffice to show that we have been presenting the true view of the case when we say that the struggle for Home Rule is the struggle of a race for rehabilitation. But when Mr. Sexton calls the race a nation he is thinking not of what it is now, nor of what it will be under the Bill, but of what he hopes the Bill will help it one day to become. And in such language he perfectly represents the people for whom he speaks. There is not an Irish peasant, priest, or politician, who cares for the Home Rule Bill except for the sake of what it promises. It is the passage through the Red Sea, an uncomfortable night of wading which must be gone through to reach the promised land. Ireland a nation means Ireland with a nation's rights; perhaps not necessarily at war with England, but certainly at peace with her by independent choice. And when you have a spirit like this to deal with, the safeguards which the Bill provides, were they as perfect as they are illusory, would still be futile. A political party

<sup>1</sup> Speech at the Rotunda, Dublin, March 8, 1893.

may be bound by political provisions, but not a race struggling to constitute itself a nation. This character of the struggle enables us to view with the greatest charity and understanding the means which are used for victory, doubtful though they often be. But the very same character forces us to remember what lengths the victory must run to, and how vain paper barriers must prove to its progress.

It may be thought that prudence must limit the acts of the Home Rule Government of Ireland, that the Irish statesmen will see the necessity of building up a credit upon the world's Stock Exchange and inviting the most nervous investors to trust in their moderation and their respect for the rights of property. In one department at all events it will be impossible for them to sustain such a reputation. In three years—only a moment in the business of acquiring credit—they will be allowed to deal with the land. Their past utterances and their past conduct show what kind of professions and practice in that matter are agreeable to their constituents. They will be forced on pain of political extinction to deal very hardly with the landlords, and such dealing with the landlords cannot be used without extensive injury to the moneyed classes both in England and Ireland who are the landlords' creditors.

Hard dealing with the landlords and their creditors may be inflicted by the English Parliament without injury to the credit of the nation. It is but one obscure instance of harsh dealing on the part of a great commercial establishment known for its strict observance of law in every other quarter. But it will be very different with the Irish Assembly, which will have no acquired reputation of legality and fairness. In them even the very smallest amount of hardship which can reasonably be expected towards the landlords will bear the inevitable appearance of revolutionary confiscation, under which no credit in the money market can possibly be acquired. To leave such a question as that of the land to be dealt with by a Government with all its experience and all its character still to gain is a cruel injustice, not only to the landlords themselves, but to the assembly on whom the responsibility of despatching them is left. If it could be supposed to shrink from the task, the race clamorous for restitution of its property will assuredly send up more resolute representatives, and the Gironde will give place to the Mountain.

The dependence of the Church of Ireland upon the land is very intimate. In the first place, about half the amount of

its capital is charged upon Irish land. In the year 1871 the Representative Body of the Church was entrusted, through the commutation of the clergy, with the capital sums to pay their annuities under the Act of Disestablishment. It became the duty of its able and trusty financiers—would that an Irish Government could hope for such servants—to invest this great sum at as high a rate as was consistent with safety. Irish landlords desiring to consolidate the charges on their property and to reduce the interest, borrowed largely from the Church at 4 and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., in order to pay off mortgages which bore a higher rate. No money was lent by the Representative Body except as a first charge upon land which, according to the estimation of the time, was of double the value of the sums advanced. The interest has been paid until quite lately with wonderful regularity. But the rents have fallen by nearly a half, and thus in many, if not most, cases the margin has entirely disappeared, and the interest due to the Church as mortgagee swallows up the whole rent, leaving little or nothing to the nominal owner. There is already a considerable arrear of interest which there is no prospect of ever recovering. Further reductions must trench upon the part of the rent which is available for payment of the mortgages, and a forced sale at a few years' purchase will abolish it wholly. But indeed it is difficult to see how any rents or any payment of purchase moneys, however low, are likely to be obtained in Home Rule Ireland. The tenants are full of anticipations of free possession. The tribunes who are to form the new Government have never set limits to their encouragement of the tenants' hopes, or to their denunciation of the landlords' claims. Can we conceive tenants coerced by a Home Rule executive to pay for the benefit either of a landlord or of a mortgagee of different race and religion?

Next to the loss of the money upon mortgage comes the loss of the subscriptions of those whom Home Rule will impoverish or expel. It is to be confessed that the reduction of Church income through the previous losses of the landlords has not been as great as was anticipated. Either the cessation of their help has called out help from other classes, or else the aid which these gave had been over-estimated. But the blow which Home Rule will deal them will be far more universal in its range, and will smite far more deeply than those which they have already endured, either from the English Parliament or the Irish agitators. It must reduce subscriptions in a ruinous degree.

But when the loss of capital from the failure of land

investments and the loss of subscriptions by the expulsion of landowners have been endured, the list of the Church's losses is far from complete. Of the remaining half of her savings a very large proportion is invested in preference shares and other like securities which bear moderate interest, and were counted in the normal condition of Irish prosperity as absolutely safe. The universal fall of Irish securities in the money market since the introduction of the Home Rule Bill declares with the absolute sincerity of the language of the pocket what capitalists and investors think of the monetary prospects of the new Government. There is absolutely nothing to set against this potent argument. We have indeed abundance of oratorical prophecy of the prosperity which is to attend the re-born nation. But no one that we have heard of has suggested a possible source of income which will be opened up for Ireland by the new constitution. Forcible transfer of property from the prosperous to the penniless within the limits of Ireland itself is the only hope which can reasonably be entertained; and that process, as every educated man is aware, will mean the destruction of credit, the withdrawal of capital, and the impoverishment of the country.

The Parnellite section of the Home Rulers are well aware of these prospects, and they would vote against the Bill on account of its financial clauses if such a vote did not imply their own political extinction. But of all proofs of the commercial unsoundness of the financial arrangements the most forcible to our minds is the refusal of Mr. Gladstone to receive a deputation of Irish business men from the southern provinces. That Mr. Gladstone, the most skilful and persuasive speaker on money questions that the world ever saw, should deny his cause the great advantage of triumphantly overthrowing in argument these men of figures is explicable only upon the supposition that he knew his cause to be indefensible by any arts of oratory before a jury acquainted with the facts.<sup>1</sup>

We do not know what source of income the Irish Church possesses which will not be sorely diminished, if not wholly dried up, by the certain and inevitable effects of this measure. For the sake of maintaining her ministrations, in however poor a form, throughout the country, she will be forced to come to England for aid. She has never yet asked for it, and we trust that Mr. Gladstone and his friends, as church-

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written Mr. Gladstone has received a deputation of financiers from Belfast, but the manner in which he treated them does not induce us to alter what we have said.

men, will help to repair the ruin which as statesmen they will have wrought.

The material prospects of the Church of Ireland under Home Rule are therefore sufficiently gloomy. The moral and spiritual outlook is hardly better. When we look forward in this direction one vast figure blocks the view, the Church of Rome. We contemplate the prospect without the terror which, in former periods of history, a great advance in the power of the Church of Rome would have justly caused. We are willing to take into the fullest account the lessons which even an infallible Church must have learnt from its own errors. And what is still more important, we know that there are elements within the Roman Catholic Church, even in Ireland, which forebode an opposition to the power of the priesthood. In the long run Ireland will not stand conspicuous in the world as the only country in which the curb has not been applied to ecclesiastical power in temporal things. But meanwhile the calmest observer must foresee a great immediate advance in it. The form of the Roman priest, which in Ireland is neither ascetic nor graceful, looms large upon the view. The very circumstance which assures us that he will raise up opposition to himself is our certainty that, according to his invariable habit, he will lord it offensively while his day lasts.

It will be an extremely novel sensation for English Gladstonians, especially of the Nonconformist section, to watch the progress, under their own immediate patronage and sanction, of a Roman triumph such as the century has not seen elsewhere. Who can doubt it? The Roman Church is strong in Ireland because it is national. The Irish peasant sees in his Church the symbol of his country and his race. With it he rises or he falls. The ambitions of the priesthood go hand in hand for a great distance with the aspirations of the race. Even if this were otherwise, we have seen in the recent elections what the direct power of the Roman clergy over the more ignorant part of the Irish population still is, and in what spirit they use it. Never in the darkest ages did a Christian bishop speak more exactly as the infidel would have him speak than did the Roman Bishop of Meath in his election pastoral. For he told his flock that the only reason they had for believing in the truth of Christianity was the authority of their bishops, and that if episcopal authority was good for this high purpose, it was good also for the selection of members of Parliament.

There is no doubt in our judgment that the Roman Church

in Ireland can plausibly assert some educational grievances. Although Trinity College is now perfectly open in all its degrees and honours to Roman Catholics, yet the population of that religion are so much at the disposal of their priesthood as to decline such advantages except in a denominational institution. This gives them no right whatever to destroy a foundation of approved efficiency. The worst murder that ever was committed on the body of a landlord would not equal the crime of lowering the standard and limiting the teaching of Trinity College to fit the prejudices and the attainments of the Roman bishops and their disciples. But they have, we think, a fair claim to the endowment and recognition of a university of their own. And in primary schools we must consider it not unreasonable to complain that the use of religious emblems should be prohibited where all the pupils are Roman Catholics, or where other equally efficient schools are open to the Protestants of the place. These complaints have been recognized even by the Unionist Government. It would have been well that they should have been satisfied. For if they are dealt with by an Irish assembly, even a moderate correction will inevitably bear the aspect of religious aggression. And it will be, moreover, extremely probable that the Roman Church will use her fair claims for the purpose of carrying measures far beyond her true rights, and such as may wreck that independence which is the very breath of life to genuine education.

If Trinity College were to fall, she would fall in a blaze of glory. The tercentenary celebration of last year showed the estimation in which she stands. Never were there within her walls, or perhaps within the walls of any college of similar extent, a larger body of scholars recognized in the great academy of the republic of letters. The learned world would cry shame on the memory of the statesman and scholar who, for any prize of ambition, could bear to call back the night upon such a scene of intellectual energy. And the politicians or ecclesiastics on whom it fell to pass the decree would have good reason to complain that he did not strike the blow himself, instead of leaving the reproach of it to the weak, struggling, and ignorant Government which he desires to call into existence.

When we proceed to consider what the effect of Home Rule would be upon the relations of the Church of Ireland to her own children, we are obliged in the first place to ask whether the Protestants of Ireland would, after whatever objections, accept Home Rule at all. The North has declared with considerable unanimity that it will never accept. Some,



however, think that the hope of land for nothing will be too much for the resolution of the tenant farmers of the North; and some think that all such threats are but vapouring, which a resolute attitude on the side of the Government would dispel.

For our part we most earnestly hope that there may be no civil war. If ever the time should come when the dread intervention of the sword will be justified, it is not the mere establishment of a Home Rule Government that will mark it; some fatal aggression upon liberty must occur. Irish Protestants, if they would observe the Christian rule, ought to submit to the powers that be, even when they are Roman, just as they required the Roman Catholics to submit to them when they were Protestant. And there is certainly good reason why they should regard such a political disaster as a just judgment of God upon the failure of their forefathers and their own failure to fulfil the duties of a more powerful and educated race towards a weaker and less cultured people. Moreover, apart from the question of duty, civil war in the North would leave a fearful prospect to the scattered Protestants of the South and West.

There is no doubt a mass of Home Rulers who would much prefer that the Protestants should not come in. The Bill seems to be carefully framed to promote their mad desires. For the number of representatives of the Protestant population will be by the arrangements of the Bill largely below the proportion of their numbers in the land, not to speak of their education or their wealth. The veteran nationalist Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has called attention to this tremendous mistake, and proposes to remedy it by grouping into constituencies the scattered minorities. Mr. Parnell aimed at the same end by introducing in his latter years several Protestant representatives of ability and education, whose election his commanding influence sufficed to secure. His declared principle was, 'We cannot spare a single Irishman.' Whether or not the Protestants will fall in, we cannot tell. But of this we are sure, that if the North elects to stand out, it will maintain its ground and secure a distinct Home Rule for itself; and if it comes in, the whole of Ireland united will demand and will carry a separation from England, and an Ireland for the Irish.

On the one hand, the North can stand out. For let us ask whether England would be able to bear the spectacle of her own brethren in religion and race either shot down by her own troops—if indeed her own troops would do it—for desiring to remain united with herself; or else in grips with the native

Irish, led, like Lord Glamorgan's forces in the Civil War, against English liberties in the name of an English monarch.

On the other hand, if the Protestants do come in, separation from England will be the result. Few things which are future can be more sure than this. The Protestants of Ireland are proud to be citizens of the glorious empire of England, and proud of the position which so many of their race have gained in the free competition of so grand a people. But though their respect for England and their faith in her be so great, it would be a fatal mistake for England to suppose that either they or any other class of Protestants have such a liking for England that she can afford to treat them as she will. She has a method of dispensing her benefits, magnificent as they are, which does not always engage the affection of recipients. And if the Protestants of Ireland were to find themselves by this Bill reduced as it were from Roman citizenship to a kind of Latin franchise, the question of demanding a total separation would become with them one simply of material advantage. They know that England must defend their country against foreign foes, not for their sake but for her own. And that point being secure, what advantage would remain to them from the half-severed union, which should compensate for the obligation to pay tribute of their customs' duties? If they asked for the position of an independent colony, it would never be worth England's while to compel their submission to a closer alliance. That in these suppositions we are not dealing with mere imaginations the reader will perhaps allow when he remembers that so sober a body as the General Synod of the Church of Ireland unanimously committed themselves on March 14 to the following statement: 'We believe that all parties in Ireland would even prefer a measure of total separation, with all its risks and evils, rather than consent to the ignominious terms of apparent independence with actual political vassalage offered under this Bill.' The words TOTAL SEPARATION were printed in capitals upon the programme of resolutions, and the speaker who proposed this one dwelt with special emphasis on these two words, and was universally applauded by the crowded assembly.

If Mr. Parnell were alive we have not the slightest doubt that, having carried the Bill, he would have boldly struck for a union of all Irishmen, Protestant and Roman, with a view to that national independence which everybody in Ireland knows to be the final aim of this movement. Doubtless he would have had to alienate the landlords. But we do not believe

that a very free treatment of the rights of the landlords would have disappointed his plan. After they and their friends had been disposed of, there would still have remained, even in the South, but much more in the North, a body of Protestant opinion sufficient, in union with the Roman Catholic, to constitute a practically united Ireland. But the plan would have required a stern and rigid limitation of the Roman priesthood to their mere rights. The uncrowned monarch would have ruled them; and their conduct since his heavy hand has been removed is sufficient to show it. There remains no statesman with the will, and much less with the power, to execute such a national design. The dominant section of the party are men of clever speech no doubt, and against whose characters we say nothing, but whose names on the directorate of any company would ruin it in the eyes of Irishmen. And the Church of Rome has got head. Politic self-restraint, and the sacrifice of immediate advantage and class exaltation for the sake of truly national objects, is neither to be hoped nor feared from the so-called leaders of the present time.

The fate of the great newspaper which represents their cause is an undeniable illustration of what is to be expected of them in state affairs. The *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin is the oldest newspaper in the United Kingdom, the exponent from time immemorial of the popular cause. It became the property of a company and paid high dividends. It was Parnellite under Parnell, and for a sufficiently long time after the split in his party to necessitate the establishment by the clericals of a rival paper, the *National Press*. The *Freeman* 'verted and amalgamated with its competitor under a directorate which included Mr. Sexton, Mr. Dillon, and the gentleman who would be known as Thersites Healy if Carlyle had written on the Irish Revolution; while Archbishop Walsh from behind directed the directors. Nothing could present a better miniature of a Home Rule cabinet. What has resulted? A 9th Thermidor has been executed upon Mr. Dwyer Gray. A section of the directors led by Mr. Healy abuse their colleagues Mr. Dillon and Mr. Sexton; while the Archbishop comes forth with an attack upon Mr. Healy, the cherished favourite of the Church until now. His Grace writes not after the manner of archbishops—much less as we might expect a candidate prince of the Church to express himself—but in the genuine Home Rule dialect. The letter of the offenders is 'grossly calumnious,' and they must have known their statements to be 'absolutely devoid of truth.' Conceive that language from the Archbishop of Canterbury to

Mr. Gladstone. The Archbishop's directors meanwhile issue a request for a committee of shareholders to consider the affairs of the journal 'if the property is to be rescued,' including as it does the money of two large companies.

And all this but a few days after these statesmen had been mingling together in a great demonstration of the nation's supposed feeling at the Rotunda ; and in the very week before the day which had been appointed for the second reading of the Bill. If these be sorry rulers for turbulent times, and poor chancellors of the exchequer for a difficult budget, we may at least make up our minds that they are not the men to unite factions and to make a nation. They will do nothing to bring in the Protestants, and the Protestants will not come in.

But of all the possible effects of Home Rule the most important to the Church of Ireland is that which concerns her inner spirit. Will her children, under the pressure of national anxiety and political contest, be more drawn to her for comfort and instruction, or will they be alienated to secular cares and to earthly modes of warfare ? Will her witness to the true Catholic faith and the practices which belong to it be weakened or strengthened by the changes which Home Rule would entail ? Our readers are well aware of the condition of faith in the Irish Church at present. They know what have been her troubles, her temptations, and her failures, perhaps better than they know the measure of her faithfulness and success. The great body of her adherents are the descendants of English settlers more or less mingled with the Celtic blood, but all of them inspired with that love of their native land which Irishmen drink in from the air they breathe. Their fathers were Protestants when they settled. Their religion has not been much attended to by mother England, and such influence as she has exercised over them has been eminently Protestant, or, what comes to the same thing, eminently secular and material. Their very appearance in the country was an aggression upon the rights of the Celtic race, but when we have to do with old times there is little use in talking of the rights of any people who could not defend them with the sword.

At the same time the enmity on either side is easily exaggerated. They live together on strange terms of mingled hatred and love ; and though the religious principle of each people binds it to detestation of those of the other, yet there is a good deal more respect for each other's faith than the letter of their formularies would justify. John Bunyan found that there was a way to hell very near the gate of heaven,

and multitudes of examples show that a marriage, or even a less matter, may conduct a very vehement Protestant to chapel, or a Papist to church. In cases where the union of parishes in country parts has obliged the adherents of the Church of Ireland in a village or country side to content themselves with an afternoon service on Sundays, some of them have been known to become Roman Catholics rather than miss the accustomed hour of worship. And the willingness of Roman Catholics to receive instruction in the Scriptures from persons of the other faith whom they have learnt to trust was very remarkable a generation ago, and has some existence still. And the question is whether in such a country Home Rule would have a tendency to embitter or allay differences, to confirm or to sap the security of religions?

The history of the Protestants of France affords a bright example of the power of dissidents from the Church of Rome to maintain themselves under every disadvantage in resisting her. The Protestants of France laboured, in common with those of Ireland, under one great disability for such an enterprise. They had been in the days of their prosperity a political power as well as a religious society. They had even enjoyed under the Edict of Nantes a species of establishment within their own district. Richelieu broke their power as a political party, but he did not persecute their religion. And the period between their political fall in the reign of Louis XIII. and the outbreak of religious persecution under Louis XIV. may correspond to the period between Irish disestablishment and the present.

The persecution which the French Protestants endured under the Grand Monarque was, as we all know, of the most unrelenting and detestable character. But it was quite unsuccessful in its objects. Though the Protestants of substance were driven out of the country, yet those in the wild district of the Cevennes maintained their faith and independence, and in spite of the horrible penalties which awaited ministers upon detection, noble-minded men were found to occupy the office, and the Church in the Desert is the grandest period of the history of Protestantism in France. It never was crushed until the infidels of the Revolution gave it that toleration which the Church of France in her best period had sternly refused.

There will be no such persecutions in Ireland. The Irish Celts, as Mr. Lecky has well shown, are not naturally inclined to persecution. But there will be something far more formidable to religion than open persecution would be: the

quiet persecution of their neighbours, mixed with attractions as an inducement to turn ; the public opinion nearly unanimous of their own little district. Dragonades would be far less difficult to resist, and it seems to be agreed upon by all who know, that the groups of scattered Protestants will be absorbed into the prevailing faith. England will then have the consciousness that all the centuries of her dealings with Celtic Ireland have had the result of turning it from Catholic into Ultramontane.

We are far from supposing that the Church of Ireland will wholly perish out of the land. The sincerity which she has shown under her recent trials, the excellence of her organization, and the intellectual and moral calibre of her members, would make it extremely absurd, as well as uncharitable, to entertain such an expectation. Crippled, impoverished, and frowned on by the dominant religion, she will still live, and, if there be any truth in the lessons of history, will love her faith the better because of the sacrifices which she will have made. But there is great and too reasonable fear that the Protestantism of the Irish Church will be intensified by the position in which she will find herself should Home Rule be established. It will be a great misfortune for her own final influence in the country if it should be so. When the day comes, as come it will, for the Roman Church to lose its hold upon the country, a mere Protestantism of opposition, without any Catholic element of doctrine or worship, will be powerless to make conquests in the field which will then lie open.

Nothing can prove this better than the history of Protestantism in France. One might have supposed that its glorious opposition to the tyranny of royalty and of Romanism would have fitted it to advance and to conquer when both those powers crashed down, and France was left panting for a new religion. Nothing of the kind took place. The influence of Protestantism and of Protestants in the Revolution was of the smallest dimensions. Whatever religion the nation thought of turning to, it never thought of that. And when Napoleon determined to use religion as an instrument of his government, and constituted the Reformed minister, with the Jewish Rabbi and the Roman priest, into paid State functionaries, the Protestant accepted the situation with absolute docility, and Joseph de Maistre described him as 'un personnage habillé de noir qui dit des choses honnêtes.' There has been a strong revival in French Romanism ; none of much account, we fear, in French Protestantism.



But we fear that few in the Church of Ireland will have the wisdom to foster her Catholic principles as a precious treasure against the time when she will again lift up her head in the land. Opposition, mingled with contempt, against a detested power flaunting it over them will exaggerate their Protestantism. They are not of the stuff to be tempted to submission, but to resistance. The accusation of Popery, so common now against the most innocent revivals of Catholic practice, will become more common still, and will include the charge of mean truckling for Government favours.

The Church of England has been incommoded during the progress of Irish revision and the controversy about the Protestants of Spain, by the proceedings of a sister bound to her by family ties quite undeniable, yet displaying a perverse will of her own. We deeply fear that any offences of that kind which have occurred in the past may be small in comparison to what may come in the future if the Protestantism of the Irish Church is intensified by an offensive domination of Romanism, and the feeling of her members towards England turned, in common with that of every other class of Irishmen, into a resentful sense of betrayal and abandonment. Very inconvenient things may be done by the Irish Protestants. And though persons of hasty speech may think that it would be easy in such a case for the Church of England to dissolve communion with her too Protestant sister, those who can reflect a little will perceive what tremendous difficulties any such attempt at repudiation would involve in the Church of England itself.

The spectacle of a triumphant Romanism in Ireland might well produce effects upon English Churchmen more direct than those involved in driving their Irish brethren into extreme Protestantism. Romanism in England is upon the whole a gentlemanly and refined institution; sometimes a little underhand in its proselytism, but giving no public offence. But Romanism in Ireland will be much more turbulent. And its sting will be driven home in the flesh of Protestant England by the varied and elaborate methods of annoying that country which the Home Rule Bill provides. The art of ingeniously tormenting has been pretty well illustrated in former days by the simple and single opportunity afforded through the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons. But in time to come there will be at least four methods of disturbance, each of them capable of establishing its separate raw. First, disturbances in the Irish Assembly; secondly, disturbances in the English House of

Commons, where an Eighty Club will be sent from Ireland for no other end than to use their power in a foreign country for the purpose of extorting concessions and advantages for their own ; thirdly, stresses and strains between the Irish Viceroy and the Irish Assembly ; fourthly, misunderstandings between the Irish and the English ministries. We need not mention differences between the Viceroy advised by the Privy Council, and the English ministry, nor yet disputes between the Irish Assembly and the unfortunate persons who are to figure as a Second Chamber. In all these disturbances the Roman Church will have its full part. The waters will be exceedingly troubled, and the fisherman will ply his vocation. The Nonconformists of England will find it convenient to forget that theirs was the party which had the chief part in placing Romanism in such a position for vexing her English foe, and they will direct the irritation of John Bull against the traitorous Ritualists who secretly favour, in his own Church, the practices of that malicious power whose doings may be seen and felt across a narrow strip of sea in a country which was, until but lately, a part of his own dominions.

A well-known scene in Grecian history, perhaps more stagey than genuine, was that in which the victorious Flamininus declared the freedom of that clever and attractive people ; he exhibited, says Dean Merivale, 'the general qualities of sternness and even ferocity in action combined with an occasional flaccidity of sentiment.'<sup>1</sup> We should have to mix Cromwell and Gladstone to obtain that combination in an individual, but it describes not ill the English government as the quickwitted Celt—the Græculus (too often *esuriens*) of modern times—has known it. An unusually long visitation of flaccidity, aggravated by parliamentary exigencies, has produced the Home Rule Bill.

The liberation of Greece had no long continuance : albeit the nation was really a nation, and contained within itself all the elements of a complete society and experiences of splendid self-government not so very far back in the past. Internal dissensions in Greece obliged the Romans to reconquer the country—a process which was very much easier for Rome than the reconquest of Ireland would be for England. But suppose that Greece, when Flamininus gave it independence, had contained a Roman population in the proportion of one-third, the remains of a former conquest and settlement of the ruling race among the conquered. Would the

<sup>1</sup> *General History of Rome*, p. 163.

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General have ever possessed such a store of flaccidity as to leave a people so variously composed to govern itself? And if he had, would there have been any words which historians could have discovered sufficiently strong to describe his mistake? Of course the result in those times would have been a speedy encounter between the Roman minority and the Greek majority, and the reduction of the latter to a subject condition. Matters will, we trust, be more peacefully managed in Ireland. The panacea of representative institutions will, Mr. Gladstone hopes, give the multitude, illiterate though they be (or pretend to be for voting purposes), a secure position against their domineering countrymen; while the same arrangement, by a wondrous double action, is to secure their fellow-countrymen against them. So much is he bent on giving the Celt his rights, that he endows him with the most democratic constitution in Europe. The Second Chamber will oppose to the voice of the majority a bar very like the walls of Jericho—bound to come down when the trumpet is blown sufficiently often.

Now, the race upon which this boon is conferred has never gone through the process of development by which the tribe passes into feudal dependence, and feudal dependence into monarchy, and monarchy into parliamentary government. Whatever its natural progress would have been, the English invasion checked it, and yet the conquest was not sufficiently complete to force it into another form. Scratch the Irish voter and you find a tribesman to this very day. He believes in his leader and will follow him. And to entrust a race in this stage of evolution with a constitution which requires, even more than the English does, that the voters should attend to measures, not to men, is genuine madness. If Mr. Parnell had lived or another O'Connell should arise, is there any sane person that thinks the Irish voters would scrutinize the measures which he bade them pass? The utmost that we can allow is that some hereditary preference might be felt for such proposals as were fitted to annoy England. But the chief's demands, whatever they were, would be carried, to the cry (in Irish) of 'Vive l'Empereur.' The leader would be a Napoleon: no monarch in Europe would be so absolute, and the Viceroy would be a puppet in comparison. The Irish race are obliged at present to put up with the leading of a party or of their Church; but a chief is what they want, and some day he will come. And if he makes himself extremely unpleasant, the English voter will say, like Henry VII., 'All Ireland cannot govern him, let him govern all Ireland:' which

will mean the repudiation of financial burdens—and separation, if the process has not been effected before.

Meanwhile the minority in Ireland consists of a people who have gone through the training which fits for parliamentary action, in a better degree perhaps than English voters themselves. They consider measures, and are chary of giving themselves away to any leader. In the great Imperial Parliament their vote was of the same value as that of any Englishman. But under Home Rule it would be of the poorest value. The great centres of Protestantism would return a few members; but the larger part of the British garrison would be practically disfranchised through dispersion among Celtic majorities. The Protestants as a whole would, as we have before remarked, possess not nearly the proper representation of their numbers. And thus Mr. Gladstone proclaims to the part of the population which has been born and trained to lead that it must follow, and to that which is born and trained to follow that it must lead.

We will say to him, in the words of the prophet, 'Surely your turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter's clay.'

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Cathedral and University Sermons.* By R. W. CHURCH, sometime Dean of St. Paul's, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. (London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1892.)

THE first of these beautiful sermons furnishes the key note of the whole book; for the subject of it is 'The Seriousness of Life,' and there is scarcely a page in any of the sermons which does not remind a reader that life is something solemn and awful. The certainty that our Divine Lord will pass judgment on all the actions of men, the importance in the near future and in the far-off eternity of the decisions of the present moment, the influence of what is now done on those who do it, and on many besides themselves, are topics which are never very far out of sight, and which necessarily make a reader thoughtful. And a profound pathos runs throughout the volume. The preacher cannot forget the numbers who turn aside from their highest good and pollute with grievous sin the human nature which is capable of being made so fair, while he speaks more frequently of those who, in the midst of religious service, miss the opportunities of life, fail to obtain true success, and allow their characters to be marred by imperfections they ought to avoid.

Yet, with all its solemnity and all its pathos, this volume of sermons is not depressing. Human life, sad as it is in many ways, is to be rejoiced in, not to be despaired of. The Incarnation has made it full of hope; the gift of the Spirit has supplied it with the needed

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grace; the affliction of the present can be borne in the light of the eternal future. If Dean Church sets up the highest possible standard of what life ought to be, and is unsparing in the severity of his censure upon moral blindness, he is unfailing in his faith in the power of God to help and to use all who will allow His working in themselves. And the very persistence with which he remembers the certainty of the judgments of God enables him to estimate at their true worth the verdicts of this world. There are, we think, few finer passages in the modern sermons we know than that in which he speaks of the 'failures in life.'

"Toilsome and incomplete," no doubt, "compassed with infirmity," surrounded with what was poor, and mean, and miserable, appeared to many at Rome the career of the imprisoned and forlorn apostle—the man who was to outdo their own heroes in the homage of the coming times. "Toilsome and incomplete," full of pangs, and disgust, and disappointment, has often been the work of genius, as it slowly grew in the mind of its creator. "Toilsome and incomplete"—the efforts of the leader of a great movement for the overthrow of wrong, for the deliverance and happiness of a people, amid the delays and contradictions and provocations of petty adversaries and unworthy friends. "Toilsome and incomplete"—the last days of martyred saint and patriot, amid the dismal quibbles and chicane of a foregone condemnation, the punctilious, ceremonious preliminaries which led to the stake and the scaffold. "Toilsome and incomplete"—the labour of him who, in daily conflict with all that is horrible and desperate, spends a life to bring the mercies and peace of Christ into the coarse miseries and festering vices which girdle round all our brilliant capitals, all our great seats of industry and wealth. Only in after years does their work draw itself up to its true grandeur; only then do we lose sight of partial failures, of all that made it, while it was going on, so unspeakably depressing—and see it, at last, as it is . . . "Heaven is for those who have failed on earth," says the mocking proverb; and since the day of Calvary no Christian need be ashamed to accept it. But even here men have that within them which recognises the heroic aspect of a noble failure: they own the nobleness in spite of the failure, in spite of the world's irony and amusement, which accompanies it as the jester of old accompanied what was greatest. Even here it is better to have tried and failed than not to have failed because we have not tried. It is better to have made the mistakes of high aspiration, of originality, of self-forgetfulness, better to have made the mistakes of the good, which it is said to be the business of the wise to correct, than never to have struck a blow for Christ and goodness, because so many before us have struck to little purpose. . . . If the great or the saintly life has been incomplete, at least there has been the great or the saintly life' (pp. 253-5).

Those who are familiar with Dean Church's other writings will recognize their characteristic features in these sermons. There is the wide and accurate knowledge of literature, of history, of the intellectual and social life of the present day, never paraded, but everywhere creeping out; there is the profound insight into character, the appreciation of the good points in the most mistaken ideas, the power of looking at a question on every side, and yet of judgment as strong as it is balanced; there is the caution and reserve which adds greatly to the force of all that is said. These qualities give a special apologetic value to all his work; for they make his belief in the

Christian religion as doctrinally true, as morally helpful, as the one hope for the world, an influence which is not a little reassuring to many who are always being told that it is only those who are ignorant of history, or are without power to appreciate the natural developments of the human mind, who can continue to believe that the New Testament speaks the truth. Yet, valuable as the sermons are from this point of view, the elevating power of their moral tone is perhaps more valuable still.

*University and Cathedral Sermons.* By J. R. ILLINGWORTH, M.A., Author of *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*. (London and New York : Macmillan and Co., 1893.)

MR. ILLINGWORTH is well known for his interest in the investigations of science and philosophy ; and in the volume of sermons which he published more than ten years ago, as well as in the two essays which he more recently contributed to *Lux Mundi*, he showed the firmness of his belief that all study of matter and mind may be, and ought to be, intimately connected with theology. There is much in his *University and Cathedral Sermons* which recalls the writings we have mentioned, and especially the appreciation of and insight into man on his natural side.

The first sermon is on 'Conduct and Creed.' Here and elsewhere any dissociation of belief and life is earnestly protested against. It is emphatically asserted that the only adequate foundation for right living is in true belief, and that true belief fails in its purpose if it does not produce right life. Hence the supreme importance of the Christian Faith, and of man serving God with heart and mind and soul alike. There are three beautiful sermons in the centre of the book : on God's love as that which elicits and perfects the love of man ; on the sometimes forgotten value of lives that are wholly innocent ; on vocation as that which separates 'from the world in its evil sense' and calls 'to God' (p. 129). And on the discipline of mind which leads to all thought being made truly religious, on the meaning and power of prayer, on the import of the Incarnation, and on the influence of Christ's Resurrection, Mr. Illingworth's teaching is always interesting and sometimes profound, and has a real practical value. There are longer passages which it would be a pleasure to quote, but we prefer to call attention to the frequency with which short sentences suggest deep thoughts, as when he says—

'To love is to be lifted or degraded by our love, in proportion as we repudiate or welcome the law of sacrifice' (p. 45) ;

or—

'No external critic can pass judgment on the reality of faith ; but neither can he on any other subject which is beyond his field of experience' (p. 79) ;

or—

'It is unseen but incessant influences, acting through the ages, that degrade the mountains and exalt the plains ; and in like manner unseen influences, acting through a lifetime, lift the human heart to heaven or lower it to hell' (p. 155) ;

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'Secular systems work from without inwards. The mission of the Church is to work outward from within. Secular systems deal with men in masses. The mission of the Church is to individual souls. Secular systems attack crime against society. The mission of the Church is to cure sin, the root of crime' (pp. 219, 220).

We have said enough to show there is much to be learnt from these sermons, and they seem to us to be to a large extent free from the tone, somewhat too morbid to be quite healthy, which was, as some thought, a weak point in the *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*. Yet we cannot unreservedly commend the present volume. While we have no wish to dogmatize on open questions, we distrust the tendency to give so central a place in a system of theology to the hypothesis of the Scotist theologians about the Incarnation as Mr. Illingworth evidently gives to it. It is not well to use in any way as a basis what after all is only a speculation. And we cannot think that the language which speaks of the Incarnation as the 'natural consummation of our race,' 'the birth of "a new creature" by the one act, as we might now phrase it, of creative evolution' (p. 5), however it might be explained in a longer treatise, is language which can safely be used. So, too, when it is said that

'on the one side' the Incarnation 'was a revelation, fuller only in degree, of the God who had been working hitherto in the material, the intellectual, the moral world. But on the other it was a revelation, different in kind, that God was not merely an impersonal "drift of tendency," nor supra-personal, in such sense as to obliterate His personality, but a Person, and, as such, One in community with whom all human persons were destined to find the satisfaction of their complex being. This it is which differentiates Christianity from other creeds. It is not only obedience to a law, or even following an example, but union with a Person' (pp. 196-7);

and that

'when once in human history there had appeared a character in which could be found no fault, it became thenceforward and for ever strictly scientific to derive notions of God from that human personality, which is the highest object within present experience' (p. 9),

we think there is a tendency to obscure the truths that the revelation of the Incarnation differs in its method as well as in its contents from any other teaching of God, and that our Lord's human life is a manifestation of the Father, not so much because of its human perfection as because He who lives in it is personally God. And further, when these aspects of truth are not sufficiently kept in mind, it becomes easy to form an imperfect idea of the distinctive character of the preparation for the Incarnation among the Jews, and to think that 'Socrates and Plato, *not less than*<sup>1</sup> Moses and Isaiah' 'are manifestations of the life that was the light of men' (p. 185), and that 'myth may be inspired as well as history' (p. 171).

We have considered it our duty to call attention to the features

<sup>1</sup> The italics are our own.

of these sermons we have noticed last, because we are of opinion that the view of revelation which underlies them, while it leaves Christianity beautiful and attractive and one part of the teaching of God, fails to justify that peculiarly dogmatic character which the Faith rightly claims.

*The Creed or a Philosophy.* By the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, author of *Reminiscences, Letters from Rome, The Word, and The Son.* (London and New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1893.)

It is natural to have a kindly feeling towards the author of this book, who in his old age, and, as he tells us, after serious illnesses (preface, p. xvii), is pleading a cause which is evidently very near his heart, while the abilities which made the editor of the *British Critic* and the writer for the *Times* famous have caused the perusal of his present volume to be a task of much interest. Yet when we have expressed our personal sympathy and our appreciation of his literary skill, we must go on to say that we greatly regret the publication of the present volume, and most strongly dissent from the position formerly taken up in *The Son* and now more fully developed and defended in *The Creed or a Philosophy*.

Mr. Mozley is of opinion that the members of the Church of England are committed to a heresy of the most deadly kind. 'A Churchman,' he says, 'cannot be baptized, and cannot even marry, without being pledged to a Creed which would have been thought a detestable heresy in the first four centuries of the Church' (pp. 279, 280). This 'heresy,' besides being in the Baptismal and the Marriage Services, is to be found in the Catechism, the Litany, and the Thirty-nine Articles (p. 143), and forms a considerable part of the hymns which are commonly sung in churches (pp. 173-200). Its prominent position is due to 'the Reformers,' part of whose work it was 'to take the most impossible, inconceivable, self-contradictory form of the so-called Trinity ever devised by ignorant and presumptuous theologians, and constitute it, by Act of Parliament, the special secret and property of the national Church' (pp. 132-3).

We are not concerned to defend every statement in an Anglican hymn book, and we shall not be suspected of supposing that everything which happened in the English Church in the sixteenth century was done in the best possible way, and we cannot think the history of the Thirty-nine Articles justifies Mr. Mozley in applying to them the word 'Creed' (p. 145); but we are confident that the charge he brings is one which cannot be substantiated. He expresses it thus:

'I object to the expression and the notion of a "Triune God;" to such expressions as three in one and one in three; to the use of the singular pronoun in referring to the Father, the Son, and the Spirit; to the summing up of the three Persons with the words "one God;" to the phrase "God the Son," and to all expressions favouring the opinion that the Son and the Spirit are nothing more than Divine aspects, procedures, and offices; to the title of God given to Jesus Christ in such a way as to imply that it was God Almighty who was born of the Virgin

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Mary and nursed and taught by her, and that it was He who walked about the Holy Land with the disciples, who ate, drank, and slept, who was struck in the face and spit upon, who was crucified, dead, and buried; to all gratuitous intrusion into the manner and form of the Divine existence, and into the unfathomable and inscrutable eternity supposed to have preceded creation. All these expressions I must regard as unwarranted additions to the teaching of the Scriptures, of the early fathers, of the early councils and creeds, and as offences placed in the way of those little ones whom Christ came to save. I must regard them as heresies and sins against the Holy Ghost' (pp. 174-5).

To give instances of details, Mr. Mozley specially condemns the opening clauses of the Litany as applying the 'supreme title of "God"' 'to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost' 'severally' (p. 156), and as grammatically indicating 'four Persons, Father, Son, Holy Ghost, and Trinity, the last containing all, or over all' (p. 163); the statement of the first Article that 'in the unity of this Godhead there be three Persons of one substance, power, and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost' (p. 143); and hymns by, among others, such different writers as Reginald Heber, Bishop Wordsworth, Dr. Neale, Mr. Keble, Cardinal Newman, Charles Wesley, and Bishop How.

The Church of England protests as strongly as any orthodox theologian could wish against an 'opinion that the Son and the Spirit are nothing more than Divine aspects, procedures, and offices.' She expressly condemns in the *Quicunque vult* the heresy of 'confounding the Persons,' and the first three sentences of the Litany are meant to be addressed to three distinct Subsistences, not to three 'aspects' of one Person. And if current opinion in the West generally has had a tendency to error at all on such a point as this, it has been rather in the direction of exaggerating than of ignoring the distinctness of the Persons of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, when it is implied that 'God Almighty' 'was born of the Virgin Mary,' and lived on earth and suffered and died, it is with the clearest understanding that it was not the Person of the Father who became Incarnate; and the prayers in the Litany, 'by Thy holy Incarnation,' 'Nativity,' 'Circumcision,' 'Fasting,' 'Temptation,' 'Agony,' 'Passion,' 'Death,' 'Burial,' 'Resurrection,' and 'Ascension' are without doubt addressed to the Divine Son and refer to His human life.

But when Mr. Mozley's misconceptions of the English formulæ are cleared away, it still remains that he raises serious objection to what is ordinarily understood as the unity of the Godhead and the ascription of the name God to the Son and the Spirit. We should have thought such a position impossible for anyone writing from the standpoint of Holy Scripture and the teaching of the early Church. It was our Lord Himself who said, 'I and my Father are one,'<sup>2</sup> and 'I am in the Father and the Father in Me.'<sup>3</sup> The doctrine of the

<sup>1</sup> The word 'Person,' as applied to God, does not imply separation or that the three Persons are distinct individuals. Cf. St. Thom. Aq. S.T. I. xxix.

<sup>2</sup> St. John x. 30.

<sup>3</sup> St. John xiv. 11. Mr. Mozley quotes St. John xvii. 3 as supporting his view. In that passage 'the restrictive epithets *μόνον ἀληθινόν* must be

Trinity in Unity is the only belief which will reconcile the Monotheism of the Bible with its teaching that the Son and the Spirit are both Persons<sup>1</sup> and are both God.<sup>2</sup> The early Church shrank with horror from Tritheism;<sup>3</sup> it was deeply committed to the truth of the Godhead of the Son and the Spirit. When St. Ignatius spoke of the 'blood of God,' or declared that 'Jesus Christ our God was carried in the womb by Mary,' or begged his fellow-Christians at Rome to allow him 'to be an imitator of the Passion of' his 'God,'<sup>4</sup> he was putting Scriptural truth in strong words and anticipating the clear definitions of the Universal Church.<sup>5</sup> The worship of the Trinity and the declaration of the one Essence of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit are simple necessities of the primitive Faith. For the Trinity is no philosophic abstraction, but God Himself, and therefore must be worshipped; and if there be not one Essence of the three Persons, the Son and the Spirit are not, in the Scriptural sense, the Son of God and the Spirit of God.

When the Church of England, then, worships and prays to the Trinity, and speaks of the Son even in the acts of His human life, and of the Spirit, as God, she is but echoing the teaching and following the practice of the early Church. She is no less in harmony with the rest of the Catholic Church at the present time. Typical Roman books of theology<sup>6</sup> summarize the teaching of St. Ambrose that 'we say one God, not two or three Gods,' that 'we confess the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit in such a way that in the Trinity both the fulness of the Godhead and the unity of power are complete,'<sup>7</sup> of St. Augustine that there is of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit 'a Divine unity of one and the same Essence,' so that 'they are not three Gods but one God.'<sup>8</sup> Accepted Eastern formularies<sup>9</sup> are in accordance with the teaching of St. Cyril of Alexandria that 'the Father is the Father' and the Son is the Son and the Spirit is the Spirit, yet the identity of the essence joins them held to be exclusive, not of the Son, but of false gods, or creatures external to the Divine Essence' (Liddon, *Bampton Lectures*, p. 240, note d, edition of 1891).

<sup>1</sup> See, e.g., St. John v. 17, xiv. 16, 26, xv. 26, xvi. 8, 13.

<sup>2</sup> See, e.g., St. John i. 1; Col. ii. 9; Heb. i. 8; Acts v. 3, 4; 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

<sup>3</sup> The history of Dionysius of Alexandria illustrates this.

<sup>4</sup> St. Ignat. *ad Eph.* i. 18; *ad Rom.* 6.

<sup>5</sup> It is impossible to assent to Mr. Mozley's assertion (p. 54) that the phrase of the Nicene Creed 'God of God' does not mean that the Son is God in more than 'a qualified and derivative sense of the word,' or to his attempted justification of it by saying, 'He that is "God" cannot be "of God." He that is "of God" cannot be "God."' The words of the Creed mean that the Son is truly God in the full sense of the name, but that His Godhead has its source in the Father.

<sup>6</sup> See, e.g., Schouppé, *Elementa Theologicæ Dogmaticæ*, tract. vi. §§ 127-30.

<sup>7</sup> St. Ambrose, *De Fide*, i. 1.

<sup>8</sup> St. Augustine, *De Trin.* i. 4. We commend the whole of the chapter to Mr. Mozley's careful thought.

<sup>9</sup> See, e.g., *Syn. Beth.* cap. i.

in unity ;<sup>1</sup> of St. John of Damascus that 'we know that the Son and the Holy Spirit are God,' and that 'we receive all the Divine names simply and absolutely in the case of each of the Persons.'<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Mozley is sure that the Church of England cannot, on the point we have been discussing, justify her appeal 'to Scripture, to the Creeds, to the early Fathers and the chief Councils, and . . . to the Catholic Church' (p. 294). Our space permits us to mention only a small part of the evidence which leads us to an opposite conviction. That small part, we think, is sufficient to refute the contention of his book. Neither the primitive Church nor the Church of England believes in an abstract substance of the Godhead which can be separated from the Divine Persons ; they both believe that the three Persons are one God, of one Essence, power, and eternity.

*Sermon Outlines for the Clergy and Lay-Preachers arranged according to the Church's Year.* By the Rev. M. F. SADLER, Rector of Honiton ; Prebendary of Wells ; Author of *Church Doctrine Bible Truth, Church Teacher's Manual, Notes Critical and Practical on St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, the Epistle to the Romans, &c.* (London and New York : George Bell and Sons, 1892.)

THE object of this book is stated in the preface, where Prebendary Sadler says :

'A glance over the pages of this book will serve to show, without any lengthened preface, what its design is. In compiling it the writer had in his mind a complaint heard on all sides, that sermons at the present day are very deficient in setting forth Christian doctrine. This the writer considers to be a very great defect indeed, and he has made it his first endeavour to afford some means of rectifying it' (Preface, p. v).

There is certainly need in the sermons of the clergy of more teaching and of teaching of a more definite kind. We want from the pulpit careful and systematic explanation of the Catholic Faith. We fear the clergy are too apt to assume that elementary truth is known to all their flock, to preach a great deal about doctrines in which they themselves are specially interested, and to neglect other parts of the Faith, and rather to refer to Christian dogma in a casual haphazard way, than methodically to expound the whole. The true remedy, of course, lies in study and in the compilation by each preacher for himself of systematic notes on Christian doctrine and its practical application. The advice of George Herbert<sup>3</sup> on 'the

<sup>1</sup> St. Cyril Alex. *C. Julian*. iv. (t. vi. β, p. 146, Aubert), Πατήρ γὰρ ὁ Πατήρ καὶ Υἱὸς ὁ Υἱὸς, καὶ Πνεῦμα τὸ Πνεῦμα· ἀλλ' οὐν ἡ τῆς οὐσίας ταύτης συλλέγει πρὸς ἑνωσιν.

<sup>2</sup> St. John Dam. *De Fid. Orth.* iii. 10, τὸν Υἱὸν Θεὸν εἰδότες, καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον . . . ἐφ' ἐκάστης τῶν ὑποστάσεων πάσας τὰς θεωνυμίας ἀπλῶς καὶ ἀπολύτως ἐκλαμβάνοντες. Mr. Mozley will find in this chapter a refutation of his opinion (p. 161) that the doctrine of the English Church is identical with the heresy of Peter the Fuller.

<sup>3</sup> See *A Priest to the Temple*, chap. v. : 'The Country Parson hath read the Fathers also, and the Schoolmen, and the later writers, or a good proportion of all, out of which he hath compiled a book and body of

Parson's accessory knowledges,' has not lost its value. Work which a man does for himself is worth more to him than anything he can borrow. Consequently, it is always with a feeling of suspicion that we open books of outlines or suggestions for preaching. Yet in the present condition of the Church, if the clergy, and still more if lay-preachers, are usefully to teach dogmatic truth, many of them will need the help of books such as Prebendary Sadler's *Sermon Outlines*. What we have, then, to seek for in books of this kind is that they are correct in their theology, systematic in their order, complete in treating of the different parts of the Faith, practical in their application of truth. We believe that the volume before us may, if rightly used, be of service to many clergy. At first sight it appears to be a disadvantage that the ordinary form of sermon-scheme, with its formal divisions, has not been adopted, but possibly for those who use the book wisely this may prove to be an advantage. We would urge preachers who have recourse to these suggestions to begin by making them their own by careful thought, and after they have done this, to draw up a formal outline embodying the result of their own consideration of the matter Prebendary Sadler supplies, and then from this outline to write the written sermon or prepare that which is unwritten. It is only by some such process that the truth which the preacher expounds can be made really part of his own mind, and, as such, the foundation of a satisfactory sermon. For it is characteristic of a good sermon that while the truth it contains is the truth of God, it is presented with a reality which cannot belong to anything which is merely borrowed. This volume contains, besides detailed suggestions, lists of suitable texts and of subjects for courses of sermons. We are able to commend it very heartily to the notice of our readers.

*Our Worship.* By the Rev. Prebendary SADLER, Author of *Church Doctrine Bible Truth*. (London : S.P.C.K. No date.)

PREBENDARY SADLER is well known as the author of, besides his commentaries, works which are intended to commend the doctrines and practices of the Church to those who are outside her fold. And in *Our Worship* he evidently has this class in view. But the utility of his book will not be confined to these. Many Church people who desire to know the principles of the worship in which they join, or to understand better the reasons which underlie the composition of the Services or to have a justification of the act of worship itself, may be helped by this little volume. The clergy are familiar with the difficulties felt by many earnest persons as to the Church's method of prayer and praise, and with the consequent usefulness of clear and Catholic explanations of them. And at a time when a great deal is thought about the external beauty of services, and when the growth of ritual is a marked feature of the age, it is more than ever necessary that

Divinity, which is the storehouse of his Sermons, and which he preacheth all his Life ; but diversely clothed, illustrated, and enlarged. For, though the world is full of such composures, yet every man's own is fittest, readiest, and most savoury to him.'



all that is possible should be done to establish a sound knowledge of the main and simple principles upon which the duty of worship rests. There is much in *Our Worship* to meet such needs as those to which we have referred, and among its many subjects we may direct attention to what is said on the union of Christians in worship with saints and angels, the dogmatic basis of worship, the position of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the advantages of daily services in Church. On the last-mentioned subject Prebendary Sadler mentions instances in which the opportunity of daily worship has been gladly responded to where such a response might not have been expected, calls attention to the value of the mere sound of the Church bell day by day, and refers to some common objections to the practice :

'It may be asked, Will not family prayer do as well? No, we answer; and for this reason, that God has joined Christians together in a higher bond than that of the family. . . . We are very ill-instructed Churchmen indeed if we do not recognize in the Church the Body and Spouse of Christ, a far higher, because a more heavenly, and mysterious bond. The centre of this unity is in heaven at the right hand of God. Every member is joined to Him by mystical joints and bands, and so are all one in a sense that the members of any human family cannot be one, for it cannot be said of the family, as it is said of Christ and the Church, 'We being many are one body in Christ, and everyone members one of another' (pp. 142, 143).

The services themselves cannot be said to be 'unprofitable' (p. 143), and it is a matter of experience that busy clergymen find the regularity imposed on them by the daily office a help in their other work.

We are of opinion that this book will be useful in teaching Church-people the obligation and principles of worship and in helping inquiring Dissenters to appreciate the position of the Church.

*A Devotional Manual for the Clergy at Home or Abroad—Credenda, Agenda, Postulanda.* By HENRY BAILEY, D.D., Rector of West Tarring; Rural Dean; Proctor in Convocation; Canon of St. Augustine's, in Canterbury Cathedral; late Warden of St. Augustine's College. (London: S.P.C.K. No date.)

DR. BAILEY'S *Devotional Manual* has an interesting history. 'In its original form,' we are told, it 'was drawn up to meet the wants of students of St. Augustine's College in their college and missionary career' (Preface, p. iii). It was several times enlarged and became the 'cherished companion of,' among others, 'Bishops Mackenzie and Patteson' (*ibid.*). It has been used by many theological students and clergy at home. Knowledge of its usefulness as printed at the College Press at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, has led Dr. Bailey to publish it in the present form.

Under the head of 'Credenda—Agenda,' there is an admirable collection of passages from Holy Scripture bearing on the 'love' and 'purpose' and 'call' and 'precepts' and 'warnings' and 'promises' and 'example' of our Lord as the 'Great Shepherd,' and the response which each of these requires in His 'under-Shepherds.' There are suggestive hints on the 'pastor's self-examination,' a series of subjects

for meditation for each day in the year, for Sundays and Ember weeks. The 'Postulanda' consist of heads of prayer and a large number of prayers from various sources.

It is a serious responsibility to make any addition to the devotional manuals of the English Church. But there is sufficient in this book that is distinctive and which is likely to be useful to justify its publication, and candidates for Holy Orders who are endeavouring to gain disciplined habits of devotion and are seeking for suggestions which may help them in prayer will do well to consult it. We think the clergy are wise if they sometimes use the Latin tongue in their private devotions, and we are therefore glad that some prayers of St. Thomas Aquinas and others, the 'Admonitio summi sacerdotis' of Walter Map, and the hymn 'O Deus ! Ego amo Te' of St. Francis Xavier are retained in that language.

*The Gospel of the Future.* Being Simple Outlines of Unfulfilled Prophecy, for the Use of Members of the Church. By a Parish Priest. With a Preface by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Coventry. (London : Griffith, Farran and Co. No date.)

We question whether it is possible for anyone without greater powers of condensation and closeness of reasoning than are revealed in this volume to deal satisfactorily with so wide a theme within the space of less than two hundred very brief pages. The *Gospel of the Future* claims that a large amount of prophecy is still unfulfilled ; and it holds that the literal interpretation, accepted for nearly three hundred years by the primitive Church, and revived of late by such writers as Maitland, Todd, and Burgh, is the true one. But, as the Bishop of Coventry confesses in his preface, 'although the author endeavours to confine himself to the *simpler* portions of prophetic study, his remarks necessarily cover a wide area, and introduce difficult points of interpretation, upon which the holiest and ablest men have differed widely in their opinions' (p. ix). The subjects referred to include the Coming of our Lord, which is considered in three separate stages—the First Resurrection, in the light of (a) Holy Scripture and (b) tradition, with (c) answers to objections to the literal view. Then follow chapters on the Marriage of the Lamb, the Restoration of the Jews and of all Israel, Antichrist, the Millennium, and the Final Judgment. Omitting other topics which the author treats, he finally handles 'Our Attitude towards the Lord's Coming,' and the 'Present Condition of the Faithful Departed and their Attitude towards the Coming of the Lord,' and dismisses them in a dozen pages.

It will be obvious from this summary that the *Gospel of the Future* can only serve as a brief introduction to the great subject with which it deals, and the author seems hardly conscious of some of the difficulties under his hand. The first stage of our Lord's coming he terms 'the harvest,' and quotes the parable of the tares of the field as clearly teaching that the *Parousia* will precede the judgment of the wicked ; yet in unfolding the second stage, which he calls 'the vintage,' he says, 'The gathering of the grapes to tread them is the same thing here (Rev. xvi.) as in our Lord's parable is the

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gathering of the tares in bundles to burn them' (p. 38). In other words, 'the vintage,' which he places second, is the same as the gathering of the tares, which our Blessed Lord puts *first* (see St. Matt. xiii.) It is a minor blemish that the writer occasionally indulges in uncouth and unauthorised phrases, such as 'headed *up* by,' used several times over for 'headed by,' and 'the heavenlies,' as equivalent to heavenly places—a singularly unhappy term, and one which suggests the title of some international exhibition. It is only just to add that the *Gospel of the Future* is written throughout in a reverent spirit, and with a sincere desire to promote the study and grasp the meaning of God's revealed truth.

*Practical Reflections upon every verse of the Book of Genesis.* With a Preface by the Right Rev. EDWARD KING, D.D., Lord Bishop of Lincoln. (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1892.)

In his commendatory Preface to these 'Practical Reflections,' the Bishop of Lincoln rightly observes that it would seem enough to say that their author has also written similar works on the Psalms and the New Testament, to which Canon Liddon in each case gave his *imprimatur*. Yet the great difference between the Book of Genesis and those portions of Holy Scripture which he has already handled would probably render the writer's task far more difficult in the work before us, inasmuch as there are large sections of the first Book of Moses which hardly lend themselves, upon any ordinary treatment, to the purpose which the writer has in view. His volume is, however, another example of the great truth that, to the diligent student, there is continually fresh light breaking forth from God's Holy Word. The writer's object should be steadily borne in mind if we would rightly estimate his work. He lays no claim to special powers of exegesis, and we are not to expect guidance in unravelling the difficulties of particular texts. He does not enter upon any discussion of the so-called higher criticism, or attempt any fine-drawn distinction, after the fashion of the day, between the Jehovistic and Elohist elements in the composite narrative which fills the first place in the Pentateuch. Nor, again, does the writer profess any great originality; he unreservedly avows the sources from which the 'Reflections' are largely drawn, and names De Saci, Du Guet, and Delitzsch as the authors to whom he is specially indebted. His book answers in its aim and execution very accurately to the first motto from St. Augustine with which the author introduces it, and he subordinates all other objects to that of discerning 'quæ in Libris Sanctis æterna intimentur, quæ futura prænuntientur, quæ agenda præcipiantur vel moneantur.'<sup>1</sup> With admirable point and terseness the author indicates both the difficulty and the usefulness of his task:

'In traversing Genesis I move amidst deep wells and springs of truth, many of them half choked up by men's ignorance or rash conjectures. Be it given to me to reverently open up the old truths, find Christ hidden under figures, draw lessons and comforts from the old

<sup>1</sup> *De Genesi ad Literam*, lib. i. c. 1.

histories. In this world's dry, thirsty journey, how welcome to us is Holy Scripture, with its openings into thoughts of comfort !' (p. 147).

It is a difficulty inseparable from the attempt to draw practical reflections from every verse, even of that which is so pregnant with meaning as is any portion of the inspired writings, that the lessons deduced should vary in force, and should not equally commend themselves to all classes of readers. The anonymous author of the book before us uniformly maintains a chastened and sober standard. His mind is imbued with Catholic truth as expounded in our Church standards, and it breathes the reverent spirit of the Psalmist, 'My heart standeth in awe of Thy Word.' The need of supernatural grace and its foreshadowing on the very threshold of revelation are earnestly insisted on in a style and tone of old-fashioned simplicity and directness which recall to us at times Bishop Hall and the author of the *Imitation of Christ*. A single quotation may serve to illustrate and conclude our remarks. It is the comment on chapter ii. verse 23 :—

'Here is another self more closely knit to man than any other creature could be, here is a partner of his life, a sharer of his cares and joys ; yet this close and intimate union, lifelong, most absorbing, most tender as it is, represents to us another and higher tie—"we are members of Christ's Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones." He is pleased to take to Himself the believer's soul in a close and tender relation of love and trust. Sacramental grace unites us to Him ; all our spiritual life, all that is good in us, flows from the heavenly union. We are not always conscious of the presence of the Heavenly Bridegroom, even when we are truly His and He ours, yet sometimes

Haply, as at Eucharist we knelt  
Something that thrilled us more than touch or speech  
Has made His presence felt' (pp. 15-16).

*The Communicant's Prayer Book : the Book of Common Prayer, with Explanatory Notes, Practical and Devotional, Interleaved and Appended.* Third edition. (London : Henry Frowde, 1890.)

As this little book has reached a third edition in the space of five years, it may fairly claim to have made a position for itself, and to have met the wants of a large number of people ; but we venture to think that we could suggest some improvements in the arrangement of the book, which would greatly add to its usefulness by bringing it within the comprehension of a still larger number of worshippers.

In the first place, we should like a greater difference in type between the actual text of the Prayer Book and the notes thereon, in order that even an uneducated person should be easily able to distinguish between them, which we think is hardly the case at present. And we would ask if there is any advantage in printing the prayers suggested for private use in double columns? In several copies which we have examined the dividing lines are so extremely faint as to make the general effect very puzzling, and we cannot ourselves see why the prayers should not be printed like the rest of the page. We also think that it would be better—certainly in the Communion Service, if not throughout the book—to make a

distinction between the devotional and the purely historical and explanatory notes, either by printing the latter at the foot of the page or by relegating them altogether to the end, and amalgamating them with the 'Additional Notes.' This would prevent the apparent absurdity of such a direction as this: 'Say after the Gospel, "Praise be to Thee, O Christ" (6th century).' And it would then be possible to give a better note than this: 'The Creed, 325 A.D., is the confession of your faith after hearing God's message,' &c. As it stands, it seems as if the profession of faith itself, and not merely the Nicene version of it, dated from 325 A.D. And as considerable additions were made to the Creed of Nicæa at Constantinople in 381, the note is in any case historically inadequate.

We do not wish to appear hypercritical, but we cannot help feeling that the use of the familiar 'don't' ('Don't rise from your knees,' 'Don't look about,' &c.) is unsuited to the gravity of a book of devotions. We also think that 'the Anointed One' is an unusual and not a particularly happy way of describing the Queen. All these, however, it will be said, are minor blemishes; but we must now draw attention to a more serious fault. This is the entire absence of any note whatever, explanatory, practical, or devotional, upon the Creed of St. Athanasius. Surely, as this ancient Symbol is an integral part of the Book of Common Prayer, and a most precious possession of the Church of England, it is unpardonable to pass it over in silence, especially when this Creed has been made the subject of heretical attacks. We hope that the editor of the *Communicant's Prayer Book* will see his way to remedying this omission in his next edition.

Before we turn to the pleasanter task of praise we should like just to say a few words on the use of the word 'Jehovah' by the editor of the *Communicant's Prayer Book*. It cannot be too often remembered that this most mysterious word is in no sense a proper name, and ought never to be employed as such. We are permitted to quote from an unpublished sermon—which greatly impressed us at the time—by the late Rev. Benjamin Webb on this subject, in which he says:

"The word "Jehovah," found so often in the Old Testament, is in reality no proper name at all. It means merely the Self-Existent Being: the Being that exists, alone and apart, and independent, in the fulness of His own incommunicable Power and Godhead. In short the term "Jehovah" conveys precisely the same idea that is embodied in the use of the mysterious words "I AM." . . . Those who have apprehended this truth will carefully avoid the use of the word "Jehovah" at all as a proper name: not even as a name for the Holy Trinity (which would be the only possible defensible use of the word): and still less as the name of the Eternal Father (as seems to be sometimes understood among ill-instructed theologians): or again, as though it were an alternative name of our Incarnate Lord Jesus Christ: or (still more perversely and erroneously) as if it might conveniently denote the God of the earlier Dispensation in contradistinction to the God Whom Christians worship. . . .

'As a general rule the word "Jehovah," when it occurs in the ancient Hebrew Scriptures, is reverently expressed in our English Version by the

words "The LORD," printed for distinction sake in small capital letters. . . . And the Prayer Book, expressing the mind of the Church in this as in other matters, with the exception of one or two places in the Psalter (in which, moreover, the word is used with a certain historic fitness), systematically avoids the untranslated Hebrew word.<sup>1</sup>

We think it is a pity that the editor of the *Communicant's Prayer Book* has not thought well to be equally careful in his language.

Having now pointed out what appear to us as defects in an otherwise excellent and useful little book, we gladly draw our readers' attention to the interesting and valuable 'Additional Notes' at the end. All are good, but those upon 'Reverence' and 'Vestments' seem to us especially worthy of praise. The whole tone of the book is sober, and thoroughly in accordance with the temper of the English branch of the Catholic Church, and we can conscientiously recommend it to her children.

*Repertorium Hymnologicum.* Catalogue des Chants, Hymnes, Proses, Séquences, Tropes en Usage dans l'Eglise Latine depuis les Origines jusqu'à nos Jours. Par le Chanoine ULYSSE CHEVALIER. 2<sup>me</sup> fascicule. (Louvain : Imprimerie Lefever, 1892.)

Two years ago<sup>1</sup> we drew attention to the appearance of the first fasciculus of this important catalogue, and we now welcome the second fasciculus, which brings the work down to the end of letter K. So that of the Latin hymns we have now a catalogue from A to K—that is, of half the alphabet. We have no less than 9,935 Latin hymns catalogued, and this means that we know from the learned Canon their authors or the place where they first may be met, the service books which have adopted them, and the seasons of the Christian year at which these hymns are sung, as well as other details as to stanzas and metre. The Canon hopes to bring his catalogue to an end in less than two years; and we believe that when it is finished it will be to the scholar a work far more to his taste than the corresponding *Dictionary of Hymnology*. It is hardly possible to take much interest in English hymns of which Dr. Watts has not unjustly been called the father, and the great majority of which show unmistakable signs of a common ancestry with *Divine and Moral Songs*; but it is otherwise with the great hymns of St. Ambrose, Fortunatus, Sedulius, Adam of St. Victor, not to speak of such modern writers as Le Tourneux, Coffin, the Santeuils, and the other French hymn-writers. English taste has fallen very low. The object with which *Hymns Ancient and Modern* was brought out was that the old hymns might be sung once more in an English dress. The result of the publication of that unlucky volume has been to rivet the chains of Moody and Sankey more firmly upon us. As an instance, we spent last Passiontide at Cannes, amongst the English chapels there, and never once heard sung 'Vexilla regis prodeunt.' It may have been that the women singers did not like the tune, which is (perhaps more often

<sup>1</sup> *Church Quarterly Review*, January 1891, xxxi. 505.



than is thought) the determining cause of the choice of a hymn in Divine service.

In this *fasciculus* we have the blessing of the Paschal candle, 'Exultet iam,' and in the treatment of this delightful *preconium paschale* we really think that the Canon might have given us fuller notes of its history and sources. It is boldly attributed, without reserve, to St. Augustine, and we are told nothing of the difference in the texts of the old copies; for example, the long passage about the bee, 'cum sit nimia [?] minima] corporis parvitate, ingentes animos angusto versat in pectore: viribus imbecilla, sed fortis ingenio,' &c., which we find in the text given by Mabillon<sup>1</sup> and the blessed Cardinal Tommasi,<sup>2</sup> is not to be found in the earliest printed Roman Missals, even as it does not exist in those of the Pian reform; but it is to be found in the Leofric Missal,<sup>3</sup> in a shortened form also in a Corduba Missal,<sup>4</sup> in a twelfth-century Sacramentary of Nevers,<sup>5</sup> and others, and in a still more extended form in the Gregorian Sacramentary. How such a beautiful passage in praise of the bees, which make the wax of the candle, came to be lost we cannot understand. And at the end of the blessing of the candle there are variations in the text which might be noted. In the printed Roman Mass books the Roman emperor has a prayer to himself after the Pope and clergy have been prayed for, and though the Roman Empire disappeared in 1806 yet the paragraph continues to be printed, though not to be sung. In the diocesan books the king is prayed for with the Pope and bishop. And the final doxology is often different. It ended thus at Sarum: 'Qui semper vivis, regnas, imperas necnon et gloriaris, solus Deus, solus altissimus Iesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.' It was the same at Hereford and Westminster, but not at York, which gives the Roman ending. We are sure that if 'Exultet' had only been a metrical hymn we should have had all these variations (and many more) carefully made out for us by the Canon; but his interest is with metrical hymns, and we must not expect too much of human nature. Men will only work thoroughly at that which they love.

*A Classified Index to the Leonine, Gelasian, and Gregorian Sacramentaries.* By H. A. WILSON, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. (Cambridge: University Press, 1892.)

WE feel that we should not be doing our duty to our readers if we did not point out this exceedingly handy and useful volume. Anyone who has ever undertaken a liturgical research will know how important it is to determine the earliest instance of the appearance of a collect or other liturgical formula. Muratori and Tommasi gave no indices to their editions of the Sacramentaries; in fact, it is only quite

<sup>1</sup> *De Liturgia Gallicana*, Lutec. Paris. 1685, p. 358.

<sup>2</sup> *Opera*, ed. Vezzosi, Romæ, 1751, t. vi. p. 326.

<sup>3</sup> Ed. F. E. Warren, Oxford, 1883, p. 97.

<sup>4</sup> *Missale Cordubensis Ecclesiæ*, 1561, f. cx.

<sup>5</sup> *Sacramentarium ad Usus Ecclesiæ Nivernensis*, Niverni, 1873, p. 205.

lately that the importance of these additions to a book has become understood. Mr. Wilson deserves the thanks of all Churchmen for having brought this laborious undertaking to a successful end. We have used the book continually since its publication, and have invariably found it trustworthy. And we must not omit in our expressions of gratitude the syndics of the Cambridge University Press, who have already done so much for the study of liturgy in this country. But why was the book not published at Oxford?

*Compotus Rolls of the Obedientiaries of St. Swithun's Priory, Winchester.* Edited by G. W. KITCHEN, D.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. (Hampshire Record Society, 1892.)

THIS volume, published under the able editorship of the Dean of Winchester, contains a most interesting set of documents dealing with the monastic life in its smaller secular details; we are told of the thousand eggs consumed on one Good Friday, and which cost 3s. 4d. (p. 324), and of all the rest of the expenses of a great religious house. It forms a fellow to the Abingdon book which was noticed in the last October number of the *Church Quarterly Review*. But, besides the monks' accounts, the Dean has inserted as Appendix VII., on p. 171, a most interesting liturgical document which has been transcribed and edited by Miss Bateson. It is Codex No. 265 in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and is in a letter from Ælfric to the convent of Eynsham, describing the practice of his own house at Winchester. It describes a number of curious and interesting liturgical customs which will delight many readers of the *Church Quarterly Review*. First, there appear to be somewhat contradictory directions about the holding of the chapter. In most houses, we know, it came after prime. On p. 175 we are told that terce being finished the first mass was said, and after that the chapter was held. Then after sext came the Mass of the day. But on the next page we are told that on Sundays and festivals the chapter came after prime; and after chapter came the first Mass, which we take to be our old friend the *missa in capitulo*, about which there has been so much discussion, and which the late Mr. Dickinson thought 'a great puzzle,' though he himself has offered the best solution known to us.<sup>1</sup> At Winchester we know that the altar at which the morning or chapter Mass was said was close to the tomb of King Edmund, son of Alfred the Great.<sup>2</sup> And in the same way morning Mass and chapter seem to have followed prime from Easter to Advent, so that the ordinary rule of most houses must have been followed during a great part of the year.

A very noteworthy distribution of the hymns appears on pp. 177 and 190. One remark is delicious. '*Veni redemptor et Audi redemptor non videntur sapientibus esse compositos*,' and therefore they are not sung at Christmas. So too on Twelfth Day (p. 180) the singing of the Psalm '*Deus noster refugium*' is '*prepostero ordine*,

<sup>1</sup> *Missale Sarum*, Burntisland, 1861-83, preface, p. vii.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 21 of Professor Willis's '*Architectural History of Winchester*,' in *Proceedings of the Archaeological Institute* for 1845.

quia magi venere adorare dominum, antequam baptizatus esset.' The 'preposterous order' has, however, survived even to our days.

On Palm Sunday they seem to have had two processions—a procession in the cloister while the morning Mass was being sung, and after that the brethren appeared at the greater procession in which the palms were blessed (p. 183).

One other custom may be noted, that on the Sundays immediately before Advent they only sang once 'Dicit dominus ego cogito,' viz. on the Sunday next before Advent, instead of, as at Rome and Sarum, singing this introit more than once. At York 'Dicit Dominus' was also said only once, on the Sunday before Advent; in monastic Westminster, a feast of the Trinity was celebrated on the last Sunday before Advent, and 'Dicit Dominus' was said on the 23rd Sunday after Pentecost.

The liturgical value of this tract is very great, and we may congratulate the fair editor on having detected its importance.

*Plato and Platonism: a Series of Lectures.* By WALTER PATER, Fellow of Brasenose College. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1893.)

MOST subjects are apt to seem dull and uninteresting when we make our first steps in the serious study of them. The first efforts at the grammar of a new language, or a new branch of mathematics, rarely give the beginner much encouragement. Philosophy is no exception to this rule. It presents every possible difficulty to the untrained eye; the subjects discussed seem remote and uninteresting; the technical language is obscure and repulsive; and, what is more, the study of philosophy is usually begun (and quite rightly) with the great Greek philosophical writers. Thus there appears an additional source of perplexity. For, after all, though classical education still prevails, though most men have learnt some Greek and have some sort of vague acquaintance with Greek history, very few have the minute knowledge of Greek life which alone can make the philosophical discussions live again and be intelligible. Mr. Pater's book aims at meeting all these difficulties. He has published a series of lectures written and delivered to beginners in philosophy. We think that his end must be attained in the case of everyone who reads his book. In the smooth and clear style which is closely identified with Mr. Pater's name we have a series of essays upon various points connected with Plato which cannot fail, we think, to show that at least there are real questions and serious interests involved in the discussions which, at first sight, seem so arid.

Among the many perplexing elements in Plato's philosophy the theory of Being and of Motion stands conspicuous. Plato talks so much of these things, and obviously regards them as of the gravest importance; but they have little meaning for us, and we are disposed to think them mere quibbling. A wholly new impression of the importance of the Doctrine of Motion comes to us when we read Mr. Pater's lecture on Heraclitus, when we learn to think of him as a lonely and melancholy aristocrat, living in the midst of change.

'Heraclitus, of ancient hereditary rank, an aristocrat by birth and

temper, amid all the bustle of still undiscredited Greek democracy had reflected—not to his peace of mind—on the mutable character of political as well as physical existence; perhaps, early as it was, on the mutability of intellectual systems also, that modes of thought and practice had already been in and out of fashion. . . . Amid the irreflective actors in that rapidly-moving show, so entirely immersed in it, superficial as it is, that they have no feeling of themselves, he becomes self-conscious' (p. 8.)

So Heraclitus is described, and we pass on then with continually increased interest to read of the way in which this perpetual motion came to stand in Plato's mind for everything which was least hopeful and least desirable.

'To Plato motion becomes the token of unreality in things, of falsity in our thoughts about them. It is just this principle of mobility, in itself so welcome to all of us, that, with all his contriving care for the future, he desires to withstand. Everywhere he displays himself as an advocate of the immutable' (p. 16).

In describing the theory of Ideas Mr. Pater deprecates too harshly literal a construction of it. The crudeness and externality of the conception must not, he thinks, be pressed. They are merely the universal definitions which Socrates spent his life in seeking

'as they look, as they could not but look, amid the peculiar lights and shadows, in the singularly constituted atmosphere, under the strange laws of refraction, and in the proper perspective of Plato's house of thought. . . . He seems to have no inclination for the responsibilities of definite theory—for a system such as that of the Neo-Platonists, for instance, his own later followers, who, in a kind of prosaic and cold-blooded transcendentalism, developed as definite philosophic dogma, hard enough in more senses than one, what in Plato is to the last rather poetry than metaphysical reasoning' (pp. 148-149).

We are not altogether free from a certain wonder whether this is not the favourable view which an admirer of Plato wishes most anxiously to find true, and then justifies to himself. It is true that the various statements about the Ideas are not reconcilable in one consistent theory, and it is true that Plato's language about them is generally of a poetical kind; but still it remains that Aristotle, who, after all, was very closely connected with Plato, does give a far more definite and precise account of the Ideas than would satisfy Mr. Pater's language. Although we cannot verify in Plato's existing works many of the statements made by Aristotle about the Ideal theory, surely it is reasonable to feel some confidence in the impression made by Plato upon his greatest pupil. If it is right, as Mr. Pater contends, to look at Plato in the light of previous philosophic questionings, it cannot but be right also to allow Aristotle some share in deciding the actual meaning to be given to his master's language. Mr. Pater definitely rejects this view.

'Aristotle, himself the first of the Schoolmen, had succeeded Plato, and did but formulate, as a terminology "of art," as technical language, what for Plato is still vernacular, original, personal, the product in him of an instinctive imaginative power . . .' (p. 128).

We have said that Mr. Pater has done much to vivify and render interesting things that would to many seem dead beyond all hope of restoration. His most striking achievement in this line is in his account of Lacedæmon. The name of Sparta had been associated in our minds with everything that was most narrow and pig-headed and wooden. Mr. Pater has almost persuaded us to believe that the Spartan commonwealth embodied most truly and beautifully the Greek conception of harmony and music. The Lacedæmonian, when turned out in perfection by his elaborate education, was a perfect work of art—the admiration of all Greece. This is certainly a hard saying; and we confess that we still cherish a secret doubt whether we should really have accepted it, even if we had had the privilege which Mr. Pater tells us we really need—the privilege of seeing the Lacedæmonian youth dancing ‘a theme’ in honour of Apollo, ‘the sanest of the gods.’

But these are Philistine remarks, and we hasten to atone for them by commending all our readers who care for delicate historical appreciation and studied beauty of expression to the careful perusal of Mr. Pater's book.

*The Authenticity of the Gospel of St. Luke.* By the Bishop of BATH AND WELLS. Second Edition. (London: S.P.C.K., 1892.)

WHEN a veteran bishop, of more than fourscore years, and still engaged in the active work of a diocese over which he has presided for a quarter of a century, descends, as it were, from his pedestal and invites criticism by a literary effort, the most bilious critic would be inclined to temper justice with mercy. But there is not the slightest occasion in this case for leniency; the little work before us can perfectly well afford to be judged on its own merits. It betrays none of the prosiness and feebleness of old age, none of the skimpiness and inconsequence of the amateur whose *forte* lies elsewhere, and who just takes up a literary question *ἐκ παρέργου*. We say advisedly ‘a literary question,’ because that is the way in which the Bishop has treated his very important subject. With great thoroughness and acuteness he shows, almost to demonstration, that the third Gospel could have been written by none other than St. Luke, the beloved physician, the friend and companion of St. Paul. He wisely begins with the easier task of showing by almost ‘infallible proofs’ that St. Luke was the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, and then argues weightily that ‘the former treatise’ must have been by the same hand. The argument is so condensed that it would be useless to attempt any further condensation, and, moreover, so consecutive, that to give a specimen would be like breaking off a single link of a chain, the virtue of which consisted in its many links. So it must suffice to say that the book is the substance of five lectures delivered at Bath before the Diocesan Society for Promoting Higher Religious Education. While its clearness and simplicity make it admirably adapted for its immediate purpose, it is also well worth preserving in a permanent form. The Bishop is, of course upon ground which has been familiar to him for many years.

Nearly half a century ago he published a volume on the Genealogies in St. Matthew and St. Luke, which became a classic. He retains, in his old age, not only his interest in the studies of his youth, but also the vigour of thought and expression which enables him to impart that interest to others. No one can read his little book without pleasure and profit.

*Church or Chapel? An Eirenicon.* By JOSEPH HAMMOND, Vicar of St. Austell. (London: Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.)

THE reunion of Christendom must be an object dear to every Christian heart, and here in England the first step towards it seems naturally to be a reunion of the Mother Church and those numerous sects, many of which have, directly or indirectly, drifted away, rather than deliberately severed themselves from her. This, of course, applies with especial force to all the sections of Methodism. The Wesleyans and all their offshoots, Primitives, Kilhamites, Warrenites, Reformers, &c., on the one side, Calvinistic Methodists, Lady Huntingdon's Connexion, and all who sympathised with Whitefield rather than Wesley on the other, must all trace back their descent to the Church of England if history means anything at all. It is different, of course, with the 'Three Denominations'—Baptist, Independent, and Presbyterian; but even these must sympathize with the English rather than with the Roman side in the great controversy which convulsed Western Christendom in the sixteenth century. So that in dealing with each and all, a Churchman, who comes forward as a peacemaker, must have a *ποῦ στῶ* if he has the necessary qualifications. These seem to us to be (1) a right spirit, in other words, a truly Christian spirit; (2) a clear understanding of his own position; and (3) of the position of those whom he desires to bring within the fold; (4) a logical mind; (5) a sufficiency of knowledge. All these qualifications Mr. Hammond possesses in an eminent degree.

(1) The spirit in which he writes is certainly the right one. The intense earnestness of his desire that 'all may be one,' his sense of 'the great danger we are in from our unhappy divisions,' and his determination that no unkind or uncharitable word of his shall throw an obstacle in the way of the union for which he yearns, are conspicuous in every page. Many may—no doubt will—violently disagree with him, but none can deny that he writes in a Christian tone and temper; none can accuse him of fanning by his intemperance the flames he desires to quench.

(2) He thoroughly knows his own position. It is worse than useless for a Churchman to offer an eirenicon which virtually gives away what is not his to give. We could not find a better specimen of Mr. Hammond's style than in his remarks on this point, so we choose the one extract which we shall give from his book from the excellent chapter in which he bravely grapples with 'the charge of exclusiveness and arrogance' brought against the Church:

'But it may be objected by some: "We have left you, it is true, but we can nevertheless join with you in occasional acts of worship, whereas you always meet us with a *non possumus*. Why cannot you meet us half-

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way?" But it is not half-way, we reply. *It is all your way.* You demand from us a distinct sacrifice of principle and belief, whereas we require none from you. For example: you who believe in a multiplicity of "Churches" of course find no difficulty in recognizing the Anglican Church as one. But we, who believe in "one body" and no more, cannot return the compliment—just because of that belief' (p. 322).

No doubt here will be the 'crux,' but it is a point on which Churchmen must stand firm, and, we believe, to take the lowest ground, they will give less offence *by* standing firm, than by so shifting about that it is impossible to say exactly what their position is. You are in less danger of being stung if you grasp the nettle than if you handle it delicately.

But (3) Mr. Hammond has also a clear understanding of the position of those whom he desires to approach, for he once occupied that position himself. He knows exactly where the shoe pinches, and he is quite prepared to ease it when he can do so without sacrificing any real principle. In fact, this is the peculiar value of the book to a Churchman, and especially a clergyman; it enables him 'to see himself as others see him,' those others being the people he especially desires to conciliate so far as he can consistently with his churchmanship. It is difficult to know what are the arguments which will really have most weight with those whom we desire to pen within the fold, and an intelligent man who has come over from Dissent to the Church is the very man to tell us. We see that Mr. Hammond addresses his former co-religionists as 'unconscious Churchmen,' in virtue of their baptism; and we believe he is quite justified in so doing. It was the line which the late Bishop of Lincoln (a good authority to follow) always took. We do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Hammond's eirenicon will be accepted by any body of Dissenters in the mass, or, indeed, that it will at once bring over many individuals. But it is impossible for any intelligent Nonconformist—and there are many—to read his pages without being in *some* degree influenced by them. For

(4) Mr. Hammond has a peculiarly logical mind; you cannot get a pin's point in between his reasonings. You may, of course, deny the premisses, but, admitting them, it is impossible to help admitting the conclusions. But it is hard to deny the premisses, for

(5) Mr. Hammond has more than a sufficiency of knowledge. We have verified his statements carefully, not to say jealously, for in such a matter an incompetent friend is the worst of all foes, and we have hardly found a slip worth mentioning. All that remains, then, is to recommend our readers to purchase and read for themselves *Church or Chapel?* and then to pass it on to those whom it may immediately concern.

*The Church in Germany.* By S. BARING-GOULD. 'The National Churches' Series. (London: Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 1891.)

MR. BARING-GOULD is an able and versatile writer, and his powers are taxed to the utmost in the herculean task which he has under-

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taken in connexion with the useful series entitled 'The National Churches.' For of all national Churches there is none whose history presents greater difficulties than the Church in Germany. First of all there is its vast extent. Let anyone cast his eye upon the map at the beginning of this volume and he will see how much was included under the name of Germany at the period of the Reformation. Then, again, that long dreary period which is vaguely termed the Middle Ages was nowhere more dreary, and yet nowhere more important, than in Germany; it cannot be dismissed with a passing reference, and yet it would be too sanguine to expect that the general reader will keep his attention from wandering as he wades through the record of men with uncouth, unfamiliar names, who pass before him in a necessarily rapid review. Nowhere, again, are there more snares and pitfalls for the unwary writer. The old, old fallacy about the Holy Roman Empire and the so-called German Empire dies hard; not even the combined efforts of Professors Bryce and Freeman have quite destroyed it; and then there is the danger on the other side of forgetting that the Empire was inextricably mixed up with German history, and especially with German Church history. Again, you are in peril of being muddled up between France and Germany; they are constantly overlapping and interlacing each other. For instance, we have—and quite rightly—much in this volume about the Franks, and much about Charlemagne; but, of course, as the very names imply, we shall have more about them when we come to the history of the National Church of France. And, finally, no historian must feel more painfully than the historian of the Church in Germany that he is 'walking over fires that lie beneath the treacherous ashes.' Germany, for example, may be regarded as the birthplace of the Reformation; and if there were nothing else, that subject alone would make the history of the National Church an extremely delicate one to handle. But Mr. Baring-Gould has shown himself equal to the occasion; indeed, considering the number and variety of the literary irons he has in the fire, it is perfectly wonderful how thoroughly he has grappled with his subject, just as if there were no other subject to occupy his attention. Of course he is greatly helped by two facts: first, he wields a practised pen, and has learnt by long experience the art of putting what he has to say in a forcible way and in good English; and, secondly, he is travelling over familiar ground, both in a literal and figurative sense; he has been much in Germany, and it is not the first nor the second time that he has written about it; so he walks, as it were, with the swift and sure step of one who knows the country.

Turning from the writer to the matter of his book, we would observe, in the first place, that the planting of Christianity in Germany has a special interest to us Englishmen, because it was to a fellow-countryman of our own that the Fatherland is mainly indebted for the blessing. It is true that Christianity of a sort had existed there before, but it was little better than a varnished heathenism, and exercised hardly any real spiritual influence over the people. St.

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Boniface is not without reason called 'the Apostle of Germany,' and St. Boniface was an Englishman born and bred; he was a native of Wessex, and is known to us as Winfrid, or, as Mr. Baring-Gould with scrupulous accuracy spells it, Wynfrith. The work of St. Boniface was strengthened and extended by the enlightened efforts of Charles the Great, most rightly so-called, of whom Mr. Baring-Gould gives us a brief but very vivid and interesting sketch. It was in his time that the conversion of the Saxons took place; and, again, we may observe with pardonable pride that it was in that part of the German nation which was nearest akin to ourselves that Christianity took the deepest root, and that in spite of the fact that it was introduced among them in the most unsatisfactory of all ways: 'Although Christianity had been imposed by the sword, yet, nevertheless, it took deep root in the hearts of the people, and assumed among the Saxons a remarkably vigorous and original life' (p. 95).

Readers of Professors Bryce and Freeman will not need to be told what the Holy Roman Empire really was, but the subject is so very important for the right understanding of history, and has been so strangely misunderstood, that we are tempted to quote Mr. Baring-Gould's admirably lucid account of its connexion with Germany:

'Otto I. was not contented with having himself crowned at Aachen, but he also crossed the Alps to receive the crown of emperor from the Pope (962), and with his coronation was founded the Holy Roman Empire as united with the German nation. From thenceforth the imperial crown, and with it the highest temporal power in Christendom, fell to the king of the Germans, and every king, on his election, felt himself bound to undertake a journey to Rome, there to receive the imperial unction. With the restoration of the Western empire, refounded by Constantine, was bound up the idea that a protectorate over the papacy had been acquired, and not only over the papacy, but over the whole Church, and the very symbols of coronation used served to foster this idea, for the king assumed semi-priestly vestments and the pastoral staff of a chief shepherd' (p. 156).

Space compels us reluctantly to pass over with a bound the history of many years, and come at once to the Reformation period. Mr. Baring-Gould does not, of course, fall into the vulgar error of supposing that all was dark before, and all bright after that series of events, as one would gather from such writers as Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. He affirms quite rightly that 'the Reformation is not to be considered apart from the Renaissance. It was but the same spirit of revolt, the revolt of the individual against society in another department' (p. 263). He admits of course that there were great abuses that needed reform; but he will not have it that the mediæval Church was a sink of iniquity. As far as Germany went, after the sale of indulgences, one of the greatest abuses was the institution of prince-bishops and prince-abbots, which 'was bad, irredeemably, radically bad, and must be got rid of. It was bad for the country, it was bad for the Empire, it was worst of all for religion' (p. 282). The counter-Reformation which has puzzled many writers is very clearly and satisfactorily explained (see especially pp. 342-3). How could it be otherwise than that Catholicism should revive, when on one side there was a compact

body with a definite system, and on the other little more than a fortuitous concurrence of atoms? Our author has but a very poor opinion of the chances of the Old Catholic movement; his remarks on the subject are distressing to those who yearn for the reunion of Christendom; but it is better to face facts manfully; and if it be true, as he says, that 'the Old Catholic Church is dying of paralysis' (p. 391), it is no use to disguise the fact. It need scarcely be added that he takes a gloomy view of the present state of religion in Germany; any religious person who did otherwise would be living in a fool's paradise. But on this point we must not linger. Our general impression of the book is that it handles a difficult subject very ably and fairly.

*Strange Survivals.* Some Chapters in the History of Man. By S. BARING-GOULD. (London: Methuen and Co., 1892.)

HERE we have the indefatigable Mr. Baring-Gould in quite a different character; instead of the Church historian, he appears as the collector of an enormous amount of information on all sorts of incongruous subjects, as the titles of his chapters or articles will show: 'On Foundations,' 'On Gables,' 'Ovens,' 'Beds,' 'Striking a Light,' 'Umbrellas,' 'Dolls,' 'Revivals,' 'Broadside Ballads,' 'Riddles,' 'The Gallows,' 'Holes,' 'Raising the Hat.' These titles do not all indicate what the reader will find under them. It may be said generally that the information is either of the antiquarian or of the folklore type, and that it is of the kind which is dear to the readers of such publications as *Notes and Queries*. It hardly falls within the scope of a Review like the *Church Quarterly* to comment minutely upon such matters; so it must suffice to say that no reader who is not a walking encyclopædia will fail to gain much knowledge that is new to him from Mr. Baring-Gould's pages. From the constant recurrence of the expression 'this article,' we should infer that the book is a reprint of magazine articles; but this is only a conjecture hazarded for the purpose of pointing a moral. There seems to be a perfectly inexhaustible demand in the present day for what may be called 'contract work' in literature. The enormous multiplication of periodicals—daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly—on the one hand, and of 'Series,' such as 'The National Churches,' 'Epochs of History,' 'English Religious Leaders,' 'English Men of Letters,' 'Statesmen,' 'Men of Action,' and so forth, on the other, bids fair to monopolize the energies of some of our best writers. Of course editors are anxious to secure the best staff they can find; and it is a great relief to writers to be spared all trouble of finding publishers, making bargains, arranging details about form of publication and countless other business matters, which cause literary men, of all men, much worry. Their work is cut out for them; they write to order, and the editor and the publisher between them manage all the rest. Now this is all very comfortable and convenient, but it is fatal to the appearance of many really 'magna opera.' Instead of the great monumental work, in which the student gives the results of profound study, unfettered by any conditions of space or by any necessity of

consulting the taste of the public which has to be catered for, we shall soon have nothing but recurrent supplies of a sort of literary Liebig's extract of meat : great subjects treated within limits warranted not to exceed, say, 200 pages, and warranted also to offend nobody. 'The greatest possible amount of information within the smallest possible space and with the smallest possible offence,' will be the golden rule for writers. It is a patent plan for making 'mute inglorious' (not Miltons, but) Hookers, Butlers, Waterlands, Gibbons, and Milmans. We must apologize to Mr. Baring-Gould for making him a peg on which to hang what we venture to think a seasonable warning ; but he seems to us to be a glaring instance of a writer who is quite capable of doing great things, but who is in danger of frittering away his energies on work which, from the nature of the case, can only have an ephemeral interest.

*Protestant Episcopal Layman's Handbook, &c.* Second Edition. Revised and enlarged. By an ex-Churchwarden. (Toronto : Hart and Co. ; London : Edward Arnold, 1892.)

OUR first impulse on reading this book was simply to let it alone, for from a literary point of view it really is quite beneath criticism ; and one might have hoped that it would have carried its own condemnation with it, and therefore done no harm. But we are reminded, not only on the title-page, but also on the cover, that it has actually reached a second edition, and therefore we must presume (though the presumption is a poor compliment to the intelligence of the public) that there are people who really regard it as a trustworthy guide. The notice that this second edition has been 'revised' suggests the profound question, What *must* the *unrevised* edition have been ? But we know that in the lowest depths there is yet a lower, and can never tell when we have reached the nadir in literature. The writer calls himself an ex-Churchwarden. Unfortunately a man may be a Churchwarden without being a Churchman, as too many clergy know to their sorrow ; but supposing this Churchwarden went to church, it must have been a very strange sort of church that he attended, for he talks in his Preface of 'ministers' not only preferring 'Churchianity [a happy term of his own coining] to Christianity,' but also of their being 'seated like sovereigns on the dais or raised chancel' ; and among the 'subjects which he has never heard referred to in the pulpit' is the 'so-called Apostles' Creed, which was not written by the Apostles, neither does it in one respect contain their doctrine' ; clearly therefore the Apostles did not teach men to believe in God the Father Almighty. The 'Protestant Episcopal layman' is warned in the first page, and the warning is constantly repeated, against Wheatly, 'who is not to be confounded with Archbishop Whately.' In fact this 'handbook' is to be *his* Wheatly, and some very strange things he will learn from it. He will learn that the Greek word *presbeuo* in the New Testament should have been translated 'elders' or 'seniors' (p. 25) ; he will learn that William Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford (p. 66) ; he will learn (by implication) that the St. James who wrote the Epistle was one of 'the three

intimate disciples of our Lord' with St. Peter and St. John (p. 108), and, in the same page, that some clergymen 'offer up bread and wine as a propitiation for sin'; he will learn that *ὁ sci* is the Greek for 'as if' (p. 149); he will learn that the Festival of St. John the Baptist, June 24, was 'originally sacred to On or Oannes,' and that 'Oannes was cunningly changed into Johannes, the Latin for John' (p. 199); he will learn that the philosopher of Chelsea spelt his name 'Carlisle' (p. 227); he will learn that the Greek for 'suffrages' is '*cheirontonesantes*' (p. 237); and that the Latin for a napkin is '*sudarium*' (p. 250). In fact there is no end to the wonderful things that he will learn; but there is one thing for which we must not forget to thank the ex-Churchwarden heartily. He has happily written against us and not on our side. He would be much more dangerous as a friend than he is as an enemy.

*The Common Salvation of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*  
Notes on a Study of Rom. i. 17-viii. 39. By J. W. OWEN.  
(Melbourne: E. A. Petherick and Co., 1891.)

MR. OWEN almost disarms criticism by his extremely modest introductory note, in which he states that his book is nothing more than 'notes by an unknown student during the study of the main doctrinal portion of St. Paul's Roman Letter.' The notes, it appears, are based upon the lectures delivered to the undergraduates of Christ Church, Oxford, by the late Canon Liddon, of whom Mr. Owen was 'an old and devoted pupil.' 'All that is asked,' he says, 'by the writer from his brother learners is that they will extend their kindly consideration to these notes as the painstaking efforts of one who is also a learner.' The critic is certainly 'a brother learner,' and, as such, is well inclined to 'extend his kindly consideration;' but he must not also abdicate his function as critic, and we fear the book before us is only too open to criticism. Our author begins with a new translation, made apparently upon two principles, viz. (1) to be as literal as possible, and (2) to be as modern as possible. The first leads him into serious errors, and the second makes his translation sometimes really grotesque. As an instance of the first let us take chap. viii., v. 26. 'Just thus also the Spirit jointly in turn assists our weakness.' 'Jointly in turn assists' is the translation of *συναντιλαμβάνεται*, accounting for the two prepositions by the words 'jointly' and 'in turn,' and so making the verb *λαμβάνομαι* to mean 'to assist,' which assuredly it does not. Or to take, again, chap. viii., v. 6, *φρόνημα σαρκὸς* is translated 'the heedfulness belonging to the flesh.' It is evident that the writer's Oxford days were after 'the rudiments' were abolished; otherwise he would have had to 'get up' the Thirty-Nine Articles, and would have remembered 'the lust of the flesh, called in the Greek *φρόνημα σαρκὸς*, which some do expound the wisdom, some the sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh,' but no human being except Mr. Owen 'the heedfulness belonging to the flesh.' As an instance of a translation bordering upon grotesqueness let us take the following:—

'For when we were within the flesh the stirrings of sins, operant by



the agency of law, were at work in our members towards bringing forth fruit to death ; but, as the case is, we have been loosed from law, having died in the sphere wherein we were held down, so as to serve in freshness belonging to spirit, and not in oldness belonging to letter' (vii. 5).

St. Paul wrote some 'things hard to be understood,' but he did not write nonsense. Passing from the translation to the notes, the most kindly critic cannot help feeling that they are too diffuse and wordy—more than two hundred pages of close-printed and double-columned matter on about seven chapters ! Why, on this colossal scale, a commentary on the whole Bible would fill hundreds of thousands of pages ! Human life is too short to endure it from a Cornelius a Lapide ; how much more from an unknown student ! We are sorry we cannot speak more favourably of the book, for the author has evidently written it with the best intentions, and any 'devoted pupil' of Canon Liddon has an *a priori* claim on our kindly consideration ; but 'Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum,' and a sense of justice compels us to own that the attempt is not a very happy one.

*An Epitome of Anglican Church History.* By ELLEN WEBLEY-PARRY. (London: Griffith, Farran and Co. No date.)

THE evident demand for small books giving information about the history of the Anglican Church is a hopeful sign of the times. The more that history is inquired into, the better it will be for the cause which all good Churchmen have at heart. We not only invite investigation, but urge it ; and our complaint is that people have *not* looked into the matter for themselves, but have been content to take upon trust the word of some brilliant popular writers who have felt, not without reason, that they might safely make the most audacious assertions without the slightest fear of being called in question by the general reader. Therefore we welcome each fresh contribution—and they are now becoming very numerous—to the enlightenment of people who have neither the time nor the talents to enter minutely into the study of a vast subject, on which, however, it is of vital importance that they should have correct general notions. The work before us is an epitome of an epitome. The writer has already published a larger book bearing precisely the same title. She has now produced an abridgment of this larger work in one compendious volume, which, as appears conspicuously on the fore-front of the title-page, for the modest sum of eighteen pence gives a brief survey of the Anglican Church, beginning with the invasion of Julius Cæsar (and therefore, of course, including the British as well as the English Church), and ending with the second Lambeth Conference in 1878. Nor is even this all. The work is divided into centuries ; and not a century is allowed to pass without almost as full an account of what went on in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales as in England itself. Indeed, upon Wales especial stress is laid, partly, perhaps, because the writer is herself a Welshwoman, or, at any rate, a resident in Wales, and partly because she probably and rightly feels that this is the point against which the more immediate attack is directed, and which therefore requires particular

attention. She has done her work on the whole exceedingly well, showing a great aptitude for the difficult task of condensing information without becoming unreadable. It is from first to last a flowing, consecutive narrative, not a dry enumeration of facts. But just in proportion to the interest of the work is the importance of its being accurate in its facts and correct in its judgments. So, in all friendliness, we would call the attention of the writer to a rather formidable list of passages which require, in our judgment, correction. Perhaps it is rather for the publisher than for the critic to find fault with a title (if that title be good in itself, as this is) because it has been used before for a different work; but it certainly seems to us to be an arrangement likely to be productive of inconvenience. If we ask for the *Epitome of Anglican Church History* we are liable to be met with the question, 'Which epitome do you mean, the big one or the little one?' Assuming, however, that by a lucky chance we have hit upon the right one, then the following comments seem pertinent. Is it quite correct to say, as our author says: 'The University of Oxford owes its foundation to him [King Alfred]. He built and endowed three colleges, to which he appointed learned teachers. Thus Oxford can claim the honour of having one of the most glorious English princes for its founder' (p. 46)? Can it, indeed! The author seems to know all about it. In a very condensed epitome she has done quite right in not burdening her pages with references; but really on this point we *should* have liked to know her authorities. A story is current that some years ago University College celebrated the millenary of its supposed founder, and invited one of the greatest living historians (now, alas! dead) to the celebration. He declined, but sent them a cake, implying that if they thought one legend of King Alfred authentic, they might also be glad to have a memorial of another. Is Mrs. Webley-Parry, we wonder, a subscriber to the Oxford Historical Society, and—what is a very different thing—a reader of its publications? It is foolish to be too captious about spelling; but it is well to be consistent, and one would like to know why the same person appears as *Alphage* on p. 52 and *Alphege* on p. 60; also why the same person is Dr. Hackett on p. 206 and Dr. Hackef on p. 235. In both cases we think second thoughts were best; but in the latter case the correction is sadly vitiated by the good doctor being described as 'Bishop of Lincoln,' which assuredly he never was. Lichfield is not Lincoln.

It is a bold thing for a Saxon to demur to a Welshwoman's spelling of Welsh names, but we certainly prefer to see the Welsh mediæval chronicler's name spelt *Giraldus Cambrensis*, not *Giraldus Cambrensis* (p. 70). Without stirring up vexed questions we may venture to hint, as a plain historical fact, that non-communicating attendance at the Holy Eucharist can hardly be set down among Popish errors (p. 90), and that it is rather a sweeping statement that the doctrine of the Real Presence is 'a deadly heresy' (p. 95). Though it may sound unpatriotic to say a word against 'good Queen Bess and her glorious days,' truth compels us to own that they were days of audacious and unblushing Church robbery, and that the

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Queen herself was a more audacious and unblushing Church robber than we should ever gather from Mrs. Webley-Parry's pages. It is of course a mere printer's error to date back the rise of the Jesuits to sub-Apostolic times, A.D. 140 (p. 138), but it is an error that had better be corrected in the next edition, for readers of epitomes will swallow anything, and we should not be surprised if many of them accepted the date given without the slightest distrust. On the same principle it will be well to correct another printer's error—*Magna Charter* for *Magna Charta* (p. 292). Our old friend John Wesley has fewer errors than usual connected with the account of his career. Still we should like to have chapter and verse for the statement that 'the Church's system would not permit of this [lay-preaching] being carried out under her control' (p. 269). The Church's system, as understood in the eighteenth century, would not; but the Church's system in the eighteenth century is not generally thought to have reached the acme of perfection. Again, we are quite sure that 'the Methodist body' was never 'organized' by the Wesleys 'under the name of the United Society' (p. 269). John Wesley, indeed, used to call his various societies 'the United Societies,' connecting them, we have no doubt, with the old 'Religious Societies,' of which his father had been an ardent supporter; but to talk of them as 'the United Society' would have been, in his view, mere nonsense.

Finally, we think that even an Epitome of Anglican Church History might have made *some* recognition of that devoted little group of Churchmen, of which Joshua Watson and H. H. Norris were respectively the lay and clerical chiefs; especially as one of the works for which they were mainly responsible, the foundation of the National Society in 1811, *is* mentioned; and in this connexion it really is adding insult to injury for a *Church* history to immortalize in its pages the name of Joseph Lancaster, the Quaker (p. 286), and utterly to ignore that of Dr. Bell, the Churchman. One would as soon expect to have an account of the Wars of the Roses without the mention of the name of York as well as Lancaster, as to have even a passing reference to the War of Education without mention of the name of Bell as well as Lancaster.

*Memorials of the Episcopate of John Fielder Mackarness, Bishop of Oxford from 1870 to 1888.* By the Rev. C. C. MACKARNESS. (Oxford: Parker and Co., 1892.)

WITHIN the modest compass of 150 pages (exclusive of appendices) Mr. Mackarness gives us a sufficient account of an episcopate the memorial of which is well worth preserving. He has quite resisted the temptations to which a son is exposed in writing the life of his own father. We have here no fulsome panegyric, no taking up the cudgels to fight his hero's battles with more than the principal's ardour, but a simple story of simple facts, leaving, however, an impression, which is abundantly confirmed by outside testimony, of a fine, manly Christian gentleman, clear-headed and warm-hearted, and well adapted in every way for the difficult post which he filled creditably for eighteen years. For it *was* a difficult post for a man,

without any extraordinary reputation, to fill, especially in succession to such a man as Bishop Wilberforce. Two more different types of men it would be hard to conceive; but we are inclined to think that Bishop Mackarness was a better successor to Bishop Wilberforce than another man of the Wilberforce type would have been. Without entering into invidious comparisons, which it would be very easy to institute, it may be said generally that it is not wholesome for a diocese always to be presided over by men of the same pattern. Variety is not only pleasing but expedient—always provided that there is no variety in the essentials of the Faith. If we may compare great things with small, the change from Wilberforce to Mackarness at Oxford was something like the change from Arnold to Tait at Rugby. In both cases it seemed like a change from the brilliant to the jog-trot, from genius to common-sense; but in both cases it was eminently successful. As Tait fully kept up the high level to which Arnold had raised the public school, so did Mackarness fully keep up the high level to which Wilberforce had raised the diocese. His son wisely allows the Bishop, as much as possible, to speak for himself, and very well and sensibly his lordship *does* speak. Perhaps the most striking event in his episcopate was the famous Clewer case, about which unhappily there has been raised a quite unnecessary little controversy in connexion with this very book. To us it seems that the Bishop behaved admirably throughout. The audacious attempt to force his hand, and (to use his own expression) to insist upon 'may' meaning 'must,' met, owing to Bishop Mackarness's brave stand, with the failure that it richly deserved; and the Bishop came out of the whole matter not only with clean hands but with greatly increased reputation for moral courage and sound judgment. The book is so short and so easily read that we may be content with strongly recommending our readers to procure it for themselves, instead of giving them any further information about its contents. But we cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Mackarness for giving us what we could not, from the nature of the case, have learned so well from any other source.

*The Story of a Friendship.* By ALFRED GURNEY, Vicar of St. Barnabas', Pimlico. (London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1892.)

THE *story* of this curious book is very soon told. A certain Aunt Dorothy forms in her youth a platonic friendship with a shadowy being called Gabriel, the connecting link between them being a still more shadowy being called Guy, brother of Aunt Dorothy who is christened by her platonic friend by the more romantic name of Geraldine, and college friend of Gabriel. Gabriel and Geraldine do not marry, because the former is a devout Anglican while the latter is an equally devout Roman; and Geraldine frankly tells us that the difficulty as to how the children, if there were any, should be brought up, was the barrier. But these differences of faith form no hindrance to their discussion of all manner of subjects in all sorts of pleasant places—Venice, Verona, Florence, Oxford, and some sweet nooks in rural England. The substance of Gabriel's remarks, carefully treasured

by Geraldine, forms the staple of the book, which closes with the sensational apparition of Gabriel's wraith, all dripping wet, which is of course followed by the announcement that Gabriel is dead, having been drowned in the Lake of Como. Gabriel having come to an end, the book inevitably comes to an end also, for there are no more conversations to report. It certainly is a strange production, but it is full of beautiful thoughts suggested by the circumstances in which Gabriel and Geraldine find themselves. The one definite impression we carry away with us is that the writer (if Gabriel may be supposed to represent him) is a mystic, in the sense in which Mr. Keble attributes mysticism to the early Fathers. The book reminds us a little of Mr. Shorthouse, a little of a book which our older readers will remember as a favourite of their childhood, *A Story without an End*, and a little of Jacob Böhme, the inspired cobbler of Gorlitz, *alias* the Teutonic theosopher, who is quoted more than once. It is thoughtful, suggestive, and highly poetical, more so in its prose than in the verses into which Gabriel now and then breaks out; but we cannot but think that Mr. Gurney might employ his undoubted powers in a more profitable way. For instance, the history of Christian mysticism from a Churchman's point of view has yet to be written. He has evidently much sympathy with the subject, as many pious Churchmen have. Why should he not undertake the task?

*Advent Readings, &c.* By M. E. GRANGER. (London: Griffith, Farran and Co., 1891.)

THIS is a good, plain, sensible little book, giving appropriate readings, resolutions, and prayers for every day during the season of Advent, and also for Christmas Day and the three following Festivals. Its special excellence appears to us to be that, unlike some other books of the same kind, it recognizes difficulties which must occur to every thoughtful mind when meditating upon the deeply mysterious subjects connected with the season. It is easy enough to evade such difficulties under the cover of vague, pious platitude, but it is more real and manly to admit our utter inability to elucidate them. An instance will best illustrate what is meant. Let us take the following passage on the future life:

'We know absolutely nothing of the future state save what it has pleased God to reveal in Holy Scripture. We know nothing of the preparation of the saved or lost. This only we do know, that none will be lost but those who absolutely and to the end refuse God. None will be lost whom God can save without destroying in them His own gift of free will,' &c., &c. (p. 183).

The author wisely fortifies himself by quoting in almost every reading the opinion of some standard divine, ancient or modern. His own opinions are those of a decided, indeed a very advanced, Churchman; but he never goes beyond what may be fairly called the limits of the English Church. The work is introduced in a rather cautious way by Canon Knox Little, who, however, need not have been afraid to commit himself more unreservedly; for there is, we believe, nothing in the book of which he would not cordially approve.

The weakest part of the book is the Prayers, which sound very halting and jejune when compared with the familiar words of our Liturgy ; but then, what modern prayers would not ?

1. *Charles Kingsley, Christian Socialist and Social Reformer.* By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN. (London: Methuen and Co., 1892.)
2. *Studies of a Socialist Parson.* By W. H. ABRAHAM. (Hull: W. Andrews and Co., 1892.)

It would be a great mistake to put aside books of the nature of those now before us as dangerous books, to be avoided by all right-minded Christians who do not desire to see a revolution in society. 'Socialist' is a word that has an ugly sound to many ears ; they associate it with 'Communist,' 'Leveller,' 'Anarchist,' anything which tends to upset both Church and State ; and 'Christian Socialist' seems to many to be a contradiction in terms. But let us in fairness hear what one of its most ardent advocates says about Christian Socialism : 'Revolution, bloodshed, anarchy, are not thought of, but a gradual evolution from the present condition to a better one. Socialism is simply the opposite of Individualism. It means the co-operation of all for the common good, instead of the competition of each for his own good.'<sup>1</sup> If this be all, one is inclined to echo the answer of Bishop Gibson to John Wesley after hearing what he meant by Christian Perfection : 'Why, Mr. Wesley, if this is what you mean by Perfection, who can be against it?' The worst of it is, such a description is rather vague, and akin to Joseph Surface's 'noble sentiments.' However, we shall get a little more light on the subject perhaps if we turn to these two books which, almost defiantly, put Socialism in the forefront of their titles.

1. The first of the two volumes is not at all intended to be a new biography of Charles Kingsley. This, with the admirable biography still in circulation, would be quite superfluous. Neither is it a critique of his life and writings. It simply aims at bringing before the reader one side of Kingsley's many-sided life and work ; at representing him as a social and sanitary reformer. As to the sanitary part of the subject, almost everybody will agree that he was in advance of his age ; many of the reforms which he recommended have become accomplished facts, and many of the abuses against which he protested have been swept away. For his Christian Socialism he found a basis in 'the kingdom of Christ' as understood by his 'master,' Mr. F. D. Maurice ; but he was at first bitterly opposed to what Mr. Abraham, quite rightly we think, considers capable of furnishing the only true basis of Christian Socialism, viz. the Sacramental system as revived by the Oxford Movement. Kingsley's views on Anglo-Catholicism were, however, certainly modified as he advanced in life ; and we cannot but think that if he had not been prematurely cut off he would have become more and more a High Churchman. It is useless, however, to speculate on what *might have been*. Mr. Kaufmann has represented fairly enough what *was*. We cannot find that

<sup>1</sup> *Studies of a Socialist Parson*, p. 97.



he has given us any information about Kingsley beyond what may be gathered from his own writings and the exhaustive biography which most people have read ; but perhaps it was worth while to put in one compendious view all that Kingsley said and did in connexion with what, whether we agree with it or not, is obviously a very important development of Christian principles. But surely Mr. Kaufmann might with advantage have abstained from the frequent and quite gratuitous flings at the clergy of Kingsley's day with which his pages are garnished. 'The drowsy commonplaces in its trusted and authoritative teachers' (p. 131); 'the width and height of the clerical neck-ties of that day symbolizing that choking dignity' (p. 157); 'clerical pedants and respectable nonentities, who never depart a hair-breadth from the conventional tone' (p. 248), and so forth, and so forth. This is not pretty language. It is not the way in which Kingsley himself wrote of his brother clergy ; and it would have been well if his latest biographer—himself a clergyman—had followed his example.

2. Mr. Abraham's volume consists of a series of short sermons which must, we should imagine, have considerably startled the good people of Hull, to whom they appear to have been preached. He is a Radical of Radicals, and a Churchman of Churchmen—a combination which would have been deemed an impossibility half a century ago, but which is now perfectly intelligible. The Catholic Church is, in his view, the true home of Christian Socialism, the great obstacle to which has been the individualism introduced by the Puritans and still pervading the popular theology. What the Hull merchants will think of his scathing and far too sweeping denunciations of rich capitalists we do not know ; but, whatever 'the classes' may think of him, it is quite clear that he will be acceptable to 'the masses ;' whether he will also be profitable to them is quite another question. He declares emphatically that he has no sympathy with Communism, as popularly understood, and that he is no leveller ; but we cannot but think that he uses expressions and arguments over and over again which will be understood by the uneducated—and, indeed, by everybody—to favour both. Still, there is so much that we sympathize with in his views that we are really sorry to find fault ; but just in proportion to our interest in the elevation of the working classes (so-called) is our sense of the danger to their true interests from their reckless friends. Mr. Abraham lays himself terribly open to criticism on every side. Perhaps historical accuracy is not to be expected in excited utterances addressed *ad populum* ; but it is not unreasonable to expect some approach to it in a printed book, written, to be read in cold blood, by a man presumably of decent education. But really when Mr. Abraham tells us that 'all the hard things that are now said about the Church of that period [between William III. and George III.] apply to the bishops alone' (p. 26) ; when he classes Byron and Shelley among 'the best men in England' (p. 31) ; when he mentions *Mark Pattison*, of all men in the world, as a great Church leader and a Christian Socialist (p. 63) ; when he says that 'the *Albigenses* and *Waldenses* tried to restore the purity of the faith, and the *priests* ruth-

lessly slaughtered them' (p. 119); when he talks about 'Xerxes looking upon his millions in the plain of *Marathon*' (he might as well have said Waterloo) (p. 125), we cannot look upon him as a very trustworthy guide.

*High and Low Church.* By LORD NORTON. (London: Perceval and Co., 1892.)

WHEN a distinguished and venerable layman, who has won his spurs in the field of politics, turns in his old age to theology, and gives to the public his views, which are in the main on the right side, we are naturally disposed to look on his lucubrations with a favourable eye. And so we begin by thanking Lord Norton heartily for setting so good an example of showing an interest in matters which ought to concern all men, lay and cleric alike. But it would be paying his Lordship a poor compliment if we abstained through motives of delicacy from criticizing freely his little book.

It was obviously impossible for him in seventy-two short pages to deal, except in the most fragmentary way, with a vast subject which might well occupy ten octavo volumes. All he can do is to give us, in rather an abrupt and jerky style, sentences which might have been expanded into chapters. The very title, *High and Low Church*, requires much more explanation than he can afford: for both 'High Church' and 'Low Church' had more than one signification. It is most inadequate, and indeed not very accurate, to say 'the Nonjurors at the Revolution were the first designated as High Church,' and then to add, as if it were the reason for their being so designated: 'Rather than renounce their oath of allegiance they refused to resume the benefices from which they had been ousted' (p. 13). The terms High and Low Church had really nothing to do with the question as to whether the clergy took the new oath of allegiance or not. Some of the most typical High Churchmen were not Nonjurors at all, and among High Churchmen we must carefully distinguish between two quite different types. Thus Dr. Sacheverell and Archbishop Sharp were both called High Churchmen, but they differed from one another very widely. There was the political High Churchman and the theological High Churchman. Low Churchmen, again, of the type of Bishop Burnet were as different as light from darkness from the Low Churchmen of the type, say, of Whitefield and Romaine. It is impossible to pursue the subject further; but what has been said will suffice to show at the very threshold that the great questions here discussed (or rather suggested for discussion) cannot possibly be settled in the trenchant fashion of this book. Even the very short space which Lord Norton chooses to have at his disposal he worse than wastes by quoting passages from Macaulay and Hallam, both of whom looked upon Church questions from an entirely outside point of view. Does any human being who has made any study at all of the Church think that the two following gems, quoted by Lord Norton, are of the slightest value? 'Alexander Knox [was] a remarkable man, of great influence, of the school of Calvin, united with the theology of Arminius' (what that mysterious combination

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may mean we have not the slightest idea); 'The Nonjurors . . . sacrificed order to a superstition as stupid and degrading as the Egyptian worship of cats and onions' (p. 13). The superstition was that, having taken an oath, they had scruples about breaking it! What, again, is the meaning of such a sentence as this: 'Unitarianism, the Socinian form of Arianism, formed a schism in the Church of England in the eighteenth century' (p. 20). If we were writing a volume it would be easy to show how Arianism drifted into Socinianism, and Socinianism into downright Unitarianism, or rather Humanitarianism; but it would take many volumes to extract any sense out of the sentence quoted above. We quite agree with Lord Norton in his exposure of the utter untenableness of the modern Wesleyan's position (p. 65), and also with his strictures upon 'young ladies who are engaged infusing their half conceptions of sceptical theories in attractive little novels' (p. 68). In fact, he appears to us to be a right-thinking man on most points, and we are thankful that he is so. The weight of his name will be of great service to the Church, but we are bound to add that it requires a far more profound knowledge of theology than he here shows to make a dissertation on so vast a subject as *High and Low Church*, consisting only of seventy-two pages, of the slightest value. A Lightfoot or a Westcott or a Church might compress his knowledge into so tiny a space and produce something of value, but no amateur can do so.

*Looking for the Church.* Edited by the late Rev. F. KITCHIN. (Edinburgh: St. Giles' Printing Company, 1892.)

THIS is a very remarkable book, and among other advantages which English Churchmen may derive from it not the least is this, that it may teach them a lesson of thankfulness for blessings which they may be too apt to take as matters of course. It relates the experiences of a Presbyterian minister in America, who, apparently without any external influence being brought to bear upon him, found out for himself the defects of the system in which he had been brought up, and by sheer force of conviction has become an enthusiastic Churchman. His arguments in favour of the Church generally, and of episcopal government in particular, are perfectly sound, and very powerfully stated. But as every well-instructed Churchman is of course perfectly familiar with these, to *him* the most interesting as well as the most valuable part of the book will be the writer's exposure of the evils which appear to be inherent in Calvinistic Presbyterianism. Beginning with the beginning of life, he contrasts the sort of selection which he declares as a matter of fact to be exercised in the baptism of infants with the free offer of baptismal privileges made by the Church to all Christ's little ones.

'The Presbyterian Church, not content with making so prominent the disheartening view of election which is incorporated in the Confession of Faith, has undertaken to intimate, at least in a general way, which of our very babes are not of "that happy mother," by allowing Baptism—the sign and seal, as they believe, of that election—to one infant and refusing it to another' (p. 11).

And he asks, not unreasonably :

'How is it that Presbyterianism, with a confession that speaks of "elect men," and of "elect angels," and of "elect infants," and notoriously and every hour withholding Baptism from new-born babes, for no other reason than the lurking apprehension that these babes may not be "of the happy number," has claimed so long to be considered liberal and democratic ; while the Church that clasps your infant to her heart as soon as it is born, and beckons the whole family of man within her pale, has been branded as illiberal, intolerant, and bigoted ?' (p. 11).

The denial of baptismal privileges is less cruel, because in point of fact they are regarded as meaning nothing at all :

'As long as I was a Presbyterian, I never knew a baptized child to be admonished from the pulpit of any privileges, or of any obligations arising from the fact of Baptism. A baptized child is taught and trained precisely as a Baptist would train one unbaptized ; and a Presbyterian congregation is addressed as if the preacher were declaiming from a Baptist pulpit' (p. 14).

The true work of regeneration takes place at the revival meeting :

'I have been subjected, when a boy, myself to the startling and electrifying agency of this species of machinery, and know it, even in the most prudent hands, to be full of delusion and danger. Instead of being the one new birth, it is a regeneration that may be repeated at every camp-meeting. I have known the Southern negro, and I have known the illiterate white man, to be twice, and thrice, and perhaps twenty times to be regenerated in this way' (p. 16).

Church discipline, with its want of which the Church of England has so often been upbraided by Presbyterians as well as Roman Catholics, is among the former, according to this writer, a mere farce, for the following excellent reason :

'As matters stand, the individual assailed by a Church censure may laugh at the elders for their pains, and join some other of the sects which lie so numerous about his door. What is to prevent him ? They are all "Churches"—standing on the same basis of private judgment—equally pure, equally spiritual, equally free. Every day this evasion is actually practised' (p. 26).

He shows how worship among the Presbyterians is nothing more than listening to sermons (p. 47) ; how Presbyterian congregations have perpetually drifted into Unitarianism (p. 62) ; how Calvinism is, to a liberal intellect, the first step to infidelity (p. 65) ; and he gives painfully vivid accounts of his own and his friends' personal experiences, with two of which we may conclude these extracts :

'I remember well the terror with which, when a boy, I related my stammering "experience" before the elders ; and I remember, when a boy, under the chestnut and the oak, discussing with the boys the mysteries of predestination and free-will ; and I remember, when a boy, my misery at the possibility of having been left out in the purposes of God's electing love, and my *agony* on that terrible engine of torture and revivalism, "the unpardonable sin" (p. 75).

The inevitable result of such thoughts was a violent reaction which is thus graphically described :

'While yet a boy, I met with other boys in "prayer-meetings," to reach the solution of our terrors. Those boys, so far as I can trace their histories, lived all, except one, to despise the cheat, and to doubt the reality of all religion; one [himself] has lived, not to despise, but to mourn, and to find, in the glories of the ancient faith, the magnificent image and superscription of its Author . . . And I have now in my memory, as I have daily in my prayers, a dear one in this mortal life—how dear I cannot tell—dear as a brother. In boyhood and youth he was tossed up and down on the waves of revivalism; he is now labouring to beat back the billows of universal scepticism' (p. 150-1).

He holds that the escape from this system of terrorism is, if possible, worse than the system itself:

'This system has its compromises. It offers an easy escape from the true and useful austerities of the Christian life. Instead of living severely, it teaches only to believe severely; instead of writing bitter things against ourselves, to believe hard things concerning God; instead of austerity of self-discipline, the austerity of doctrine; instead of harshness against failings of the tongue, the temper, and the flesh, it is too often satisfied with harshness of judgment on others; instead of ascribing the straitness of the gate and the way of life to its proper cause, in our lusts and passions, it would often make it the result of the arbitrary purposes of God; instead of teaching that "few find it" because few seek it as they should, it teaches that few find it because God hides it, save from His elect' (pp. 151-2).

We have quoted at some length from this striking work, because such revelations may tend to make some restless spirits better satisfied with their own position in the English Church. God knows, we have faults enough; but they are but as dust in the balance when compared with those of that system in which the writer was brought up. Since he found his home within our communion he has been perfectly satisfied and happy. His work is an abridgment of an earlier work entitled, *A Presbyterian Minister Looking for the Church*. It appears to have been the happy thought of the late Bishop of St. Andrew's that it would be well to reduce the 600 pages to the present 187, so that it might be read by many who would shrink from the task of reading the larger book.

*Swift: Selections from his Works.* Edited, with Life, Introduction, and Notes, by HENRY CRAIK. Vol. I. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1892.)

SWIFT is one of those authors who must be known to the general reader by extracts or not at all. His work is too voluminous to be read in full by one who is limited in time, or bought by one who is limited in purse. Hence the number of selections from his works which have appeared in the various series devoted to the publication of English classics. The Clarendon Press selection differs from the others in size, but chiefly in being fully annotated. Lives and Introductions are common to all such volumes, and one is rather tired of looking to see what each new editor says about Stella and Vanessa; but Notes are a new and useful departure from precedent. The works presented in the first volume include some of Swift's early

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poems, the *Dissensions in Athens and Rome*, the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, extracts from the *Journal to Stella*, and some of the papers contributed to the *Examiner*. The second volume has not yet appeared, and we have as yet seen no signs of it in press announcements; but we are told that it will contain some of Swift's *Free Thoughts*, published in 1714, some pamphlets on religion, the most important of his writings upon Ireland, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Hints on Conversation*.

It is usually lost labour to find fault with a selection, unless it displays gross want of taste, and that is certainly not the case here. It can only show, at most, that the critic differs in opinion from the editor, but there is not the least reason to suppose that the critic's opinion more accurately reflects the view of the public at large than the editor's. About the *Tale of a Tub*, the *Battle of the Books*, and *Gulliver* there can be no question. The latter might, indeed, be omitted from a small volume of selections, on the ground that so many editions of it are extant; but that would be no excuse in a work of the size of Mr. Craik's. For the rest, opinions may differ; for example, we have doubts as to the advisability of including any of the poems. Verse was not Swift's natural mode of expression, and his poems would have attained no distinction if they were not by the author of the great prose works. Mr. Craik, however, desires to give specimens of every part of Swift's work, not only of his best; and in a selection on the scale of these volumes there is much to be said for this principle. Regarded in this light, the volume now before us may be received with gratitude and commendation. Mr. Craik's 'Life' is not very interesting, but it affords a sufficient framework for the works, and that is all that is required. The notes are full, and, so far as we have examined them, adequate. In short, the reader may confidently take this volume as giving him a good representation of Swift's genius, with a sufficiency of explanation to make it intelligible. He may then give himself up to the study of that genius, in its greatness, its eccentricity, and its gloom. No amount of pleading will make us satisfied with Swift's character, or enable us to reconcile his actions with his position as a minister of the Church; but that does not prevent us from recognizing the extraordinary life and power of his writings. It may seem strange to compare Dean Swift with Cardinal Newman, but in their command of the English language they were near akin. The style of both consists largely in absence of style. They do not, like Ruskin or Macaulay or Carlyle, win our attention by the beauty, or brilliance, or eccentricity of their language. They have not the stately march of the periods of Jeremy Taylor, nor the superabundant eloquence of Burke. But they both have an extraordinary power of saying exactly what they mean to say, of expressing themselves clearly, forcibly, and without superfluity. They have the limpidity of the best French prose without the slight formality which is apt to accompany it in modern French. The expression is adequate to the subject, and the reader will find it difficult to see that there is anything extraordinary in the style at all. It is only when the total effect is summed up that it is possible to realize the command of language which has been



displayed, a command which may seem simple, but which is one of the rarest achievements in literature. It is a gift inimitable, incommunicable, and must secure for its possessors a permanent place as representatives of the English tongue. But this is no place for a general review of Swift's genius, and we can only conclude by expressing our gratitude to Mr. Craik for recalling us to the study of it.

*The Message of the Gospel.* Addresses to Candidates for Ordination, and Sermons preached chiefly before the University of Oxford. By the late AUBREY L. MOORE, Honorary Canon of Christ Church. (London: Percival and Co., 1891.)

THE preface to this volume states that its publication is due to the demand for the earlier volume of Canon Moore's sermons, entitled *Some Aspects of Sin*, and if there are any more sermons of the same character still in manuscript we hope that the demand for the present volume will call them also to light. It includes five Ordination addresses and six sermons before the University; and a more useful volume could hardly be found to place in the hands of an earnest-minded undergraduate. We say earnest-minded, because the sermons deal with subjects which do not enter into the life or thoughts of the very superficial or trivial character; but probably no undergraduate who has real stuff in him is without visitings, more or less frequent, of serious thoughts, and to such a one, to any man who is worth anything, these sermons speak, and speak forcibly. The Ordination addresses naturally appeal to a more limited audience, but an audience to whom Canon Aubrey Moore was peculiarly qualified to speak; and the University sermons deal, plainly and vigorously, with the questions which mainly trouble the thoughtful young man of the present day. The sermon entitled 'The Veil of Moses' is particularly excellent in its outspoken demand for effort, for sincerity, for genuineness, as essential requisites for the attainment of truth. It is so good that we wish we could quote largely from it. Its condemnation of the vagueness of belief which calls itself toleration is exactly what is needed now, especially in addressing the intellectual youth of the University. Canon Moore belonged to a school of thought and teaching at Oxford which has been accused of making dangerous sacrifices of truth, of over-desire to compromise with scientific criticism. The following quotation, part of a sketch of the 'undogmatic and unsectarian' Christian, shows how unjust such an accusation is:

'And when we have come thus to put vagueness in place of definitiveness we have our reward. We are not troubled like other men. We are on excellent terms with philosophy and science, and criticism and history. Palæontology does not conflict with our view of Genesis. Historical criticism is nothing to us. Metaphysics cannot touch our faith. A religion which has come to be something between a poem and a picture gallery is safe from ordinary attacks. But the very process which has made it safe from attack makes it also of little worth as a moral power. The storage of spiritual force is somehow strangely connected with a definite faith. And a religion which offers no points of attack is a religion which offers little power of resistance' (pp. 68, 69).

Oxford has not ceased to feel the loss of Canon Aubrey Moore, and these sermons revive the sense of it, while at the same time they offer some compensation. His special combination of intellectual clearness with the profoundest religious conviction was of inestimable value as an example and a stimulus. He met all difficulties honestly and cheerfully. His scientific thoroughness never interfered with his religious earnestness, and neither these nor bodily infirmity ever lessened his cheerful intellectual vigour or his ready sympathy with all classes of men. It is as a memorial of such a man, in which not a little of his spirit is preserved, that we welcome the volume here briefly noticed.

*Thoughts and Reflexions of the late David Tertius Gabriel concerning Social, Metaphysical, and Religious Subjects.* Edited by his Nephew, J. F. E. W. (London: Fisher Unwin, 1892.)

WE do not suppose that we are intended to take the literary setting of these meditations very seriously. They are represented as being the scattered and unsystematic thoughts of a mercantile gentleman, reduced to order and generally touched up by his journalistic nephew. But to whomsoever the 'Reflexions' of the late David Tertius Gabriel are to be attributed they are not of any great value to the world at large. It is very right that a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits should reflect on social and religious and even on metaphysical subjects, and it is not unnatural that his reflections thereon, though genuine, should be somewhat superficial; but it does not appear what justification there is for giving them to the world. The main purport of them is a sketch of the argument of Theism, but the argument as it stands is conclusive neither against believing less nor against believing more. Nothing is urged against Christianity beyond the mere repetition of the statement that Christ was a man and that miracles do not happen. On the other hand, the agnostic evolutionist would feel his withers quite unwrung by the presentation here of the argument from design, the really strong points of which, as against agnostic evolutionism, are left unmentioned. With the writer's preference of Theism as against Atheism we naturally agree, but weak statements of the arguments on which that faith rests do harm rather than good. It does not require a strong intellect to see that the argument is often unsatisfactory, and the perception of this fact may make the book weaken instead of strengthen the convictions of any waverer who reads it. Little illogicalities crop up continually. The creed contained in the Vedas is cited now as monotheistic, now as dualistic, now as trinitarian, now as polytheistic. The Hebrew worship of Jehovah is first called monotheistic, and then, to show the prevalence of dualism, Satan is introduced by His side. But the greatest absurdity is reached when Buddhism is described as a trinitarian creed, the trinity consisting of 'Buddha the Supreme Intelligence, Dharma the Scriptures, and Samgha the Communion of Saints' (p. 77). Further, a writer professing Theistic views should be careful not to despise other nations for having 'made God in their own image,' since it is precisely what he does himself. The

Theist who rejects the belief in a revelation of God constructs his idea of God purely out of an amplification of the good qualities which he finds in himself, and the Theist of the nineteenth century has no right to look down on the Theist of Greece or Egypt for having done the same. One does not wish to speak severely of the honest statement of any creed, however it may differ from his own, but it is really impossible to see that any good can be done even to Theism by the publication of this book.

*A Local Lion: the Story of a False Estimate; for Young Men and Maidens.* By AUSTIN CLARE. Illustrated by W. T. Morgan. (London: S.P.C.K., 1891.)

THIS is a very good specimen of the class of fiction promoted by the Society which publishes it. Its workmanship is much superior to that of many of the novels which find their way to the circulating libraries, although the fact that its moral purpose is more evident throughout than is in accordance with the taste of this generation would prevent its receiving much attention in the circles to which the libraries mostly minister. But for girls and boys—especially the former—the story is a thoroughly good one. The plot is simple enough—a local musical genius learning by hard experience that the outside world will not take him at his own estimate—but the manner of telling it is distinctly good. There is a pathetic tone throughout almost the whole of it, and the best-drawn characters are those on which the pathos is chiefly concentrated. Engelhard, the poor German musician, with his most loving and most lovable little Fritz; Abraham Elliot, the old Northumbrian pilot, father of the prodigal son; Agnes Hind, waiting for seven years for the man to whom, undeserving as he was, her heart had been given; even Niger and Bianca, the two faithful performing poodles—all are well and strongly conceived. In its own class of literature the book is of more than average merit.

*The Lord's Prayer.* Sermons by ROBERT EYTON, Rector of Upper Chelsea, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Sub-Almoner to her Majesty the Queen. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., 1892.)

It must fall to the lot of nearly every clergyman, at some time or another, to preach a course of sermons on the Lord's Prayer. It is the compendium of Christian aspiration and duty, and, as such, it must be made clear to every congregation. Not a few of such courses of sermons have been published; to one—that by F. D. Maurice—Mr. Eyton expresses his special obligation in his preface, and by frequent citations in his book. It follows that there can be nothing new in the general outline of these sermons, nothing in the general exposition of the meaning and scope of the several clauses of the prayer with which every church-going man and woman is not familiar. It does not follow, however, that the publication of them is useless. No doubt the special value of such sermons lies in their direct appeal to the congregation which hears them; to them the preacher is recalling the familiar outlines of the Christian's prayer, familiar, but never too

familiar, and invested with the living freshness which attends the utterances of the speaking voice. There are many sermons, excellent when spoken, which there is no occasion to reproduce in print, and which in print lose much of their effectiveness; but in the case of Mr. Eyton's sermons there was ample justification for the appeal which, he tells us, was made to him to publish them, and for his consent to do so. The special 'note' of Mr. Eyton's preaching is his firm grip of the practical application of Christianity to modern life. There is no vagueness about his exhortations to righteousness, no praises of an undefined or inactive religion. He is keenly alive to the personal and social difficulties of the day, and he is earnest and unceasing in enforcing upon his hearers the obligations which Christianity, in the face of these difficulties, lays upon those who hold its faith. It is in the statement of the application to daily life of the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer that the distinctive value of these sermons lies. Mr. Eyton is at his best in dealing with the petitions 'Thy Kingdom come' and 'Give us this day our daily bread.' The coming of the Kingdom of God is analysed into the three heads of 'the growth and purification of the Divine society which we call the Church,' 'all those movements in human affairs which make for righteousness,' and 'the raising and elevation of the individual life' (p. 86), and Mr. Eyton speaks excellently when, under the second of these heads, he declares that 'a clearer recognition of the fact that some work which benefits the community is the duty of every church-goer is the need of our day. . . . To do good is to take personal trouble. . . . Every Christian man who says "Thy Kingdom come" is bound to work in some way for that advance' (p. 85). Mr. Eyton has been forward to send workers to the places where such work is most required; and, indeed, it would be difficult for any member of his congregation long to resist the conviction that there is an active 'duty to our neighbours' to be done by every man and woman. Such convictions are most forcibly brought home by the present personality of the preacher; but because that personality can, to some extent, be conveyed to a wider circle by the printed page, the publication of these sermons, as of others by the same hand, is to be welcomed by all those who wish to see the growth of Christian brotherhood and the regeneration of society, both high and low, by the agency of the Christian Church.

*France of To-day: a Survey, Comparative and Retrospective.* By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, Officier de l'Instruction de France. Vol. I. (London: Percival and Co., 1892.)

THIS book may, perhaps, be best described as a popular gazetteer of France, a description of the country with the statistics left out or relegated to the appendix. Miss Betham-Edwards takes successive districts of France, such as might easily be embraced in a tour from Paris, and describes the scenery of each, its towns, the character and welfare of its inhabitants. It is not exactly a gazetteer, since statistics are omitted. It is not a book of travels, since there is too much of the official tour of inspection, too little of the detachment and irrespon-

sibility of the traveller for amusement. It is, in fact, an attempt to do for the France of to-day what Arthur Young did for the France of a century ago. Miss Edwards's editorship of Arthur Young's travels is recorded on the title-page, and his name occurs frequently in her book. We will not discuss the question whether Miss Edwards displays as much penetration and careful observation as her model. It is sufficient to say that her book is written in an easy, though somewhat florid, style, and that anyone who is contemplating a tour in France might obtain from her pages some very useful suggestions as to the route to be adopted. It is unfortunate that the country which the traveller sees from the railway, as he speeds through the provinces to Strassburg or Basle, is not of a kind to induce him to spend much time in France in the search for beautiful scenery. There is, however, plenty to be seen, and of all kinds, and this volume may help to indicate where it is to be found.

It is not, however, primarily intended for a guide book, but for a description of the condition of the French peasantry. Here, however, Miss Edwards's views are so extremely optimistic and enthusiastic as to arouse inevitable scepticism. Everything is seen through roseate spectacles, and it is only the occasional allusions to Zola which remind the reader that there is another side to the picture, though we gladly believe that it is one less true and less representative. Miss Edwards is a strong admirer of the system of peasant proprietorship, and her account of it, if one-sided, is certainly interesting and impressive. Only one part of her picture is black, or at least dark-hued. In her residence in France she has acquired no sympathy with Roman Catholicism. Lourdes is a gigantic fraud and an abomination to her, and it is only in the largely Protestant department of the Gard that she finds the religious outlook tolerable. On the general prospects of religion in France under the present régime she says little or nothing.

*A Student's History of England from the Earliest Times to 1885.* By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1892.)

ONE feature in this History is excellent, and that is the illustrations. It is curious that the idea should have occurred simultaneously to two different publishers to bring out a History of England plentifully illustrated from contemporary authorities, in place of the imaginary representations of historical scenes with which our boyhood was painfully familiar. Messrs. Macmillan's illustrated edition of Green's *Short History* is on a larger and more expensive scale than the volume now under review, but the principle of both is the same. The life of each period is put before the reader by numerous representations of the art and architecture of the time, and by reproductions of contemporary records, such as manuscripts or sculptured effigies. The intelligent schoolboy will derive more profit from the extracts from the Bayeux tapestry, which appear on pp. 93-8 of Mr. Gardiner's *History*, than from the most imaginative representations of the death of William Rufus or the sinking of the 'White Ship.'

When to these illustrations, which are both plentiful and good, is joined a history of our country from the well-known and unquestionably competent pen of Mr. S. R. Gardiner, one might reasonably have hoped at last to have arrived at the ideal school history of England. We took up the book with the liveliest expectation that it would be so. We laid it down with serious doubts as to whether the ideal had been reached. We have nothing to say against the accuracy of the statements contained in it. The specialist may question certain details, such as the representation of the question at issue between Henry II. and Becket; but for all practical purposes the book is, as a student's history, thoroughly sound and trustworthy. It has, however, a fault which, for a student's history, is more serious than any except the grossest inaccuracy. This fault is its painful lack of interest. Mr. Gardiner is so anxious to be accurate and impartial that he loses the fire and animation which are essential if a history is to be made interesting, especially to boys. The great and picturesque personages of our history pass over the stage—William I., Anselm, Henry II., Becket, Simon of Montfort, Edward I., Edward III., Henry V., Warwick, Henry VIII., Wolsey, Elizabeth and her galaxy of worthies, Strafford, Cromwell, Marlborough, Bolingbroke, the Pitts, Burke, Wellington, and the rest—but the imagination is seldom stirred, the narrative seldom roused out of its smooth, continuous flow. A reader who already knows his history well can fill in for himself the outlines sketched by Mr. Gardiner, and can see what judgment he has formed of certain great personages or prominent events; but the 'student' in the upper forms of a public school requires to have the outlines filled in for him. He will be in danger of leaving this history with no very distinct views as to the men who have played great parts in our national history. He may learn his facts here well enough, but he is likely to miss the life and spirit, which are of more importance than the facts. Mr. Froude has lately been calling attention to his theory of history, which finds its value in its pictures of the lives of great men rather than in the marshalling of records and statistics; and for boys especially it is certain that the *personal* aspect of history is at once the most attractive and the most important. It is far better that a boy should have a wrong notion of Wolsey or Cromwell than that he should have none at all. The wrong view will be corrected as he grows older, but the lack of interest is likely never to be made good. We may not hold now the views as to Charles I. and Cromwell which were taught us when we were children, but we should have had no views about them at all if we had not then learnt that they were interesting personages.

This lack of interest is the only fault which we have to find with Mr. Gardiner's book, since a short notice does not lend itself to detailed criticism. The schoolboy is himself, after all, the ultimate judge, and on his verdict the success of the book must depend. Meanwhile those elder students who wish to have at their elbow a sound and well-illustrated short history, but are not too particular as to its picturesqueness and interest, will find in Mr. Gardiner's work precisely that which they require.



*The Church of Scotland.* By HERBERT MORTIMER LUCKOCK, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. With Maps. (London : Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 1892.)

THIS volume is one of a series entitled *The National Churches*. We understand that residents in Scotland have discovered some blemishes in details. This fact, perhaps, reflects rather on the friend in Scotland mentioned in the preface than on the author. But a Scottish layman, an ardent Episcopalian, devoted to historical studies, assures us that he considers the general tone and character of the work to be excellent, and that it seems to be in the main exceedingly fair to all parties. If, as is most probable, a second edition should soon be called for, it will, we trust, be found possible to correct mistakes without any sacrifice of the general value of the volume. Among many lessons to be learned from it may be noticed the impression which it leaves of the misfortunes that befell Scottish Episcopacy from its too close association with the successes and the failures of the unfortunate House of Stuart. Possibly our fellow-Churchmen in Scotland may think that the value of their existence in North Britain, in connexion with Church history, with general literature, with ritual, with dogma, and against rationalism is not brought out with all the fulness that they might desire. But this was hardly to be expected within the limits of such a summary ; and we are inclined to believe that not only our fellow-Churchmen, but also Scottish Presbyterians and Roman Catholics will find that they have been treated with much fairness and consideration by Dr. Luckock—whom *en passant* we are now happy to salute as Dean of Lichfield. It is highly probable that the very fact of this history being written by an outsider may have conduced to the attainment of a standard of equity which could hardly be expected from a resident, although in speaking thus we do not wish to forget the candour exhibited by a long list of Episcopalian historians, such as Cosmo Innes, Tytler, Joseph Robertson, Professor Grub, and Dr. Skene ; nor many generous admissions made by Presbyterians, such as Mr. Cunningham, and the more recent writers whose history is edited by Dr. Story.

*The Sacred Way from Advent to Advent.* By the Author of *Coming*, &c. (London : Griffith, Farran and Co. [1891].)

A QUIET, moderate Church tone and a respectable literary level are what we should naturally expect in a book which is to a great extent a reprint of papers which originally appeared in the *Monthly Packet*, and we are not disappointed. The title of the book is a striking and happy one, and it tells its own tale. We are led on from the season of Advent, typified by the Feast of Trumpets, to the Nativity, the Circumcision, the Presentation, and the rest of the career of our Blessed Redeemer up to 'the Day of Days,' and then, through the great forty days, to the Ascension and Pentecost. The only other festivals that have a place in the book are 'All Angels' and 'All Saints,' and then it ends with a paper on the 'Jubilee or Harvest Home.' With these three exceptions the whole of the Christian

year, from Whitsunday to Advent, including the great festival of Trinity Sunday, is ignored. We venture to think that the writer might have made his or her work more complete, without increasing its bulk, if the several papers had been shorter, and more exclusively confined to the point, and some more subjects had been included. Surely one half of the circle 'from Advent to Advent' is not all but a blank to the Christian pilgrim, as it would be if the guidance of our author alone was followed along 'the Sacred Way.' However the work, so far as it goes, is sound, interesting, and instructive, and as such we can heartily commend it to our readers.

*A Handy Book of the Church of England.* By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS. (London : S.P.C.K., 1892.)

THE amount of information packed into this volume, which is rightly termed 'a handy book,' is perfectly marvellous. It contains the gist of the *Church's Official Year-Book*, and something more. It begins with an admirably condensed history of the Church of England from its origin to the present time, which no one could have written but a master of the subject, as Dr. Cutts is. Then follows an account of the constitution of the Church, embracing a brief history of every diocese, with a list of its bishops from the foundation of the see. Next comes a short but clear account of Church property, and then a *précis* of the information given in the *Official Year Book*, his obligations to which the writer handsomely owns in his preface. The only fault we can find in this most useful and substantially accurate work is a curious inaccuracy in the spelling of proper names. Many of these misspellings are obviously printers' errors, but they ought to be corrected in the next edition, which will doubtless soon be called for. We have, *e.g.*, Gardner for Gardiner (p. 67), Woolstone for Woolston (p. 87), Horseley for Horsley (p. 175), and on the same page Redding for Ridding, Frank for Franck, and Charley for Charsley (p. 313). In a book bearing the date 1892 the treasurer of the National Society should scarcely be described as 'the Rev. Canon Gregory' (p. 396). But, after all, these are mere specks in the sun; they do not interfere with the real value of a work by which Dr. Cutts has added one more to his many claims to the gratitude of Churchmen.

*A Manual for District Visitors, &c.* By HELEN BAILLIE. (London : Griffith, Farran, and Co.)

NOTHING but good can be said about this little work. There is, indeed, nothing striking or original about it; and perhaps it is all the better fitted for its purpose for these very reasons. For it is intended as a help to district visitors among the poor, and especially among the sick and dying poor; and for such a class it is impossible for teaching to be too simple and elementary. Very short expositions of easy passages of Holy Scripture form the staple of the book, which concludes with suitable prayers, not only for times of sickness and death, but for various exigencies of life. The writer is a thorough Churchwoman, and all her teaching is based on true

Church principles. We can confidently recommend her volume to all who are taking part in the interesting but difficult work of district visiting. Among other merits of her 'Readings' not the least is that they are very short. Visitors far too often forget that no sick person can bear the strain of a long visitation, least of all the sick poor, and the brevity of these readings may give a useful and much-needed hint to those who are apt to prolong their visits to an extent which renders them more detrimental than beneficial to the poor sufferer.

*Memorials of James Chapman, D.D., first Bishop of Colombo.*  
(London : Skeffington and Son, 1892.)

THE only complaint that we have to make against this interesting little memoir is that it is too short. It is a fault on the right side, and one against which it is very rarely necessary to remonstrate. The error generally lies quite the other way : it is too much the tendency of the present day to spin out biographies to an extent which is not only wearisome, but which serves to defeat the ends of their writers ; for the result is that readers simply skip them. The *volume* before us is quite long enough to devote to the good Bishop Chapman ; but then at least half of it—indeed, taking into consideration the difference of print, more than half of it—is occupied with the Bishop's Charges and sermons, which have a local rather than a general interest. It is fair to add that the compilers, whoever they may have been, could not help themselves in the matter ; for we learn from their opening words that the publication of the sermons and addresses was asked for by the people in Ceylon, and that the Life was prefixed as an introduction to the addresses, not the addresses added as an illustration of the Life. But a popular master at Eton, who had among his pupils such men as Bishops Harold Browne, Abraham, and Hobhouse, Lords Lyttleton, Canning, and Granville, Edward Thring, James Lonsdale, and Justice Cotton ; who was the son-in-law of Dr. Keats, the near connexion and frequent correspondent of Edward Coleridge, and the friend of George Selwyn, must have been one about whom there was an interesting story to tell apart from his work as a missionary bishop. And about the work in Ceylon itself we should like to have heard a little more. What were the troubles, both in his bishopric generally, and in connexion with the college at Colombo in particular, which are only darkly hinted at in this book ? How did he overcome the various obstacles—obstacles from the natives, obstacles from other Christian communities, obstacles, alas ! from the internal divisions in the Church itself—so thoroughly that one of his successors was able to give this noble testimony to his success ?—

'In Ceylon I always felt that every stone I laid must be on the foundations he had set strongly in the soil. . . . I went to the house he had provided and furnished for the Bishop ; I was enthroned in the cathedral his exertions had raised ; I was visitor of the college he had founded, built, and endowed ; I ruled by the statutes he had drawn up ; and, in short, I would say that every substantial possession that the diocese enjoyed was the fruit of the love and the work and the prayer of Bishop Chapman' (p. 116).

Only a partial answer is given to these questions. The sketch, however, suffices to show that Bishop Chapman was one who deserves a high place among those many devoted sons of the Church who in the present century have sacrificed health, comfort, and a career at home to extend their Master's kingdom abroad, and who may truly be termed confessors, some even martyrs, to the Faith. The book is prefaced by a weighty testimony to its accuracy from one of the very few surviving contemporaries of Bishop Chapman, the venerable Bishop of Chichester. This in itself would be a powerful recommendation, if any were needed; but, in truth, the book can afford to stand on its own merits, and we sincerely trust that it will be widely read.

*The Faith and Life of the Early Church: an Introduction to Church History.* By W. F. SLATER, M.A., Biblical Tutor, Wesleyan College, Didsbury. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1892.)

CHURCHMEN will hardly anticipate a very careful treatment of history from Mr. Slater when they find themselves accused (p. 5) of assuming 'that Ignatius and Chrysostom, Cyprian and Augustine had Divine authority and infallible guidance for their extension of apostolic ideas, and that the ordinances of early bishops stand on the same footing as the appointments of Peter and Paul;' and yet, after many reductions and objections, his appreciation of the Church movement is generous enough.

'It has raised the national conceptions of the solemnities of public worship; it has enhanced the idea of pastoral diligence, and it has removed a national scandal by the multiplication of places for public worship. It has restored the ancient fabrics, revived a moribund liturgy, encouraged architecture and music, and carried its contagious passion for the beautiful into circles once exclusively Puritanical' (p. 8).

Mr. Slater thinks (p. 36) that the Master ordained no exact form of government for the Church; but he also believes (p. 38) that 'the Church took form by the logic of facts. The dialectics of nature, which are the instruments of the Divine Logos, evolved this new creation.' As the Divine Logos is the Master, the Divine ordinance which Mr. Slater allows comes apparently to much the same as that which he rejects.

Mr. Slater allows that 'the epistles of Ignatius subordinate the office of the presbyter to that of the bishop; but no such subordination was generally established before the end of the second century. This has been felt by many to be a fatal objection to the date which the learned Bishop Lightfoot has attached to them' (p. 52). Doubtless many are unwilling to accept a date for Ignatius which is inconvenient to presbyterianism. But it is their loose conception which must give way to the Bishop's well-established case, not it to them. It is, of course, quite true that the present application of the words bishop, priest, and deacon is not that of the New Testament. We make Mr. Slater a willing present of the admission. But it does not prove that the offices are not apostolic.

Mr. Slater may be right or wrong in putting off to a somewhat later

date than Bishop Lightfoot and Dr. Salmon the complete amalgamation of Jewish and Gentile Christianity (p. 211), or the separation of the Eucharist from the Agape; but we have the strongest belief that his interesting pages will tend to the support of Church doctrine and practice, as it were in his own despite. Wesleyanism separated from us upon the principle that Church order and the results of the Church history of the past were of little importance in comparison to the conversion of individual souls. To treat them as matters of very great importance indeed must tend to correct the mistake. We therefore wish our author every success in his study and teaching.

*Christus Magister: Some Teachings from the Sermon on the Mount.*

By ALFRED PEARSON, M.A., Incumbent of St. Margaret's Church, Brighton. (London: James Nisbet and Co., 1892.)

We suppose Mr. Pearson to belong to the Evangelical School. We therefore welcome with high approval the following excellent observations:—

‘Not seldom do we allow ourselves to be put out of love with a given truth because of the distortions of it with which our forefathers may have been presented. For generations such topics as the intermediate state, the ministry of angels, the character of the Virgin Mary, the lessons to be derived from a study of the lives of saints and apostles, were barely touched on in the public instructions of the Church. . . . It is much the same still in the reception accorded to moral sermons in some quarters. They are lacking in what are called “Gospel” elements. How, then, about the Sermon on the Mount? In the judgment of these critics is there no Gospel here? Certainly there can be but very little if, whenever the teacher lifts his voice to teach men and women in simple fashion how to live and how to die, he abuses his power in the Gospel’ (p. 26).

As a general comment on the great sermon Mr. Pearson's work strikes us as a little formal. It is not easy for an expositor of the Sermon on the Mount to surpass the eighteenth-century work of the Rev. James Blair, Commissary of Virginia, published in London, 1727. Happy they who possess that somewhat scarce book.

*The Memorabilia of Jesus commonly called the Gospel of St. John.*

By WILLIAM WYNNE PEYTON, Minister of Free St. Luke's, Broughty Ferry, N.B. (London and Edinburgh: Adam and Chas. Black, 1892.)

Most readers would consider that St. John has more in common with Plato than with Xenophon. The title so firmly associated with the name of the latter would not, therefore, seem to be the happiest designation of St. John's report of the words of Jesus even if we could recognize the report of the words as giving the ruling character to the work.

Students will be surprised to hear that, ‘in so far as the literature called the Bible is concerned, questions of authenticity must now be regarded as archaic curiosities—dialectics for the historical faculty’ (p. 3). ‘What,’ asks Mr. Peyton in respect of the Fourth Gospel, ‘is won by the date of 140 A.D., or lost by the date of 90 A.D.? To

my mind, and on the lines we are thinking just now, nothing is lost or won by the dates, howsoever you fix them. Chronology is nowhere.' We acknowledge that we find it very hard to imagine lines of serious exposition upon which it should be no matter whether the report of the Lord's words and deeds came at first or third hand. If, indeed, it were, as Mr. Peyton says, that 'the authority of the Johannine Memorabilia established nothing about the Divine Personality of Jesus: they reflect what had been established. The Memorabilia is [*sic*] only a reflection of that worship—a philosophy of it or the biology of it' (p. 7)—then we might not care about dates. But do we understand him to say that the discourses ascribed to our Lord are but the reflections of the writer of the Gospel upon His Person? The most thoroughgoing maintainer of tradition as against Scripture could not say more than that 'literature does not create inspiration and institution, but gives explanation or expression to them.' We wonder whether Scotch sermons, which were wont to consist at all events of definite and intelligible thought, have come to favour such utterances as the following, which opens the chapter entitled 'The Fog Horn and the Storm Signal':—

'In an ideal literature we don't seek time relations. The signal of the ideal given in Cana has a rhythmic relation with the signal given in Jerusalem. We have a rhythm of space, the motion from Galilee into Judæa; the wave from Cana swings round to Jerusalem. A rhythm of sound or of water is like the pendulum, a wave motion. A mental rhythm is a companion phenomena [*sic*]. The geographical rhythm begins its wave in Galilee, and the wave dies out in Jerusalem. It connects rustic life in Galilee with urban life in Judæa, and one kind of sign with another. What lies in the trough of the wave, or, as the geologist would say, in the hollow of the syncline, is not reported' (p. 189).

We believe this to be a fair specimen of Mr. Peyton's book, of which, therefore, we have given our readers as fair means to judge as our scanty space will permit.

### SERMONS.

1. *Pleas and Claims for Christ.* By Canon SCOTT-HOLLAND. (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1892.)
2. *The Fire upon the Altar.* Sermons preached to Harrow Boys by the Rev. J. E. C. WELLDON. Second series. (London: Percival and Co., 1891.)
3. *Leaves from the Tree of Life.* Sermons Consolatory and Practical. By the Rev. J. RATE. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1890.)
4. *Words of Counsel to English Churchmen Abroad.* By the Right Rev. C. W. SANDFORD, Bishop of Gibraltar. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1892.)
5. *In Memoriam: Bishop Lee.* By the Right Rev. J. WILLIAMS, Bishop of Connecticut. (Wilmington, 1887.)

VOLUMES of sermons are so numerous that we are compelled to treat them as the secular press treats novels—that is, take them by batches. They have not yet quite arrived at the point where a *weekly* review



could take them, as it takes the novels, under the general title of 'Novels of the Week,' but a *quarterly* review might certainly take 'Sermons of the Quarter,' and devote many pages to them, if it gave anything like an adequate account of their substance. We limit ourselves this quarter to five specimens, and give the first place to the volume which is put forth by the preacher who certainly has the widest reputation as such.

1. It is no derogation to the now most famous preacher at St. Paul's to say that his sermons are better to hear than to read, because the primary object of a sermon is to be heard, not to be read. Canon Scott-Holland tells us in the preface to his volume that the sermons 'are printed as they were preached, at the risk of repetitions &c., such as are natural to hortatory appeals;' and that 'they can only plead for themselves that they counted, at the time, for getting over the obscurities and roughnesses of which they are profoundly conscious to the preacher's voice and gesture and manner, which would be there to help them through.' Precisely so; and we have not the slightest doubt that the voice and gesture and manner would not only help them through but render them very effective. But what is the unhappy reviewer to do who sees and hears none of these things? He can but do his duty and treat the sermons as he would treat any other composition; and reading them thus in cold blood he is bound to say that the author does not exaggerate their defects when he speaks of their obscurities, roughnesses, repetitions, &c., and that a very liberal allowance must be given to what that '*&c.*' embraces.' It is difficult to give an illustration, because the subjects are so sacred, and treated in so right-minded a way, that criticism might have the appearance of flippancy and levity. But the sentence already quoted from the preface will serve to illustrate the writer's English—'the obscurities and roughnesses of which *they* [the sermons] are profoundly conscious.' The preacher may be conscious, but how can the sermons themselves be conscious of obscurities or anything else? For a contrast which is favourable in point of form, but unfavourable in point of matter, we turn to

2. Dr. Welldon's Harrow sermons. Here the composition is perfect. But we have graver objections to make to Dr. Welldon than any faults of taste and style. What are we to say of such a passage as the following?

"No man hath seen God at any time," or can see Him. . . . So God sent some one to tell us about Himself. That Person was Jesus Christ. Who or what He was essentially is a difficult question; but Christian theology, recognizing His unique character, calls Him by a unique name, *the Son of God*. We are all in one sense sons of God. But He is *the* Son of God in a pre-eminent sense. . . . He was not altogether such as we are. It is my conviction that, if you study His biography, you will find Him to have been, not only man, but more than man. And if we believe that He came to show us the Father's image, that He spoke in the Father's name and with His authority, and that in the imitation of His example lies and must ever lie the redemption of the world from sin and shame, then it is that we believe in God the Son' (p. 65).

Now is this an adequate recognition of the true Divinity of our Blessed Lord? Is it not very much the same kind of language which Dr. Clarke used nearly 200 years ago, and for which he was remorselessly criticized by Dr. Waterland? And is it sound theology to say that in the imitation of His example lies the redemption of the world? Is the doctrine of the atonement a fallacy? What, again, can be Dr. Welldon's views about the Personality and influence of the Holy Spirit when he can preach a Whit Sunday sermon without once mentioning the name of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity? It is all the more sad to have to note these grave errors, because Dr. Welldon not only writes admirable English, but is also a true preacher of righteousness; he is thoroughly practical, and, we should imagine, most effective in his appeals to boy nature.

3. It must be confessed that our next preacher chose rather an ambitious title when he called his volume *Leaves from the Tree of Life*, when it is in fact only a collection of his old sermons. We say advisedly 'his old sermons,' because some of them were written, so far as we can gather, half a century ago. They are all of a type which was more common at that date than now. Of portentous length—unless rattled off at railway pace they must have taken each at least three-quarters of an hour in the delivery—rather colourless, but perfectly unobjectionable, with the old-fashioned divisions into 'firstly, secondly, thirdly, and lastly,' they will carry back the minds of elderly readers to the memories of their childhood, when the brisk little sermonette of these degenerate days was a thing almost unknown. In this view they have a sort of antiquarian and historical interest; and, as they can do no kind of harm, and to some class of minds may possibly do good, we heartily wish them 'God speed,' though we cannot honestly say that the leaves from *this* tree of life will be for the healing of the nations.

4. We rise to a higher level in Bishop Sandford's *Words of Counsel to English Churchmen Abroad*. The Bishop has not the lightness or delicacy of touch which render Dr. Welldon's style so fascinating; but he writes like a scholar and a gentleman, and, better still, like a sound Churchman, which is more than can be said for Dr. Welldon. There is a fine, healthy, manly tone about this volume; and the special sermon on manliness reminds us of the Sandford in the Rugby eleven fifty years ago, quite as much as of the Bishop of Gibraltar.

5. The last specimen on our list is only a single sermon, but a remarkably good one. It is a 'Memorial Sermon'—which strikes us, by the way, as a much better name than 'Funeral Sermon,' which is, or used to be, the designation of such sermons in England—preached by the venerable Bishop of Connecticut, Dr. Williams, on the death of his brother prelate, Bishop Lee, of Delaware. It is a model of what such a sermon ought to be; full of tenderness and affection for one to whom the preacher acted as assessor for several years, and yet not in the least degree fulsome in its panegyric. It will give the English Churchman a brief but instructive glimpse into the working of the sister Church in America.